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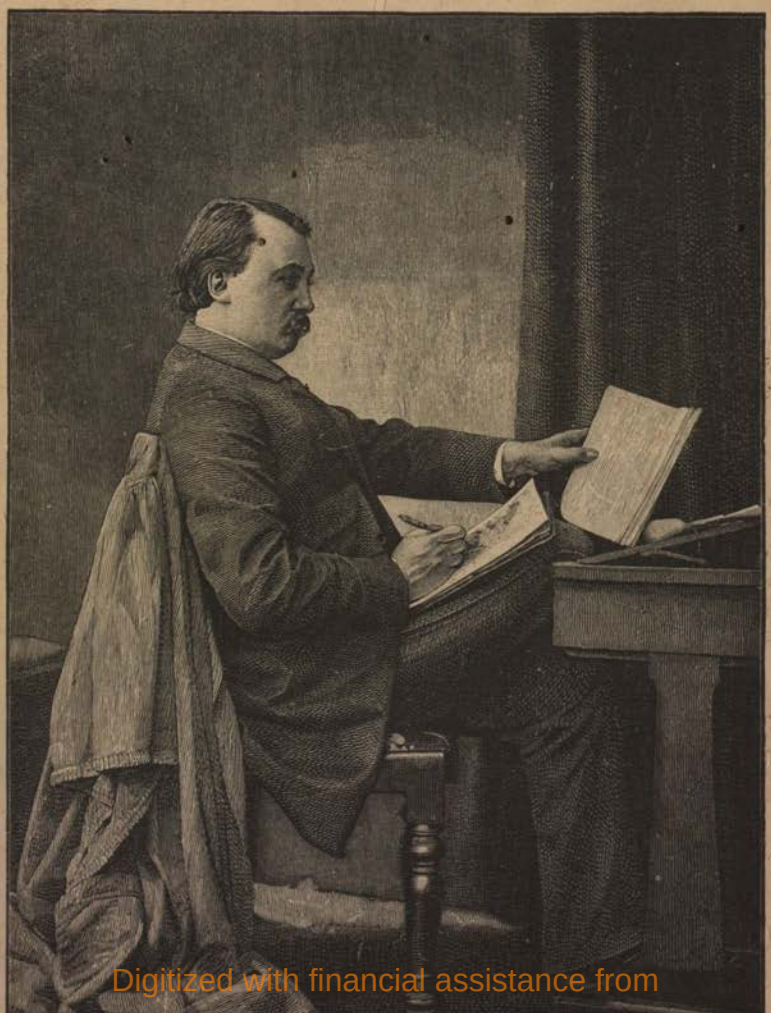
"Que de livres il faut illustrer pour s'illustrer soi-même."—G. DORÉ.



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LIFE AND REMINISCENCES

OF

GUSTAVE DORÉ

COMPILED FROM

MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY DORÉ'S RELATIONS

AND FRIENDS,

AND FROM PERSONAL RECOLLECTION.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL UNPUBLISHED SKETCHES, AND SELECTIONS FROM DORÉ'S BEST PUBLISHED ILLUSTRATIONS.

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BY

BLANCHE ROOSEVELT,

AUTHOR OF "STAGE-STRUCK," ETC., ETC., ETC.

B. 1782

"He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again."

HAMLET.—Act I, Scene ii.

"Yet experience has shown, and a true philosophy will always show, that a vast, perhaps the larger portion of truth, arises from the seemingly irrelevant."

EDGAR ALLAN POE, *Mystery of Marie Roget.*

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TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED FATHER,

THE HON. WM. H. ROOSEVELT TUCKER,

OF VIRGINIA, SENATOR, STATESMAN, AND PATRIOT,

This Work is dedicated,

BY HIS DAUGHTER

BLANCHE.

London, March, 1885.

PREFACE.

I VISITED the home of Gustave Doré after his demise; and on looking round the rooms which spoke so plainly of their late lamented occupant, the idea came to me to make a sketch which I should call "An Artist's Home after his Death." I began working at this project, which was meant to include a simple biography, and whilst taking notes for it, was pursued by the notion of writing a memoir of the great artist instead.

Boswell says he often ran over half London for data or notes, and I am sure that in my enthusiasm about Doré, I ran over all Paris. My labour of love became one of lively and absorbing interest, however, for I had the good fortune to know the various personages who appear in this work, and of whom one may safely say that they are one and all but a shade less interesting than Doré himself; in short, a fitting frame for such a picture.

When I began to write down all that these people had told me about Gustave Doré, I was troubled to find that my language was not theirs; so I hastened to let each one speak as he or she had spoken to me, and to let his friends appear for themselves, whilst appearing for him *in propriâ personâ*. Mr. Longfellow once said to me, "Taking a man's life is a very serious thing." And if this

be the case, I say, how much more serious the position of the one on trial for his life?

Doré and his good name, artistically speaking, are before the world to be judged; and those of his friends who, as well as myself, appear in this book are the witnesses who shall either speak for or against him. I may seem perhaps to talk at random, to note at random, to criticize at random, and to introduce my witnesses at random as one places blocks in a prize puzzle. I do so, remembering the words of Edgar Allan Poe, "Yet experience has shown, and a true philosophy will always show, that a vast, perhaps the larger, portion of truth arises from the seemingly irrelevant."

These words are my excuse.

I have never altered my evidence, and have only cancelled certain forms of expression which might have proved misleading, taken as individual remarks, when they could not corroborate any part of the whole testimony; and I offer this work to public notice firmly believing that in it will be found a fair and truthful life of Gustave Doré. In compiling it I have tried to identify myself with the one predominating element of Doré's nature—his imagination; and after depicting life in the real, have ventured into the domain of the unreal, writing in the spirit of those who lead imaginary existences. I have been depicting the life of an unusual man, perhaps I have done it in an unusual manner; still I cannot but think that it is the right one.

My warm and grateful thanks are here publicly tendered to those faithful friends of the dead artist who have given me invaluable notes and data for this biography. I

name first of all Doré's brother, Lieutenant-Colonel Doré, then Dr. Joseph Michel, M. Daubrée, M. Arthur Kratz, M. Bourdelin, Colonel Teesdale, M. Paul Dalloz, M. Paul Joanne, Lieutenant-Colonel Dudley Sampson, Dr. Lavies, M. Bourdin, and Mr. Galpin. I do not forget Mme. Braun, Mdlle. Bader, and the faithful Françoise. As for the illustrations, the chief unpublished ones were given to me by Doré's family and M. Kratz; the others were lent by Messrs. Cassell and Co., Messrs. Chatto and Windus, and Messrs. Fairless and Beeforth.

One of the principal actors in this drama can no longer receive either public reward or thanks—I refer to M. Paul Lacroix—to whose affection for Doré and interest in this work, the world is indebted for some of its rarest data and memoranda. I can only place credit to his memory, remembering that before he looked his last on earth all my thanks were spoken to him in person. My last words of acknowledgment must be for Mr. Wm. Beatty-Kingston, who has given me invaluable counsel and suggestions.

I would that my humble efforts could add to Doré's fame. In doubtful moments I sometimes say, "It will be something if my words shall not have detracted from it."

To those of Doré's friends who do not speak in this work I extend also thanks, as the murmurs of their remembrance of the artist have been borne to me on the breath of every friendly breeze. Perhaps they hope, with myself, that some day we shall see in France a statue erected to one of her greatest geniuses—Gustave Doré—so that from this symbol of national recognition

the world may judge somewhat how his country at last values his works. Many an one who knew him intimately may read this and say, "Oh, she hasn't told half that I could have told about him!" Perhaps not, but I fear I have done my best.

BLANCHE ROOSEVELT.

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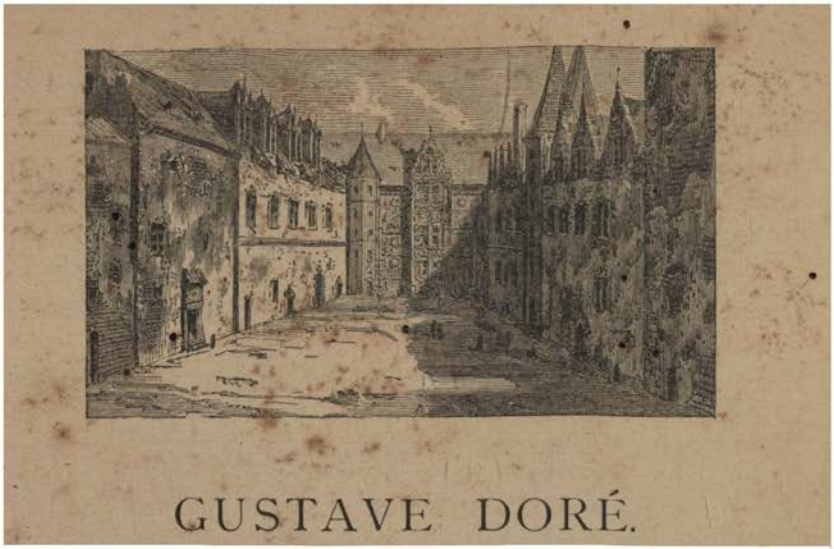


GUSTAVE DORÉ.

CHAPTER I.

THE CITY OF STRASBURG—THE DORÉ FAMILY.

THE first time I saw Strasburg, I was agreeably but not particularly impressed. Like every one who visits that ancient frontier-town, I revelled in the beauty of its grand cathedral, with its imposing pinnacle losing itself in the clouds and dwarfing all around it. I looked at the gabled houses and quaint old streets, at the vaunted Rhine flowing past the fortressed walls; but I felt little tempted to linger, and left the venerable city without regret.

It had not then for me the deep interest which I subsequently came to feel for it when I heard that it was the birth-place of a great artist, a man who towered in creative power as far above his fellows, and was in some respects as lonely, as the grand spire which keeps eternal watch over the Schwarzwald.

In 1831 Strasburg looked much as it does now. There were the same quaint streets, and the same happy-looking Alsatians walking about, and talking French with a detestable German accent. Had you known the capital

of Alsace in that year, you surely would have remembered la Rue de la Nuée Bleue, which was, and still is, the finest street in the city. Here, in a comfortable stone dwelling, with a gabled roof and fair exterior, lived a civil engineer, with his young wife and family, consisting of one son and a faithful nurse named Françoise.

M. Doré was a very clever man, and was always engaged in carrying out large and remunerative contracts. He was married at Schirmeck, and before he came to live at Strasburg he had spent some time at Epinal, where his son Ernest was born; and when M. Doré came to settle in the old cathedral city his wife was already expectant of another child.

Old Françoise was an important member of the family; as a matter of fact she had been recommended to Madame Doré on her marriage, by Madame Braun, a cousin of the Pluchart family, that is to say, of Madame Doré's mother.

Knowing that Madame Braun had been a life-long friend of the Doré family, I lost no time in seeking her out, to have a little chat about them. She was so very aged that I feared I should not easily get to see her, for when she was born Paris was still ringing with the fall of Robespierre; but one day I had the luck to find her, and she told me not only about Françoise, but much that I shall relate hereafter appertaining to the Dorés.

"Françoise is the best and most faithful creature in the world," explained Madame Braun to me. "I said to Alexandrine Doré, 'Here, take her; I give her to you. She wishes to stop with us, but that is impossible. She will just do for you.' So it came to pass that Françoise was adopted into the Doré family, and brought up the children, who were ever afterwards like sons to her."

Next I had the good fortune to see the celebrated Françoise herself, and when I interrogated her upon the subject of the Dorés, she said to me,—

"In January of 1832 M. Doré went away for a few days. We were then living, as you know, in Strasburg; on the 5th of the month; well I remember it, for it was the eve

of Twelfth Night when Madame took to her bed. It was a wild night, windy and snowing, and, oh! *so* dreary. It was past twelve when Dr. Goupil arrived. After waiting a long while, he summoned me between five and six o'clock in the morning, and he handed me a baby. 'Here, Françoise, here is your son,' he said; 'put him into your apron, and take him away,' which I did. Oh! he was such a tiny creature, but hardy and well-built. You see, he came into the world on Twelfth Night—a

A BOY WHO EXPECTS TO BE FIRST IN HIS CLASS.
(From first letter illustrated by G. Doré, Strasburg, 1837. Unpublished.)

circumstance considered very lucky. He was baptized three days later, and was named Louis Auguste Gustave, but we always called him Gustave."

"But, Françoise," I interrupted, "Doré always insisted that he was born on January the 1st; how could he have made such a mistake?"

"Stuff!" said she, rubbing her withered palms, "it was the sixth, beyond a doubt. Perhaps he got that idea because we all called him a new-year's gift. I am sure no one ever presented the like to her husband. Dear

child! he was always so bright and precocious, and I assure you he walked at the age of nine months, that is to say, he helped himself about all over the place, and crept swiftly, which was quite as good as walking. Neither of his brothers was so clever or so quick as he."

"Was he never ill?" I asked.

"He had the usual childish complaints, but nothing that old Françoise could not cure, except once, and of that do not let us speak. He was such a likely child, and healthy, as a young pine. Then shortly after came another baby. He that is Colonel Emile, the soldier; I loved him, too, but Gustave was my pet."

Then old Françoise cried, as she always does when she speaks of her "child Gustave." She wiped her eyes with the end of her apron, and went on talking. It was easy to see that her whole heart and soul had been wrapped up in him.

It is a very general idea that Doré was born in 1833. In order to set it at rest for ever I enclose a certified copy of his *certificat de naissance* declaration made in Strasburg, January 9th, 1832.

2 Division
Bureau
de
L'État Civil.
Registre N°
N° de l' Acte
33.
Doré,
Louis-Auguste
Gustave,
1832.

"Mairie de la Ville de Strasbourg,
"Département du Bas-Rhin.
"EXTRAIT
"des Registres des Actes de Naissance.

"Déclaration faite à l'Hôtel de Ville de Strasbourg, département du Bas-Rhin, pardevant l'Officier de l'État civil, à onze heures du matin, le neuf Janvier, mil huit cent trente-deux, de la naissance d'un enfant du sexe masculin, né en légitime mariage, le six du dit mois . . . à six heures du matin, et nommé Louis-Auguste Gustave.

"Prénoms et nom du déclarant, Pierre Louis Christophe Doré,

"Agé de vingt-neuf ans, domicilié à Strasbourg.

"Qualité ou profession, Ingénieur des ponts et chaussées.

"Père de l'enfant, le susdit déclarant.

"Mère de l'enfant, Alexandrine Marie Anne Pluchart.

"Témoins, etc.: Signé Doré; G. Braun, Lieut.-Colonel de Cavalerie, Off. Légion d'Honneur; Mirbiller; Flack, Officier de l'État Civil.

"Délivré pour Service de Recrutement.

"Collationné,

"L'Officier de l'État Civil.

"FLACK."

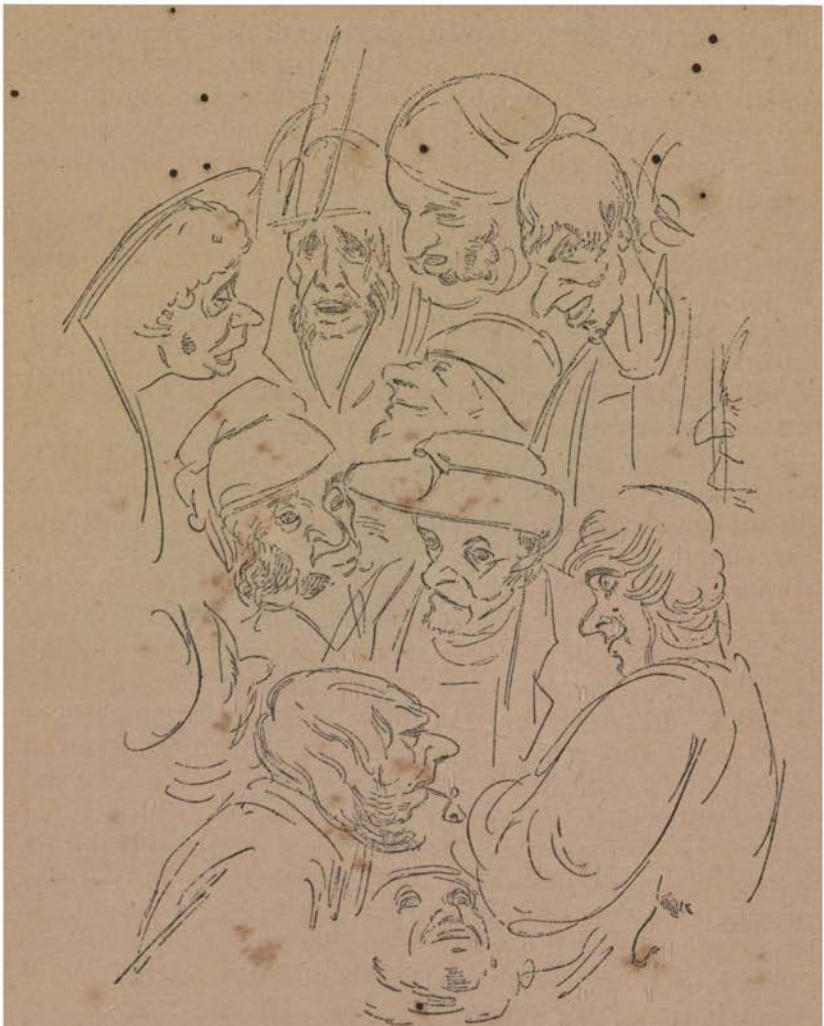
M. Daubrée, Ex-President of the Institute of France, who knew the Dorés intimately, has told me a great deal about the family from '32 to '48.

"It was a happy, well-to-do household," he said, 'and the children made it extremely lively. The three sons

STRASBOURGEOISE.
(G. Doré, 1839. Unpublished.)

were nearly of an age, but as different in disposition as one may well imagine. Ernest, the eldest boy, was astonishingly clever; was visionary when he should have been practical; was a wonderfully good musician, and altogether a charming child. Emile, the youngest, was a sturdy, intelligent, and uncommonly kind-hearted lad;

he also had great taste for music; but Gustave's nature was a duplex one.



EARLY SKETCHES, 1839.
(Doré's Drawing-book. Unpublished.)

"On the one hand he was full of affection, sweetness, gentleness, and gaiety; on the other he was silent, proud, ambitious, dreamy, and exacting. Gustave really reigned

over the house. His capricious moods only endeared him the more to his mother; she fairly worshipped him. It is impossible to conceive a stranger, but at the same time a more winning lad. He was a general pet, and, for so young a child, displayed great force of affection. He could command any one's love, and I never knew any of his friends who were not always under the charm of his sweet, fascinating ways. Boys are not usually so amiable."

M. Daubrée continued: "But he did not take to every one, and was unusually quick in contracting sympathies or antipathies. He had, with all his sweetness, something so independent and determined about him that his mother invariably finished by giving way to him, whilst his brothers followed their mother's lead. He was kind enough to her in later years, however, and richly repaid all the loving caresses she had ever lavished upon him."

Gustave Doré had every reason to be content with his life in early youth. His grandfather was a man of cultivated and refined character, but I shall let Mme. Braun describe him here exactly as she did to me the other day. "I remember him well," she said; "he was all that was attractive. His manners were soft and deferential, and he was a welcome guest in his friends' houses. In person he was so striking that whenever he walked in the streets people turned round to look at him. He was a gentlemanly man, was M. Doré, senior, and Gustave always wished to be like him. I have insisted over and over again that the poor dear child resembled his grandfather more closely than any of the family, even his own father, and his features reproduced the very traits of the old man's face."

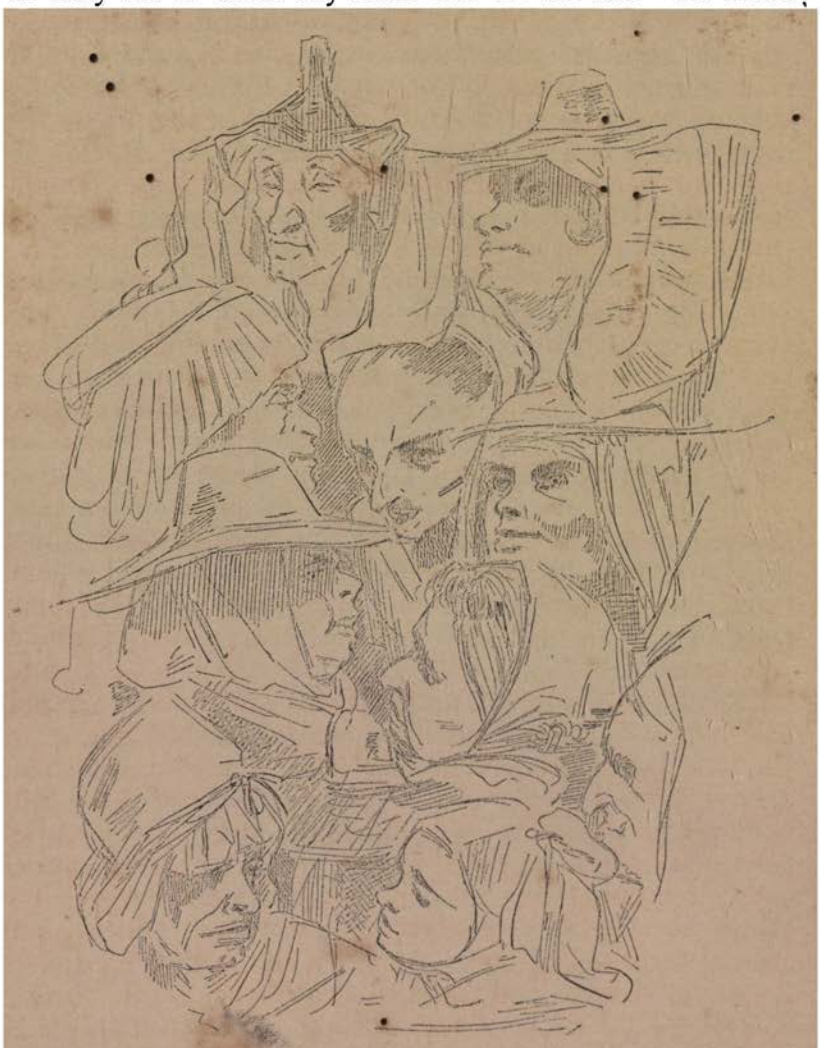
It is easy to see from whom Doré inherited his charm of manner and personal fascination. His maternal grandmother was thus described to me by the late M. Paul Lacroix, the great savant, of whom I shall speak later in detail:—

"Of all the women I have ever known," he said, "Madame Pluchart was perhaps the most extraordinary.

She was beautiful, and sympathetically beautiful, which is not always the case with lovely women. Her skin was as white as a lily; her eyes were as bright as stars; her mouth, although proud, was sweet; her figure was graceful, and her bearing that of a duchess. But her personal beauty was the least of her charms. She was witty, spirituelle, and engaging to a degree that turned the heads of half the men who ever came near her. She was as highly educated as it is possible for a woman to be, and her letters, of which I have many, would not have disgraced Mme. de Sévigné. She had a sunny nature, and was always gay and light-hearted. I don't think that I ever saw her downcast. Ever smiling, full of life, energetic, interested in literature and questions regarding the public welfare. She had every topic of the day absolutely at her tongue's end. She was rich, and left her fortune to the Dorés, with whom she spent a great deal of her time at Strasburg. Indeed I am not sure that she did not stay year in and year out with them. Gustave was her pet, but she never, strange to say, paid the slightest attention to his caprice for sketching, nor did she ever interfere in the least with her grandchildren.

"It is not strange that Doré loved his handsome grandmother, and was so much impressed by her grace and beauty that many of his early sketches vividly recalled her features and expression. His mother was of a totally different type. She was dark, with large, oriental eyes, slim, lithe figure, and a character alternating caprice with decision. She also had a hasty temper, which at times she did not even attempt to restrain. Gustave was often surprised at her irritability, but never referred to it in any way, and always treated her with extreme deference. Perhaps this was because she invariably took his part, and, from the time she saw his first sketch, was never weary of telling him that he was a genius, and had a great future before him. His brothers, who were good lads, and both very clever, were sent when quite young to the Polytechnic school at Bourg."

Gustave Doré never knew want, nor was he called upon in early life to make any sacrifices for his art. He loved



EARLY SKETCHES, 1839.
(From Doré's Drawing-book. Unpublished.)

it none the less, however, and his childhood days, replete with every comfort, were far from inculcating a spirit of

idleness in him; when, however, at a later period it became necessary to sacrifice certain habits, he did so gladly and readily.

He loved play, and was inordinately fond of the theatre, of music, of circus tricks, juggling, mumming, and the like amusement; but he was often known to give up his most favourite childish games in order to steal off alone to sketch any idea which happened to come into his head. He would keep at work for hours together, and his patience was remarkable in a child of his tender years.

He was generally liked by his playmates, and there were few pleasanter lads in Strasburg than Gustave and his brothers. The only thing which really disturbed Doré in his early youth was the lack of attention paid by his family to his taste for drawing. He loved his home, however, and to his youthful mind it seemed that no house could be happier or more comfortable than his. This love of home and family was one of the chief and lifelong characteristics of Gustave Doré. During the long evenings, when there was little or no recreation in the outer world, the Doré family assembled in the common drawing-room. The father with his plans, Madame Alexandrine, his wife, with her needle, busily employed upon some cherished tapestry, Madame Pluchart, the personification of elegant ease, with a copy of Racine or Molière in her lap; Ernest and Emile playing at soldiering, while Gustave, hard by at a little table, sat with great dignity drawing quaint forms and figures in his copy-book. This his mother used often to catch up with a loud exclamation, and to her astonishment these forms and faces seemed very familiar. On one occasion she disturbed the whole household with her cries of surprise.

"Look! do come and look!" she exclaimed; "dear me, how funny, and how like papa! See what Gustave has done! Here is the postman, here is Françoise, and Emile, and a lot of people whom I don't even know! Where did you see them, Gustave?

"Everywhere," he responded, laughing.

"Yes, I suppose so. But how have you been able to make them like?" she persisted. "Did they sit to you?"

"Sit to me! No, never. They are all here," he said, touching his forehead significantly. "Why should I not draw them like?" Then he closed his copy-book with a look of intense disgust, for already the idea of any one being obliged to sit to him for a picture seemed to him an aspersion on his genius.

This youthful pride enchanted Madame Doré. She deemed such talent marvellous, and the boy's amour-propre seemed to her a direct natural sign by which all should recognize his wondrous gifts. She kept turning over the leaves of his book, and at every page an exclamation of pleasure escaped her. She felt virtuously indignant when, in answer to her remark, "My son is a genius," M. Doré impatiently cried out, "Don't fill his head with nonsense."

"It is not nonsense," she retorted; "my son is a great genius; he will be one of the first artists in the world. He must study painting."

"Our son will be nothing of the sort, and do nothing of the sort," grumbled M. Doré. "He shall go to school at Bourg, but he shall not study to be an artist. I don't want any son of mine to adopt so precarious a calling. He shall go to a polytechnic school with his brothers, then we shall see what he can do. But if he wish to please his father, he will never become a painter."

Gustave felt very deeply hurt at this response, but his mother secretly consoled him, and he kept on bravely at his work, paying not the slightest attention to M. Doré's grumbling. Even at that early age he was much of a companion to his father, and often accompanied him on long walks.

M. Doré was surprised by his son's precocity and memory. The little fellow remembered everything that was told him, everything he saw and heard. His parents soon remarked his inventive faculty, as on his return

home from these walks he would describe things which no one had seen with a fertility of imagination absolutely as-

FIRST SKETCHES.
(Doré's Drawing-book, 1840. Unpublished.)

tounding. Strange to say, he portrayed unreal events with a colour and liveliness which put reality into the shade,

He was scrupulously honest, but his fertile brain often cast truth to the wind. At an early age he evinced a love for the extravagant and mysterious.

Any one who knows Alsace and the region of the Black Forest is aware that hundreds of startling tales and legends exist in that country. The young Gustave fairly revelled in these tales. When a fairy story was told to him, he immediately invested the characters with appropriate dress and accessories. He classified his childish heroes and heroines, and often went so far as to describe their personal appearance, indicating the colour of their eyes, hair, and complexion, their respective statures, and even the sound of their voices. He delighted in Biblical and mythological stories, which his mother, Madame Pluchart, and Madame Braun used to tell him without end.

One of his favourite tales was the legend of the Cathedral of Strasburg.

This had so great an influence on his life that I must repeat it here, although all the world may know it; certainly you should never stand within the shadow of the great minster without thinking of it. And this was the story as it was told to baby Gustave:—

Erwin von Steinbach was a great architect of the thirteenth century. Some men said to him, "We want a cathedral for Strasburg, and to you shall be given the honour of making the plans." The magnitude of the enterprise frightened him, and he worried himself so continually about it that he could not attend to his other work. Steinbach had a daughter named Sabine. She was a gifted child, skilled in the plastic arts, and was, moreover, an excellent draughtswoman—altogether a daughter to be proud of. She had also a sweet and tender disposition, which made home a happy one to her hard-working father. One night after fretting about his cathedral plans, which he could not carry out to his satisfaction, he told Sabine all his troubles. They wept together, for she was a good and loving child, and could not bear to see her old father disgraced as he surely

would be if the minster should not turn out a grand affair. She consoled him as best she could, and after talking over the matter until late they prayed together. Sabine bade her father good-night, and as she went toward her little room, said, "Dear father, be courageous; don't despair. God will help us." So saying, she left him and went to bed. She said her prayers, and again wept bitterly because she did not know how the inspiration to plan the cathedral would ever come to her dear father. At last she fell asleep and dreamt that a beautiful angel came to her, inquiring why she and her father were so unhappy. The angel stood close to her bedside, and spoke to her with a voice like a celestial harp. Poor Sabine again shed tears, and told her heavenly visitant the whole story. So the angel smiled and said, "I will help him, but you shall make the plan for the minster." Then the radiant being and Sabine set to work, cheerfully rejoicing over the surprise they would cause to good Papa Erwin. In a little while all was done, and the angel vanished.

In the morning when Sabine woke up she uttered a loud scream, for a paper was spread out before her covered with drawings of angels, saints, and martyrs, and many graceful outlines. Sabine cried out so loud with joy that her father entered her room, and found her in bed with her arms spread out over the paper. So she told him of her dream, and how she and the good angel had drawn the plans during the night. Her father exclaimed, "Child, it was no dream. The angel really visited you, bringing with it the inspiration from heaven to help us!"

Later on he built the cathedral from the supernatural plan, and told everybody how Sabine had drawn it, with the angel who appeared to her in a vision. The plans were so beautiful that the Strasburg people believed him. Steinbach and his daughter lived happily for many years, and when they died two statues were set up to their memory, one on each side of the church, where they stand to this day.

L'INSPIRÉ. STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.
(Early Drawing.)

This story was told to the little Gustave, with this ending: "If you are a good boy and study well, an angel will also come and inspire you to make beautiful saints and martyrs, and you will be happy ever after."

The legend made a deep impression upon Gustave's mind, prompting him to haunt the cathedral in order to look at Sabine and her father. He often told the story in his own way, and was very angry because his listeners did not know what the angel was like. He described it to them as if he had been personally acquainted with it.

"Can't you see her? there she is, with rose-coloured wings, coming out of a cloud. Her face is like wax, and her hair is streaming out behind her. She is singing; she carries a harp and a golden pencil. I can see her, and hear her too."

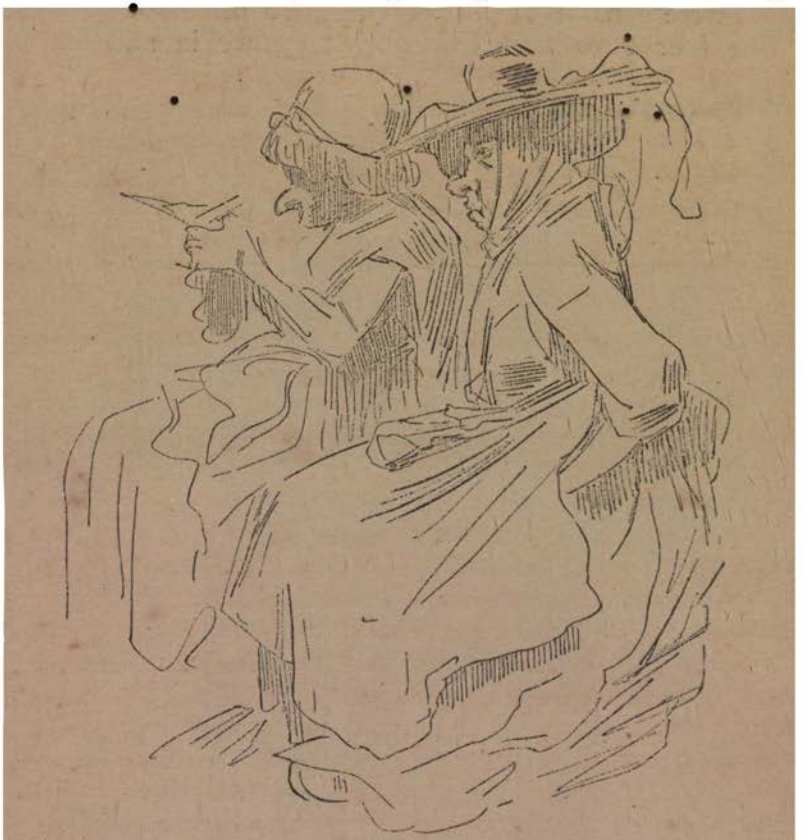
Gustave Doré was but a tiny child, and yet he could see Sabine von Steinbach's heavenly visitant as clearly as ever Milton saw the Archangel Gabriel.

CHAPTER II.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE FIRST YEARS OF DORÉ'S LIFE.

IT is a noteworthy fact that Gustave Doré was born and spent the first ten years of his life in the shadow of the great minster. From the Rue de la Nuée Bleue the family removed to the Rue des Veaux, a street crossing the grand Place de la Cathédrale, and the house in which the Dorés lived looked out on the rear façade of the wondrous Gothic structure, so that Gustave every day feasted his eyes upon a work of art which influenced his later years in no small measure. He adored the church, and was never weary of gazing at it. There was not a gargoyle or pinnacle that was not known to him, not a painted window that he had not looked at a hundred times. Every statue of saint or martyr was an old friend to him. His family and comrades remarked this excessive love for the cathedral, and supposed it to be merely a boy's fondness for something which he was in the habit of seeing daily. But, later on, more importance was attached to the predilection in question, and Doré's family had cause many a time to think of it.

When Gustave was about five years of age he was sent to a boarding and day-school kept by a certain Professor Vergnette, who occupied a large house in the Place de la Cathédrale, directly facing the great minster. Young



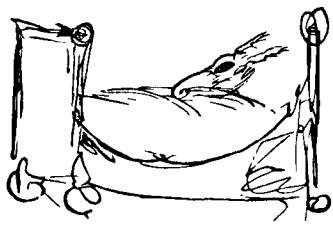
EARLY SKETCHES.
(Doré's Drawing-book, 1840. Unpublished.)

Doré, consequently, could neither go to nor from his class without passing the Domkirche.

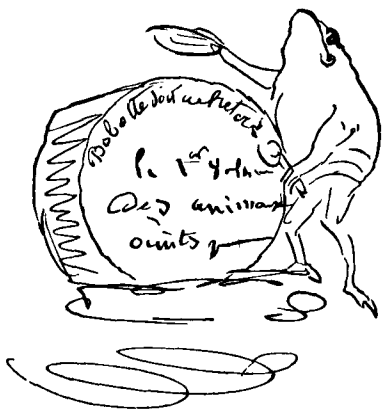
At this school he had two companions, boys of nearly his own age, the sons of M. Kratz, a very well-to-do citizen of Strasburg, and his acquaintance with them, begun in the modest scholastic establishment directed by

Professor Vergnette, was one which ripened into a life-long friendship.

The Kratz boys were only day pupils, but Gustave and his brother Ernest took their mid-day meal in the school, and were considered part of the good professor's family. The four boys were constantly together in and out of



FIRST LETTER ILLUSTRATED BY DORÉ, 1837.
(Doré awaits the letter announcing that he is first in his class. Unpublished.)



Unpublished.

school hours. They spent the major portion of their time in each other's company. When the Doré boys were not at home they were with the little Kratzs, and when the little Kratzs were not under the paternal roof they were to be found at M. Doré's house.

Gustave and his brother spent every Sunday in summer time at Graffenstaden, M. Kratz's beautiful country

Lettre de Premier

Je suis diablement content d'être
premier, maintenant j'ai
dix francs dans ma tirlire
regarde au commencement de
la lettre ce grand ville, ce gran
ville c'est une fourmi qui repre-
sent Babotte qui revient
du collège avec la notte d'hon-
neur

Permission of M. Kratz. Unpublished.
PROFESSOR VERGNETTE. GUSTAVE WITH HIS FIRST PRIZE.
(Illustrated letter written by Gustave Doré two months before entering his sixth year.)

place, a little way out of Strasburg. No sooner had Gustave reached the villa than he would beg permission to play at private theatricals.

Not infrequently on arriving at the Villa Kratz he dispensed with the usual "Bon jour," substituting for that conventional greeting the words, "Maintenant nous allons jouer la comédie toute la journée."

He was passionately devoted to the stage and everything pertaining thereto, and entertained an equal fondness for music. Music and the drama ran in his mind, seemingly to the exclusion of all other topics. His taste for the play-house was so marked, and his faculty for imitating singing and acting was so extraordinary, that every one who knew him said, "Gustave will be an actor or a musician." In short, it never entered any one's head that he could possibly take to anything else, so strongly were these tastes developed in his nature. I lay stress upon this fact as it shows that we do not always exclusively display in our earliest youth those talents for which we become remarkable later on. The boy Doré, in the opinion of his friends, was absolutely destined to follow a career very different from that which the man Doré actually pursued.

During his early school days at Professor Vergnette's, he was not only encouraged to study hard, but his father promised to make him a small present in money every time he should reach the head of his class. He had not been a twelvemonth at the Professor's when he felt so sure of achieving that distinction, that he wrote a little letter to his friend Arthur Kratz, describing and illustrating with pen sketches the feelings of a boy about to receive a reward for being at the head of his class. Gustave Doré's ambition and self-assertion developed rapidly during his boyhood. He appeared to care little enough for the money with which his father offered to reward his assiduity at school, but he could not bear to think that any boy in his class should get ahead of him. The pride he took in his book-learning was only equalled by his desire to display whatever prize his industry might

enable him to win. It was not enough for him to be at the head of his class; he wished all those around him to know it, and above all to talk about it. His wishes were fully gratified.

A few days later he wrote another letter to his friend, illustrating the joys of the successful competitors for school honours. This letter was one of the most remark-

SKETCH FROM SECOND LETTER ILLUSTRATED BY G. DORÉ.
(November, 1837, second page, Strasburg. Unpublished.)

able productions ever achieved by a child of his years, even if that child had been named Michael Angelo. When Gustave Doré sent it to his friend Arthur Kratz, he was within a month of entering his sixth year.

Madame Doré thought that her boy was a born genius. She raved about his talent, as well she might; but her husband still saw no particular reason to rejoice over him,

merely observing that "Gustave was a good lad, and had well earned his ten francs."

We may be assured that he went through the usual elementary course of study. Beyond a doubt he resolved the ordinary dose of diluted classics, compounded of the ingredients—Telemachus, Hercules, Clitus, and other mythological drugs, with which his young brain was duly inoculated. Probably he hated them as much as most school-boys do, and later on, as we say in America, "he got even" with at least three of them, Clitus, Hercules, and Telemachus.

During those school days Gustave made sketches on his slate, copy-books, and writing-exercises. Many of the little strips of paper, called "devoirs" in French scholastic parlance, are preserved to this day by M. Ernest Kratz and others of Gustave's friends. One of them is, curious enough, adorned with a mythological personage running in arabesques all around the margin of the paper. The drawing was not remarkable, and was considered to be the outcome of absence of mind rather than of talent. "I think," said M. Kratz to me, when speaking of it, "he did not even know what he was doing when he designed it."

The first sketch he ever completed—a little group of soldiers—is still in the possession of M. Ernest Kratz. This drawing was preserved by mere chance. Its owner found it in an old school-book, and, remembering that Gustave had presented it to him, put it away as a little reminder of the friend he was so fond of. He little thought how precious a souvenir it would become in after-years.

Gustave Doré was in his eighth year or thereabout when, in November, 1840, an event occurred which proved the starting-point of his artistic career.

Strasburg was in gala array over a great public celebration. A statue of the renowned Guttenberg was at last to be erected in the old Marché des Herbes. For months the civic and military authorities had been preparing for this interesting event. It had been decided that, amongst other display, there should be organized a

grand cortége, representing the industrial corporations of Strasburg, consisting of fifteen or more chariots, to be filled with representative members of each guild, decked out in holiday and symbolic guise, with coronals, wreaths, flowers, and laurel, escorted by bands of music and outriders, equipped in the usual paraphernalia of festive decoration characterizing great public rejoicings.

Of these corporations the first was that of the printers, in honour of Guttenberg; the next, that of the glass-stainers, of which I shall speak in particular, as it plays a very important part in this biography.

The name of the guild in question explains itself.

From the twelfth to the sixteenth century Strasburg enjoyed, in common with Munich and several other German cities, the reputation of being pre-eminent in the art of glass-staining. A guild was formed under the title of "La Corporation des Peintres-verriers," which, from the first, flourished with extraordinary vigour. Although this guild consisted of men of all ranks and artistic talents, it is not to be supposed that the humble workman who painted an obscure window in some obscure church could do nothing more than that. He might turn his hand to any bread-winning craft, easy or difficult of attainment, if he was known to be a member of the glass-stainers' guild. The rank of artist was conceded him by the Strasbourgeois, and he was justly esteemed as such. It would be interesting to trace the career of this corporation from its inception, but I have only to deal with certain phases of its latter-day existence. Although painting on glass might be falling off as an art, the guild was certainly not in decadence as a corporation. Whatever its craftsmen may have been in past ages, they constitute a goodly company at the present day, proud of their profession, and numbering in their ranks some of the leading artists of Strasburg. As a corporation they have their own coat-of-arms, blazoned in gay heraldic colours, but the oldest insignia was the lantern of the Peintre-verrier, in the shape of a many-pointed, many-coloured star. Naturally at the fête of the Guttenberg

statue, as I have said, the chariot of honour was that of the printers' corporation. Next came the glass-stainers, whilst amongst the others were those of the gardeners, and, lastly, of the coopers.

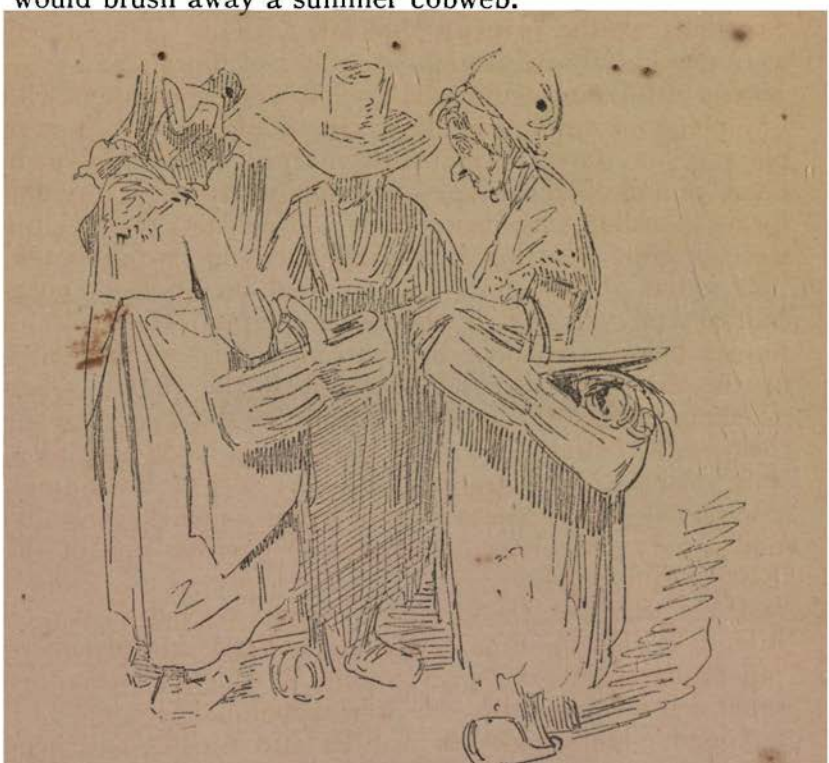
Any one who has been present at popular fêtes in French towns may readily picture to himself the city of Strasburg on the 13th of November, 1840. The streets were decorated with triumphal arches of flowers and evergreens; the houses and balconies were garnished with gay-coloured draperies; flags were flying and bands were playing; military and municipal authorities drove about in chariots and open carriages, splendidly arrayed in gay uniforms sparkling with decorations and medals; the children were in holiday attire, and every commune within a ten-mile radius of Strasburg had supplied its quota of notabilities and village folk wherewith to swell the waves of human beings that poured incessantly through the gates of the old fortress city. These, with the rich Alsatian peasants from a dozen neighbouring hamlets, invaded the town, with their new blouses and gowns, baskets of food, and their heads adorned with every sort of head-dress, completed a spectacle which for picturesqueness, vivacity, and variety of colour, could only be seen in one of the Rhenish provinces.

If the whole of the city wore a gala aspect, it can be imagined what the then newly-named Place du Guttenberg must have been—the great square in which all the principal ceremonies of the day were appointed to come off!

Gustave Doré, with his brother and friends, had been on the tip-toe of excitement from early morn. He was in the streets the whole day long. The eager boy went everywhere, and saw everything; he seemed to be ubiquitous, and when night came his head was so full of what had happened, that he positively talked himself to sleep. It must be remembered that this was the first great public fête he had ever witnessed. He was deeply impressed by it, as most intelligent children of his years would have been. His brain had been whirling with excitement from sunrise till sunset; and of all the people in Strasburg who

enjoyed that memorable occasion none so fairly revelled in universal pleasure as did Gustave Doré.

The next day the fête was apparently to him a thing of the past. He did not even speak of it. He had seemingly swept it out of his mind as quickly as a listless hand would brush away a summer cobweb.



STRASBOURGEOIS.
(Doré's Drawing-book, 1840. Unpublished.)

The part this event played in Doré's after-life I leave one of the principal actors in the drama to relate. M. Arthur Kratz, the distinguished *Conseiller à la Cour des Comptes*, Gustave Doré's life-long friend and companion, shall here describe its effects in his own words, as spoken by him to me some weeks ago.

CHAPTER III.

M. ARTHUR KRATZ DESCRIBES PROF. VERGNETTE'S FÊTE.

"AFTER the fête," said M. Kratz, "there was nothing for us boys but to resume our regular daily round of school life. We had had such a jolly time that most of us did not find it easy to take up once more the humdrum routine of books and rules and punishments; indeed the only one who went on as if nothing had happened was Gustave. I don't remember having heard him once mention the word fête. His was such a quick, effervescing nature, and so many things were rushing pell-mell through his brain at a time, that I supposed even the recollection of the ceremony was blotted out completely from his memory. To only one idea was he faithful—his fondness for playing at theatricals. His passion for this amusement was all-engrossing, and I must tell you that he never thought of playing any part without preparing himself as to costume, accessories, &c. He would improvise the most extraordinary costumes out of any old garment, and everything available in the way of furniture he found the way to convert instantaneously into suitable scenery and decorations. I never knew such a boy in my life. He could turn his wits to anything, and anything to his wits.

"The Sunday following the festivities, as usual, he spent with me at Graffenstaden, and we played at 'theatre'

EARLY SKETCHES.
(Doré's Drawing-book, 1840. Unpublished.)

the whole afternoon. Then after supper we had some music, and he sang several comic songs which were very amusing, while his brother Ernest played on the piano,

and we passed altogether a merry time. I assure you it seemed a pity to break up our party, and for the Doré boys to go home. Gustave on this occasion had been so lively and amusing that every one present agreed in pronouncing him one of the most charming children they had ever met with.

"You see we were not alone at Graffenstaden. Besides my father, mother, brother Ernest, and the Dorés, we usually had a house *full of friends, who constituted our* public when we *performed in private theatricals. One* and all spoke of *Gustave's talent, exclaiming:—"It is* certain that he *will go on the stage.' 'He must become* an actor.' 'Did any one ever see dramatic talent so strongly developed in a child of his age?'

"Gustave was very proud, of course, but volunteered no statement as to what he intended to do. He was at that time a rollicking *gamin*, and thoroughly kind-hearted withal. Boys often do very unkind things, even in play; but he was never wicked or cruel. Through his nature there always ran an undercurrent of sentiment and tenderness. He was so sensitive, as a child, that a mere nothing coming from a friend would hurt his feelings; but he did not care a rap about what strangers said to him, and fully held his own with other lads. I can tell you, my parents were extraordinarily fond of him. You may imagine what Graffenstaden was with four, no, five boys in it at once, all nearly of an age! We kept the house in a continual uproar. But those were the happiest days of our life, and no one was ever so welcome there as Gustave, who was a superlative demon as far as fun, gaiety, and mischief were concerned.

"He went home that night as usual, and next day we met at school. I cannot quite remember the exact date, but not long after, we heard that Professor Vergnette's fête-day was at hand. The boys wished to celebrate it in a proper manner, and we held a sort of council amongst ourselves as to the style of entertainment that it would be possible to arrange. Gustave in this, as in everything, was the leading spirit of the enterprise.

"'I will tell you, boys,' he said at once. 'Let us reproduce the Fête of Guttenberg.'

"'But how?' we asked; 'it is impossible!'.

"'Nothing is impossible,' he replied. 'I will take charge of the whole affair, and will be responsible for everything. You shall see what I can do. We will make it a grand success.'

"Upon this, he proceeded to explain his project.

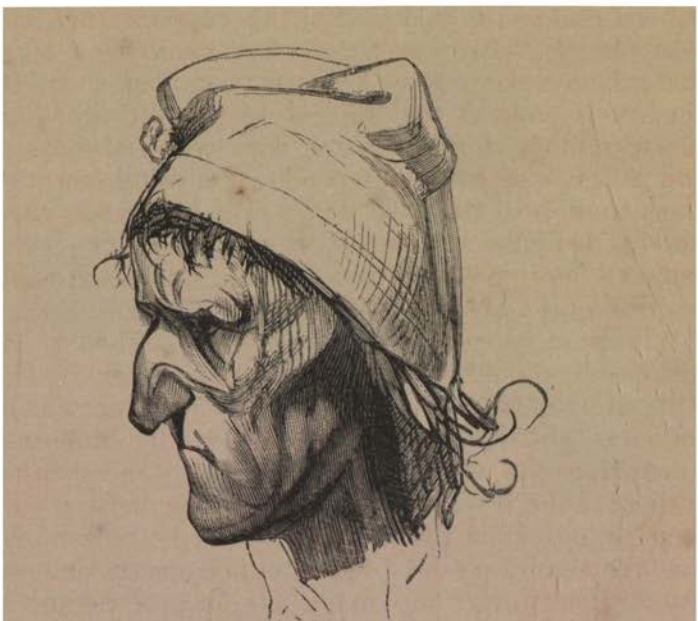
"'We must have four chariots,' he said, 'and I will be at the head of the glass-stainers.'

"And now let me tell you about the fête which we got up under his direction. About one p.m. on the appointed day everything was ready, and we marched round the cathedral square after having shown ourselves to the professor. There were the four chariots drawn by some of the school-boys, the rest of whom filled the cars, representing the different corporations. Gustave was at the head of his chosen guild, and had dressed himself in a characteristic costume, including a Rubens hat, with paper ornaments. His whole get-up was quite that of a mediæval artist. The respective masters of the guilds were chosen from amongst ourselves by him, and he prepared them for the parts they had to play. For instance, I personified the chief cooper, and he taught me the trick that was always performed at the fêtes of the coopers' guild. You must know that some of the Alsatian mountaineers were extremely adroit in the performance of this particular trick, which consisted in turning round a glass full of beer inside the rim of a cask-hoop without spilling a drop of the liquor. Gustave, who was wonderfully dexterous, had learned how to do this to perfection from an old barrel-maker who occupied a flat in the same house as the Dorés. Well, he got me up in my part, and I headed my guild in the car, twirling the glass in the hoop to the best of my ability. I cannot remember the name of the boy who headed the gardeners' guild; but that of the printers' association was in the hands of Ernest Doré, Gustave's eldest brother, who played a very important part in the fête.

Not only had Gustave organized and completed the preparations for the celebration, but he had decorated the chariots inside and out, besides effecting the extraordinary achievements I am now about to describe to you. He painted four banners, each of nearly two yards in length and one in breadth; one for each corporation. Will you believe it that he drew all the insignia from memory? For instance, the printers' banner displayed presses, newspapers, and so on, and that of the coopers' their old craft symbols, of course; but the most marvellous of all was that which waved above his own triumphal car. He had accurately painted the ancient lantern of the *Peintres-verriers*, in the form of a star, with coloured glass points, and at its base he had reproduced a well-known stained glass window of the cathedral. The whole was decorated with a design in arabesques environing the gorgeous banner's margin; and in a corner, underneath all, was inscribed his own name, 'G. Doré fecit.'

"He had given orders that as we marched round the square we should stop every now and then, in order to work at our different trades. The gardeners made up bouquets, and threw them to the crowd; bulletins were issued from the printing-press, and flung about hither and thither; I did my hoop trick, and made believe to drink deep draughts of the foaming beer of Strasburg; but Gustave outdid us all. He stopped every time we did, struck an attitude, and made sketches of people in the crowd, which he launched to the right and left with great dignity. Only when some one exclaimed that he or she recognized a striking likeness did I realize that Gustave was making real drawings. He was the quaintest sight I ever set eyes on, and I think I can see him now, perched on his car, with his extraordinary hat, his fantastic garments, his head bent on one side; every now and anon striking his attitude and quickly making his sketches, which he distributed to the applauding throng. We finally drew up before the Pension Vergnette, and went into the house, where we presented the four banners to our schoolmaster, and Gustave made an elaborate speech in honour

of the occasion. The Professor and his family were delighted; but when they saw the paintings on the banners, and some of the sketches which Gustave had strewn about him in the Place, their enthusiasm knew no bounds. From that day forth I felt sure that my gifted schoolfellow would never become an actor. It was obvious that Gustave Doré was cut out by nature for an artist, and all who knew him foretold that he would one



PEASANT'S HEAD.
(Bourg, 1841. Unpublished.)

day adopt painting as a career. I have heard of many precocious feats performed by youths whose talents raised them above the common level, but never have I known such a prodigy as Gustave Doré proved himself to be, when quite a little child, planning and successfully carrying out such a marvellous imitation of the Fête of Guttenberg as he then executed from memory.

"Years rolled on, and I had almost forgotten the circumstance, when Gustave himself recalled it to me one

day whilst we were talking over our school days. He suddenly asked me if I remembered our Guttenberg fête, and in two words brought it all back to my memory. It was exactly what I have told you now. Gustave added, 'I should not be likely to forget my first appearance in public as an artist. Besides, that was the time when you all told me that I should make a great painter.'

"I lay stress upon this fête," observed M. Kratz, in conclusion, "for it was the starting-point in his career, and the first revelation to his friends that he possessed such a marvellous taste for drawing. This amazing feat was for a time the exclusive topic of conversation in our little circle, and although it was hard to make people believe that he alone had planned and executed the entire celebration in less than forty-eight hours, no one thereafter ever thought of any other career for Gustave Doré but the glorious one of art."

At the end of that term Gustave was sent to the college of Strasburg. He was accompanied by his brothers, and dear friends Arthur and Ernest Kratz. There he improved his acquaintance with his old classical tormentors, and drew many an astonishing picture in his little drawing-books. Happily some of these have been preserved to the present day. He studied with great assiduity, and his precocity in all respects was truly remarkable. With all his application to serious studies, the element of fancy predominated in his nature, and his imagination began to overstep all limits. A new illusion possessed him every day in the week, and the ideas which floated through his brain were sometimes strange enough to alarm his family and friends. He related tales of adventures which could never have taken place save in the fantastic realm of the "Arabian Nights;" and, after listening to his extravagant narrations, people were wont to ejaculate in utter astonishment, "How can he possibly think of such things? What room is there in any child's brain for such astounding and fantastic ideas!"

CHAPTER IV.

AN EXAMPLE OF DORÉ'S YOUTHFUL GENEROSITY.

At an early age Gustave Doré showed interest in people and scenes with which he had little in common. He would loiter in the streets of Strasburg, staring at every odd-looking man, woman, and child whom he met. He never seemed to be attracted by the rich or prosperous; on the contrary, every old concierge in the Rue de la Nuée Bleue and Rue des Veaux was known to him by sight, and the lineaments of every street Arab, postman, and beggar were indelibly impressed upon his memory. Things out of the ordinary never failed to attract his attention, and he invariably saw the ludicrous side of a thing as promptly as he did the pathetic. His disposition was strangely unselfish, and his childish generosity became proverbial in his family.

One day in the dead of winter, when he was barely seven years old, he returned home from one of his street excursions, with his legs severely scratched and his feet bare and bleeding. Françoise called out to him,—

"In the name of heaven, Master Gustave, what has happened to you? For the love of the Holy Virgin, where

are your shoes? What will your mother say when she sees you in such a state? Where have you been?"

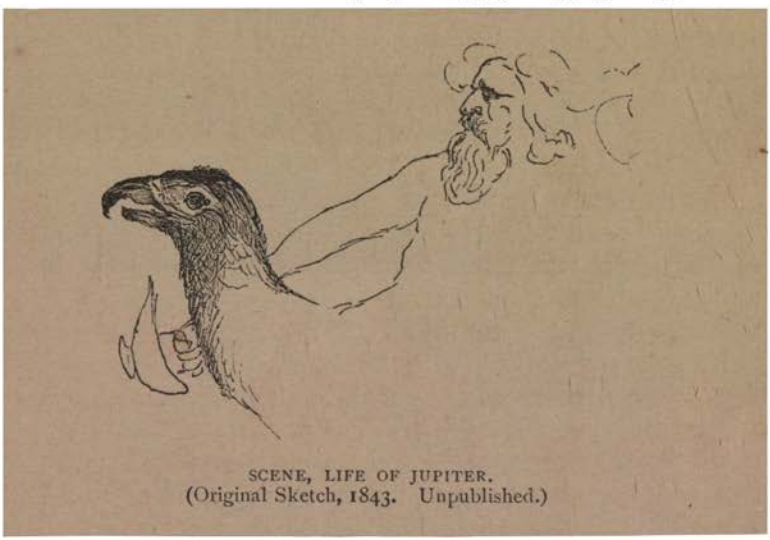
EARLY SKETCH, 1840.
(Doré's Drawing-book. Unpublished.)

"Well, Françoise," he replied, "I have been a good long way to-day, walking with some very unfortunate

people, especially one little boy—just my age—who is dreadfully poor. He was something like me, only he was in rags and had no shoes to his feet. It hurt me to see him like that in winter, you know, so I gave him mine, because he has no father, as I have, to give him shoes. Say nothing about it. I shall wear my old ones for another quarter. They fitted him exactly; what luck—was it not? Don't tell mamma, for she would scold me!"

Françoise tells this story with infinite delight.

"It was only one of many things he did of that kind," she added. "He was always giving, giving, giving. His



SCENE, LIFE OF JUPITER.
(Original Sketch, 1843. Unpublished.)

hand was continually in his pocket, and I never knew him to keep his pence or spend his money on himself. Beggar or organ-grinder always got it out of him!"

He passed the greater part of his play-hours out of doors, and Françoise says that whenever any one asked for Master Gustave she had to run and fetch him. He was usually in conversation with some mendicant or strolling player, or perhaps lounging in the square, when there would be a crowd collected, with market-women haggling, soldiers joking and swearing, children yelling, and acrobats kicking up their heels in public.

He developed a talent for gymnastics which would not have discredited the Vokes Family, and from his fifth year to his fiftieth he never outgrew his fondness for his favourite pastime. He often fraternized with street acrobats, took part in their professional rounds, and was extremely proud of his agility. On his way home from these expeditions he was always wrapped up in himself, walking by his companion's side with the greatest dignity. His curious reticence on these occasions was frequently the subject of comment and conjecture in his family circle. He sometimes pulled at old Françoise's skirts when out with her, thus signifying to her to stop. Perhaps a mere nothing had attracted his attention; some quaintly attired old woman carrying a wooden pail on her head in lieu of a turban; some vagabond pedler displaying his tempting wares to the thrifty housewives of Strasburg. All objects of this class; rarely any beautiful sight. When he had looked his full, without uttering a word, he would return quietly to his father's house. Once in doors, he relieved his mind by performing a few circus tricks, or turning head over heels all through the different rooms, and indulging in all the antics of a lively kitten, but never saying anything about his outdoor excursions. Next day, however, his sketch-book faithfully reproduced the leading incidents of his promenade. There was often a touch of pathos in his sketches, but the comic vein ran more or less conspicuously through them all. Paul Lacroix once said to me,—

"Madame Doré was more than ever enchanted with Gustave when he was about nine years old. It pleased her fancy to imagine him a genius; she boldly encouraged him in drawing, and made the most of his every little sketch. However, I must regretfully confess that, in spite of all he did, she was the only one to see anything out of the common in the little lad. His grandmother Pluchart refused to recognize any extraordinary talent in her grandson. She had the tact, when her daughter raved about him, to hold her tongue, and thus peace was kept in the family. No discussion *pro* or *con* could elicit

a word from her. This was somewhat remarkable in a grandmother. She only told Gustave to study hard, read his Bible, and remember that he bore an honest name. When he ventured to speak of becoming an artist some day, she would say,—

"'There are other and more serious things in the world than making sketches of broken-backed animals and weak-kneed vagrants. Think of your books before all else. The first thing in life is to have a good education—to be able to instruct oneself. Spend time,

JUPITER AND THE GOAT. (chap. x.)
(Doré, 1841. Unpublished.)

therefore, on your books, for every one despises an ignoramus.'"

Madame Pluchart's opinions were highly cherished in her daughter's house—so highly that even Gustave, while he complained openly to his mother of the old lady's lack of appreciation of his drawings, managed in secret to read a great deal. He thought his grandmother incapable of deciding on art-matters, but, with no little shrewdness, made up his mind that he could not do better than follow her advice with respect to book-learning. No one knew exactly when he learned to read; it was between the age

of three and four; every one was amazed when, but eight years old, he was found able to talk on Bible subjects with perfect ease, knew the astronomical names and position of many stars, and had learned several mythological tales, which he speedily set about illustrating. I have before me one page yellow with age, and stained with the

JUPITER AND THE EAGLE.
(Unpublished.)

imprint of childish fingers, but still more indelibly with the imprint of genius.

It is inconceivable that a child of his tender years should have calmly undertaken to execute a counterfeit presentment of the "Father of the Olympian Gods." Not satisfied with drawing it, he has told the adventures of Jove in his own quaint fashion, and illustrated his text at the beginning of each paragraph. The story of Jupiter

—Gustave's Jupiter—is related in childish language, but with the assurance of a great writer. It is very amusing to read. There is something almost pathetic in the notion of the gifted little boy stealing away from his playfellows for the love of art and in fear of incurring ridicule shutting himself up alone for hours with his little book on mythology, condensing a story to suit his own purposes, and telling it as simply as he understood it. He made a very elaborate study of the Cloud-Com-

FROM AN ILLUSTRATED DANTE.
(Drawn at ten years of age, entitled "Voyage à l'Enfer." Doré, Strasburg, 1842.)
(By permission of M. Kratz. Unpublished.)

peller, and worked at it for weeks. This page is all that is preserved of Doré's "Adventures of Jove," and is headed Chapter X., so that the narrative must have been a voluminous as well as an ambitious attempt. Many descriptions of Jupiter doubtless exist; but I fancy that only one page of this wonderful child's version of "Zeus, his life and times," has survived its author.

Gustave's passion for music, especially for the opera, was beyond all bounds. When he was seven years old he

went to the theatre to see a performance of "Robert le Diable," and on his return home remembered and described correctly every principal scene in the opera. The next day he wanted to perform it from beginning to end, but was obliged to wait until the following Sunday, when he was to go as usual to the Villa Kratz at Graffenstaden.

"We gave entire scenes from the opera," says M. Kratz, "and Gustave particularly delighted in the demons and spirits. He was aided in the performance by his eldest brother Ernest, who was amazingly clever, and also displayed a great talent for acting, besides being a born musician, playing the piano and composing charmingly. About this time Gustave began to study the violin, and one of his first and favourite solos was a *pot-pourri* of well-known airs from "Robert." We had great fun with our representation of this opera, and all through his life Gustave retained a special affection for that particular piece. I can't tell how many times we have gone through almost the entire score without stopping. The libretto delighted him no less than the music, which he often used to hum while he was at work.

When Doré was about ten years old, his love for the supernatural and demoniac began to develop. It was a new phase in this already strange and fantastic child's character. One might call it "le côté infernal de sa nature," and it certainly had not been particularly noticed until after he had seen "Robert le Diable." His sketches from thenceforth all bore the stamp of this peculiar style. He drew nothing but scenes in the infernal regions, fallen angels, demons, spectres, goblins, and fiends, in every imaginable shape and form.

M. Arthur Kratz has a very remarkable souvenir of this epoch. It is a sort of illustrated Dante, and one of the most extraordinary pieces of work conceivable in a child; also a publication of Granville's called "Les Métamorphoses du Jour," inspired Doré to parody it, which he did most successfully in one single drawing called "La Charité." This was sketched in 1842, and our illustration

is from the original, in fact the only one he or any one ever made on that subject.

The drawings are extremely sketchy, possessing no framework whatever; but the idea is there, and each face and figure is faultless in expression.

These, like all Doré's early productions, were preserved by mere accident, for no one attached special importance to them until many years later. It is to M. Kratz's love of order and habit of never throwing anything away that we are indebted for some of the most curious and valuable souvenirs of Gustave Doré's early life.

CHAPTER V.

NOTES FROM DORÉ'S JOURNAL.

I HAVE before me a little sketch of Doré's life, dictated by himself to his mother, and written down by her in 1865. He has been either so modest or so forgetful as to omit from this memoir a great many important events, which happily have been remembered and communicated to me by his family and friends. The journal or group of notes in question loses force and piquancy by translation, for Gustave Doré was gifted in the use of the pen, as well as in that of the pencil.[1]

He begins as follows :—

"I was born in Strasburg on January 1st, 1833, and passed nearly all my earliest youth in the mountainous part of Alsatia. My father for many years held the appointment of chief engineer of roads and bridges in the department of the Rhine. It was not in Strasburg alone that I spent my childhood, but in the little communes of St. Odile and Barr, which are so near to Strasburg as to be within sight of the great cathedral.

"That part of Alsatia is very rustic, and especially remarkable for the beauty of its forest and mountain scenery.

[1] In these notes Doré states that he was born on January 1st, 1833. The inaccuracy is extraordinary, but he really had forgotten the date of his birthday. It will be seen by his birth enregisterment that he was really born January 6th, 1832.—B.R.

"The person who will be charged with compiling my biography may take note, that amidst those scenes were born in me the first lively and lasting impressions which determined my tastes in art, for my early attempts in drawing were all of a similar character, and for a long time I had but one wish, viz. to reproduce those sights and scenes so familiar to my boyhood, and which I loved so well. More than this, a great many of my first serious

LA CHARITÉ.

(Original sketch, unpublished, inspired from a publication of Granville's, "Les Métamorphoses du Jour." Doré, Strasburg, 1842.)

efforts in painting were landscapes, always depicting the country round Strasburg.

"When I was nine years old my father was appointed chief engineer of the department of the Ain, and had the strange fortune to be transferred from a hilly country to one still more mountainous. The Ain was a beautiful province of French Savoy, composed entirely of spurs of the Alps. My father was then occupied in surveying the unfinished line of railway from Lyons to Geneva. He almost always took me with him on his professional

journeys, and often used to go as far as the extreme end of Savoy and the Oberland. As might have been expected from my early training in this picturesque school of education, I conceived a passionate love for mountains and mountainous scenery; a love which has endured to this very day. In the month of September, 1847, my parents were called to Paris, and they took me with them."

I stop the journal in order to interpolate several im-

SCENES FROM DORÉ'S "VOYAGE À L'ENFER." (chap. x.)
(Strasburg, 1842. Unpublished.)

portant facts, which either through modesty or forgetfulness he has omitted to record.

While Doré was in school at Professor Vergnette's, his parents went to stay some little time at Saverne, a commune within walking distance of Strasburg. I cannot exactly fix the date of their stay there, but it must have been when Gustave was between six and seven, as Madame Braun said to me once,—

"It was an extraordinary sight to see Françoise tug-

ging up the hill at Saverne with three boys clinging to her skirts, all of them like spoiled infants. Well I remember it, for Gustave made a little book of drawings for me while he was there, and I know we were all amazed, because he seemed still a baby."

I will refer to this little book later on. With regard to his school-going to Professor Vergnette's, there is no mention of his having missed even one quarter, so in all probability he was in Saverne only during the long summer holiday after Easter. At nine years of age he was sent with his brother Ernest to the College of Strasburg. After he had spent two years there, his family moved to Bourg, a city in near vicinity to the Alsatian capital, when Gustave was again sent to school. This city possessed an excellent *lycée*, or young gentleman's college. Gustave was then just entering his eleventh year.

His taste for drawing was at this time so strongly developed that he made many sketches of the peasants whom he met in his walks to and from school, faithfully reproduced the faces and figures of several well-known persons amongst the villagers, and sent his master off into shrieks of laughter by a brilliantly executed design of boys and girls sliding at a place called "La Martinoire," the public skating-pond. At the same age he made another drawing, which was lithographed at Cezeriat, in Bourg, with "La Martinoire." It was called, "After the Inauguration of the Statue of Bichat."

The above sketches are amongst Gustave's graphic efforts between the ages of seven and twelve.

At the Bourg Lycée Doré had been preceded by his reputation for drawing. The story of Professor Vergnette's fête had been duly repeated, and the masters soon perceived that his reputation had not overrated his talent. They had the good sense not to hinder the development of this growing passion in the boy, and he was allowed to scribble in copy-books and ornament the margins of his Lhomond's grammar to his heart's content; once he went so far as to explain his lessons to his teacher through the medium of his fingers—the subject was the death of

Clitus. His comrades, one and all, had made several mistakes in their text; but Gustave gravely presented his master with a drawing representing the scene of the murder, with an exactitude as vigorous as it was astonishing. M. Grandmottet, the chief master, was a man of rare judgment, and not altogether devoid of wit. He allotted the post of honour in the class to Gustave Doré, "for his perfect description of the murder of Clitus." Moreover he strongly encouraged the lad in his ambition to become an artist. "Study well," he told him, "and your aspirations must be realized sooner or later." Doré's father was still obdurate with respect to the "painting business." He was so charmed with Gustave's progress, however, that he promised to take the lad with him on his very first trip out of Alsatia, if he should continue to be a good boy, and should gain some prizes at school.

Doré, in this as in many other respects, stands almost alone in history. He was one of the few men of genius who ever won any prizes at school, for birch is much more commonly deserved than laurel by lads of even exceptional natural gifts.

Gustave's father kept his promise, and took his precocious son on that memorable trip away from Alsatia which culminated in a visit to Paris.

Doré spent a great deal of time with his father. Between the ages of nine and eleven, indeed, he was rarely absent from M. Doré's side. They explored together every nook of the forests, every hill and dale of the mountains in the Vosges provinces. Whilst his father was at work Gustave remained in silent contemplation of Nature's ineffable beauties, which he had learned to appreciate at so early an age. In summer time he scaled mountains, swam rivers, and chased the gaily-tinted butterfly from flower to flower. He would lie on the grass for hours at a stretch, thoughtfully gazing up at the sky, or drinking in the beauty of flashing torrent in wooded glen or majestic forest.

As he himself repeatedly declared to all his friends, he revelled in Nature, and particularly her wild and rugged

aspects. There was not a tree of the forest that he had not studied—not a flower that grew by the wayside, but its name and perfume were known to him; not a herb nor healing plant so cunningly hidden in the mountain clefts

EARLY SKETCHES.
(Doré's Copy-book, 1840. Unpublished.)

but his eye could detect it and his hand pluck it from its lurking-place. He knew where wood-birds nested and nightingales sang; he knew the track of the deer and the haunt of the squirrel. He could detect the trail of the venomous adder; the rounded summits of the Ballon

of Gubewiller, the Hobenech, and the Ballon d'Alsace were familiar to him, as well as every mountain path and crevice, every running brook and fertile valley in the district; and he daily fed his imagination from the abundance of ever-varying and bountiful mother Nature.

While the elder Doré walked and surveyed and measured, Gustave ran on in front or lagged behind, engrossed with observation or absorbed in fancy. His constant companions were a phenomenal and luxuriant imagination—a fervid and realistic creativeness. Those days spent in the Vosges laid the foundation of a future of free and fertile imagery which has rarely, perhaps never, been equalled in the history of Art. All the legends and stories which Grandmamma Pluchart had so graphically narrated to him; the fairy tales he contrived to worm out of the mumbling peasants of the "little" Black Forest; the fables recounted by his nurse Françoise; the Bible stories repeated over and again by his mother;—all these relics of tradition or creations of fancy swarmed in his brain and peopled it with countless phantom-beings which to him, doubtless, seemed at least as real as the actualities surrounding his every-day life. The low, plaintive breeze sighing through the tall firs of the Schwarzwald was to him the voice of some lost spirit; the lights and shadows gleaming athwart the sullen pines were gnomes and elves dancing on a fairy greensward, the clefts in the mountain-side were entrances to nymphs' grottoes or enchanted caverns. Doré always cherished his illusions, and often said in later life that he would not as a lad have been surprised had genii issued from those caves brandishing torches, and he felt convinced that every shadow cast by the peaks of Gubewiller or Hobenech hid beneath its ghost huge giants striding backwards and forwards, terrible in their implacable rage.

Could it have been this child's idea which found reality later in the inspired portraits of Gargantua, the Rabelaisian giant, who had to stand on the towers of Notre Dame to escape the suffocating crowd of Paris?

The love of the Alsatians for legends and fairy stories

is something beyond belief, and their faith in supernatural lore is still absolutely implicit. There is not a guide or mountaineer who cannot recount good store of startling tales which are native to the country and impart to it that

EARLY SKETCHES.
(Doré, 1844. Unpublished.)

mysterious charm which lurks in ghost-haunted ruins and deserted castles and palaces. I am sure any one must be profoundly prosaic and impervious to all associations of childhood's days who can listen to these weird

narratives and, listening, refuse to believe in them, at least for the time being. As I walked by the great cathedral when the moon was shining on the statues of Erwin von Steinbach and his inspired daughter, I fully expected to see the angel's bright shape glimmer through the dark blue of the midnight sky, and hover in space over the forms of those two whom she had so divinely, so opportunely favoured.

Amongst the thousands of stories young Gustave Doré had learned by heart there were two which he cherished with extraordinary affection. One was that of the Cathedral of Strasburg; the other was the legend of St. Odile, a fitting companion to the former, and one which would inevitably be recited to you by the first peasant with whom you might enter into conversation near the walls of Strasburg; so I may as well relate it here, for the benefit of those amongst my readers who may not be familiar with the "Ingoldsby Legends," although the poet's version can scarcely be said to be uncoloured by a poet's licence.

St. Odile is one of the loveliest and most sublime spots in Europe. It is situated on a table-land—almost one huge rock—overlooking the Rhine Valley, and rears its head aloft, gazing down upon the surrounding country like a mighty, hundred-eyed basilisk. Perched upon the very crest of St. Odile is a massive and feudal pile, which towers above all the neighbouring buildings, and commands a view of many miles of forest and field as well as of the great minster, its twin-sister in grandeur and majesty. This huge structure is called the Convent of St. Odile, and gave birth to the legend which will be told in the valleys of Alsatia when the cloister's battlements shall have crumbled away, and its stones shall be compounded with the dust of the everlasting hills.

In the seventh century a great nobleman, Duke Etticon, established himself in that part of the Rhine Valley and took the title of Duke of Alsatia. Shortly afterwards he married, and the one wish of his heart was that a son might be born to inherit his honours and his

name. He lived sometimes in Obernheim, sometimes at Hohenburg; and in all the country round about there was not another noble as wealthy and powerful as Duke Etticon.

The only fortified castle at that time in Alsatia was built on a vast mountain plateau, and was popularly believed to have once been a stronghold of the Roman invaders. The sombre fortress cast a dark shadow over the valley, and offered a frowning front to Alsatia's foes. The duke's love of power and of absolute sway over his dependants, combined to ruin his character. He became brutal and unjust, was feared by all and loved by none. He took possession of the castle in question, and lived there with his young wife.

When the long-expected babe arrived, alas! it was no heir, but an ugly infant girl, born blind. The duke's rage was so terrible that he gave secret orders that the child should be killed. No one had the heart to obey his command, but she was taken away from her poor weeping mother, Bereswinde, christened Odile, and brought up secretly in a convent of the Black Forest. When Odile grew up she was noted for her piety, intelligence, and goodness, and was, moreover, no longer blind, her sight having been restored by a miracle, as every one believed. She returned to her father's court at Obernheim, conducted thither by her brother Hugues, who had been told that he had a sister, and, without his father's permission, ventured to bring her back to her paternal home. The duke, enraged at his son's presumption, struck Hugues a fatal blow, and Odile, without a murmur, prepared to leave her home once more. Her mute resignation completely subdued her father, and changed him from a sinner to a good man. He subsequently bestowed his domain of Hohenburg upon Odile, who thereupon built the convent that bears her name to this day. Many tales are told of her goodness and miracles; but the one in which all Alsatians believe implicitly is the following. One day, walking on the mountain-side, she caused a spring to issue from the rock, which spring is called the fountain of Hohenburg.

Its waters are believed to possess holy virtues and to cure many ills; in particular, to be efficacious in healing blindness. St. Odile is the patron saint of Alsatia, and at Whitsuntide hundreds of pilgrimages are made to the holy shrine, and thousands, formerly blind, but who now enjoy perfect eyesight, ascribe their cure to the healing waters of Hohenburg fountain.

This story Gustave Doré never tired of hearing; and one of his favourite walks was to the fountain.

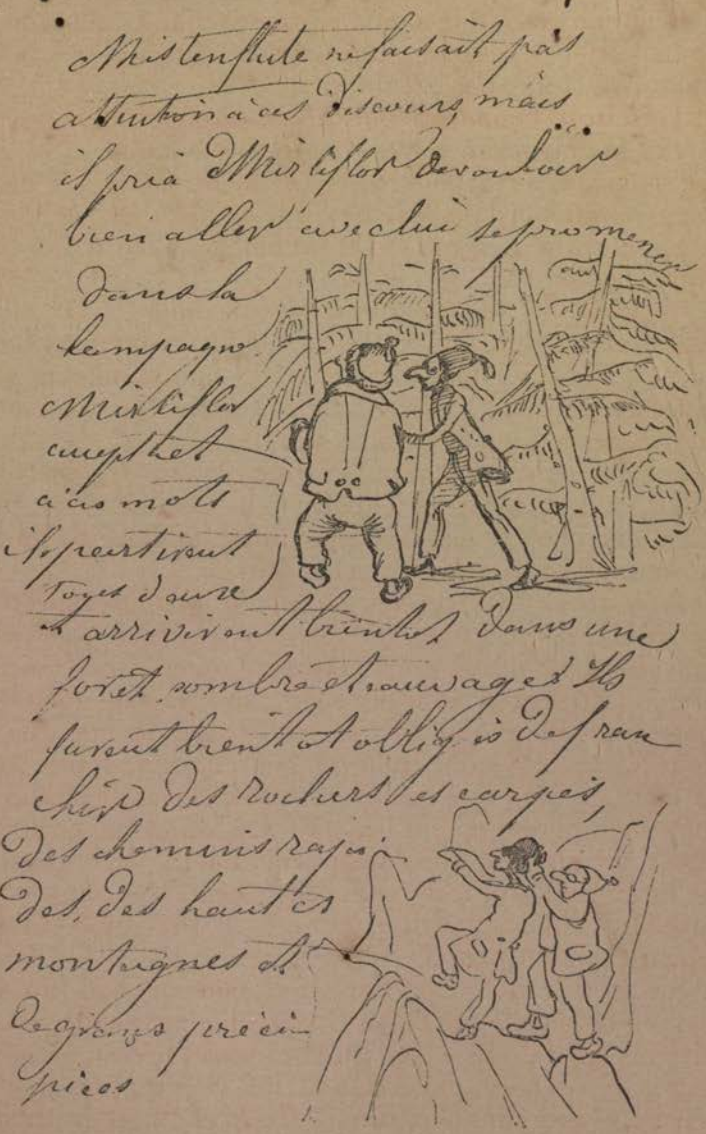
Doré was an ardent believer in St. Odile all his life long. I once asked Mr. Kratz if he also believed in the efficacy of the waters, and if he had ever bathed in them. He answered,—

"Bathed in them? hundreds of times! Of all the beautiful spots in this world St. Odile is the most beautiful, and Gustave not only adored it, but was never weary of talking about it. Every time he saw the fountain he always bathed his eyes in its waters, as we all did, in fact, and I am sure he really believed in the legend of St. Odile. That, with the legend of the Cathedral of Strasburg was one of his favourite tales, and as a child he never tired of listening to them both."

From these two legends were born two great worships in Gustave Doré's life—the love of Gothic architecture, and the love of pine-forests and mountainous scenery. These tastes grew with his years, and we can readily see that he made no bad use of those early hours of study from Nature. No one has ever painted a pine-forest as well as Doré, and no one has ever reproduced the Gothic style with such pureness and beauty; for from the one you can inhale the soft odorous resin and balmy breezes of the Schwarzwald, and in the other hear the ring of the cathedral chimes and the murmur of the priests as they repeat their set orisons.

So it was that the fantastic element had an early chance of development in Gustave. He abode in spirit with his saints, elves, and gnomes, and the result was what might have been expected in its effect upon a highly sensitive and gifted nature. He lived more in the ideal world than in the real, and throughout life never conquered

the habit of believing in illusions and expecting miracles to be performed in his favour as soon as he set his heart upon anything.



THE VOYAGE OF MIRLIFLOR AND MISTENFLUTE.
(Doré, 1842. By permission of M. Kratz. Facsimile. Chap. iii. Unpublished.)

CHAPTER VI.

DORÉ ILLUSTRATES A BOOK FOR MME. BRAUN.

I MUST return to Strasburg to chronicle two curious events.

When Gustave Doré was about eight years of age he fell down in the garden and hurt his arm.

"He was so very industrious," said Françoise, when recounting this incident to me, "that nothing would do but he must go on with his work just as if nothing had happened. He was always making pictures at that time. I bolstered him up in bed, and he had a long wide board stretched across it in front of him, upon which he could manage to draw. He could only work with his left hand, but never complained, went on singing to himself all the time, and persevered from morning until night; always at his pictures. He was never for a moment without a pencil in his hand. I think I can see him now, humming and sketching away steadily, and as serious all the time as if he had been a grown-up man."

Among the numerous friends of the Dorés was the Braun family. Madame Braûn was a beautiful woman, the wife of a handsome and distinguished officer in the French army. The Brauns and Dorés were inseparable, and Gustave was a special pet of these kind neighbours. He spent a great deal of time with them. The Dorés lived in the Rue de la Nuée Bleue, the finest street in

Strasburg, and the Brauns not far off. Gustave could not have been more than eight years old when he produced one of the most extraordinary series of sketches ever executed by a child of that age.

"Here is the book," said Madame Braun to me the other

ORIGINAL SKETCH.
(Doré's Drawing-book, 1841. Unpublished.)

day. "He was seven or eight when he gave it to me. One evening we were laughing at him for drawing so much, and next day he brought this to me 'as a present.'"

It was a common little drawing-book, of the kind usually distributed to children at school; some sheets of gilt-

edged paper, bound in a brown stamped leather cover. On the first page was written in a juvenile hand, with childish yet artistic precision, the following title: "The brilliant adventures of M. Fouilloux, told by ——;" the name "Fouilloux" being a marvel of elaborate calligraphy.

The next page introduces M. Fouilloux, M. and Madame Braun's dog! The animal is depicted arriving at their house, where he is welcomed by the family, and immediately makes an enemy of an old terrier, named Fox, which had long guarded the Braun mansion, and resented the arrival of a new and manifestly underbred dog. M. Fouilloux and M. Fox stare at each other from either side of a partition; for the terrier has been obliged to submit to the indignity of sharing his kennel with the unwelcome intruder.

The expression of these two dogs' faces would not have been unworthy of Landseer. A mild questioning yet respectful glance is cast by poor Fouilloux at his neighbour, whilst the latter's countenance, wrinkled by displeasure, is sulky and provocative. He knows that Fouilloux is there by his master's decree, and therefore dares not molest the new-comer, but looks at him as though he would like nothing better than to tear him to pieces.

The drawing is childish and uncertain, but the likeness to the dogs is perfect, and the sentiment explained by the dialogue very well expressed. There is so much life in the sketch that one might almost expect to see the two dogs spring from their kennel at any moment, and engage in mortal combat.

We are then made acquainted with a series of the hero's adventures. M. Fouilloux goes to the grocer's, and makes free with certain wares in the shop. He mistakes pepper for sugar; sneezes, and is almost discovered. He hides under a table; the shop-folk search for him; a strange dog rushes in just in time to be soundly beaten as the culprit, while M. Fouilloux makes good his escape, and the innocent cur, howling with rage and mortifica-

tion, slinks away with its tail between its legs, not in the least realizing what it has been thrashed for.

In this sketch M. Fouilloux under the table, his hair standing on end with fright; the angry grocer and his wife; the spilt pepper, and the strange dog,—are executed with admirable dexterity and liveliness.

M. Fouilloux next goes to a bath, takes cold, and falls ill. The scene represents Colonel Braun holding Fouilloux, whilst Madame Braun administers a dose of castor-oil to the invalid. In this instance, as in others of the series, the likeness of Colonel Braun is faithfully reproduced.

FOUILLOUX RELATES SOME OF HIS ADVENTURES TO THE DORÉ AND BRAUN FAMILIES.

(G. Doré, 1840. Unpublished. By permission of Mme. Braun.)

The next scene represents M. Fouilloux's convalescence.

The interesting patient, dressed in a long-sleeved night-shirt, with his paw pressed to his bosom, explains his sufferings. Madame Braun is standing at the back of his chair, listening to him with motherly attention and interest. Colonel Braun, standing in front of him, also listens to his statement, and seemingly weighs his every gesture with profound sympathy and comprehension. They both exclaim, "Poor Fouilloux; how he must have suffered!"

In the next sketch Fouilloux is represented dancing.

The text explains: "Madame Alexandrine (Gustave's mother) teaches M. Fouilloux the polka. He learns with such aptitude and delight that he becomes a *polkeur enragé*."

The figures in this sketch deserve special notice, for they are all perfect likenesses, only Madame Braun's face being a little indistinct. Madame Doré was never more accurately portrayed, the profile being fine and clearly cut, whilst the expression of the eyes and mouth, and the pose of figure are absolutely true to nature.

I am sure that everybody would enjoy the entire

MADAME ALEXANDRINE TEACHES FOUILLOUX TO POLKA. HE AFTERWARDS BECOMES UN POLKEUR ENRAGÉ."

(G. Doré, 1840. Unpublished. By permission of Mme. Braun.)

series of M. Fouilloux's adventures, but I cannot reproduce it here in its entirety. The closing sketches are, humorously considered, on a par with those of the convalescence and dancing-lesson.

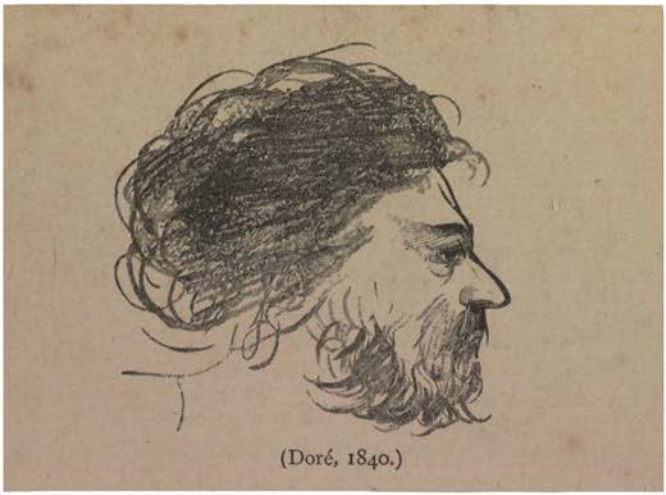
The young Gustave finished his volume with the following:—

"I beg M. and Madame Braun to send me within the next fortnight *the text* of drawings which I might have forgotten, and the adventures which have taken place since their return to Strasburg. From these I should like to make a second volume.

"DO NOT FORGET.

"I embrace the authors of the romance."

It may be inferred from the above that Madame Braun had written or suggested this little history to Gustave. As I have said at the bottom of page 44, he was either at Saverne, a commune very near Strasburg, where his parents passed some months during his seventh and eighth, or at Bourg, where his family resided after his tenth year. Madame Braun cannot quite remember at which place he executed this work, but thinks it must have been Saverne, as he was so very young at the time. Even after this wonderful display of his child's talent M. Doré remained obdu-



(Doré, 1840.)

rate in his idea that Gustave should not study to be an artist, and distinctly discouraged any more miscellaneous drawing. "It made the boy visionary," he said, "and inattentive to his books." He was as good as his word. The second volume of M. Fouilloux's brilliant adventures never saw the light of day.

This would place the sketch beyond a doubt at Saverne, as we know that at Bourg Gustave's talents for drawing had already received less discouragement from his father, from the fact that he had been permitted publicly to exhibit two sketches.

Doré at this time (1840) gave evidence of a wonder-

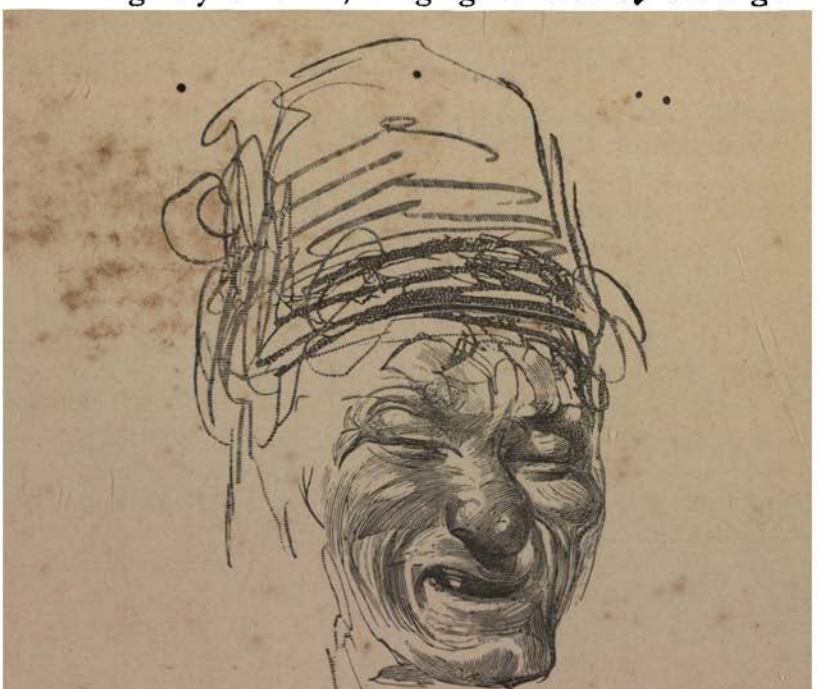
fully retentive memory, a copious fund of natural humour, and a disposition to take extreme views of most things. He was very gentle, but extremely self-willed. He adored his mother, and was inexpressibly dutiful to her; but his father exercised little control over him, and his brothers frequently suffered from the extravagances of his hasty temper. He often threw them down and pommelled them soundly. In these juvenile struggles he was never worsted. He was very light-hearted, however, and never bore malice, but forgot his little quarrels readily, and generally made them up by performing a few circus tricks, which he had picked up with amazing facility, his brothers joining in. Thus peace would be re-established.

I now take up Gustave's journal from the point at which it records his visit to Paris.

"In the month of September, 1847," he writes, "my parents were summoned to Paris upon important business, and took me with them. Their stay was only intended to last three weeks. The idea of returning to the provinces after having once contemplated Paris, the centre of light and cultivation, disheartened me sadly. I set my wits to work to find out how I could possibly contrive to remain behind when my parents should leave, because at that time I had only one idea—that of consecrating myself to the career of the fine arts. This idea, however, still encountered a lively resistance from my parents, who had destined me, like my two brothers, to undergo a scientific training at the Polytechnic School. One day, after staring for some minutes at the shop-window of Auber and Philipon, whose place of business was situate on the Place de la Bourse, on entering my hôtel it fortunately occurred to me to dash off a few caricatures in the style of those at which I had been looking. Taking advantage of the momentary absence of my parents, I ran back to the shop, and presented my little drawings to those well-known publishers.

"M. Philipon examined my sketches kindly and atten-

tively, questioned me minutely as to my position, and then sent me back to my parents with a letter inviting them to come and have a talk with him about me. They went to see him, and M. Philipon spoke most urgently to them, bringing to bear all the argu-



PEASANT'S HEAD.

(On the way to Bourg. Sketch by Gustave Doré at the age of nine, taken from his Drawing-book. By permission of Dr. J. Michel. Unpublished.)

ments he could think of, in order to vanquish their objections and overcome the fears inspired in them by the notion of my undertaking the career of an artist. Eventually he obtained their permission for me to remain at Paris, assuring them that thenceforth he would utilize my sketches and pay me for them."

I stop the notes here to insert two curious documents for which I am indebted to the Paris *Figaro* of December 4, 1884.

On April 17th, 1848, M. Doré sent the following letter to M. Ch. Philipon. The letter explains itself, and was accompanied by a contract in duplicate relative to young Doré's agreement to work for M. Philipon. The letter reads as follows, in translation :—

"Bourg, April 15th, 1848.

"SIR,—I have the honour to send you in duplicate the contract concerning my son, Gustave. I leave it entirely to your honour, your care, and your judgment, to direct my son in his career; I did not even need a written document; your word would have perfectly sufficed, and I like to believe that you would not have doubted mine when spoken on behalf of Gustave. He is a young man, imbued with honourable and correct sentiments, and you may rely upon it that he will never fail to fulfil any of his engagements toward you. Pray accept the assurance of my perfect consideration. (Signed) DORÉ."

The contract runs thus :—

"Between Pierre Louis Christophe Gustave Doré, formerly a pupil of the Polytechnic School, Knight of the Legion of Honour, Chief Engineer of Roads and Bridges, and Ch. Philipon, 29, Place de la Bourse, Paris. M. Doré, sr., wishing to develop the talent of his son, Gustave Doré, aged sixteen, in the profession of lithographical work, has addressed himself to M. Philipon, who promises to procure for M. Doré, jr., lithographic work both in pen and pencil. M. Ch. Philipon guarantees to M. Doré, jr., one cartoon per week. During the three years which form the term of the present agreement M. Doré, jr., may not execute any drawing whatsoever for any other publisher. In virtue of the minority of M. Doré, jr., M. Doré, sr., guarantees the fulfilment of the present contract in all its obligations, with this reservation—M. Doré, jr., will be obliged only to furnish one cartoon per week, that is to say, if he has no time to do more by reason of his attendance at college, or during the epoch of the holidays, which he will be at liberty to

enjoy, or on account of any sickness or malady. Executed in duplicate at Paris, April 17th, 1848.

"(Signed) CH. PHILIPON.
"DORÉ."

I will now take up Gustave Doré's notes from the point at which I interrupted them in order to insert the above documents. With respect to M. Philipon's kindness, Doré wrote :—

"If I have laid stress upon this fact, it is because I esteem it the one which exercised the strongest influence upon my life; for from that day it was decided that I might give myself up to my own tastes. But for the *obliging* initiative of Philipon (I underline the word obliging, because what I did then was very incorrect and strangely juvenile) I should have returned to the neighbourhood or interior of a provincial town, there to waste several of the best years of my life.

"This circumstance was also the cause that for a long time—in fact from 1847 to 1858—most of my published works were in the nature of caricature.

"Philipon had just founded his celebrated *Journal pour Rire*, in November, 1847, and for this journal I was engaged to produce a weekly page of drawings. At the same time, from that date until 1850, I occupied myself—sometimes well and sometimes badly—in finishing my studies at the Lycée Charlemagne. It was there that I was so fortunate as to have Edmond About and H. Taine for fellow-collegians.

"The school of caricature was not much to my taste, and although during four or five years I produced drawings innumerable, it was simply because the only publisher who accepted my work had but one exclusive speciality of publication. This speciality was caricature; the publisher was Philipon.

"All my time that was not employed in working for him, I occupied with serious studies in drawing. At last, about the year 1853, I found an excuse to free myself from the actualities of comic work, which were a source of extreme annoyance to me."

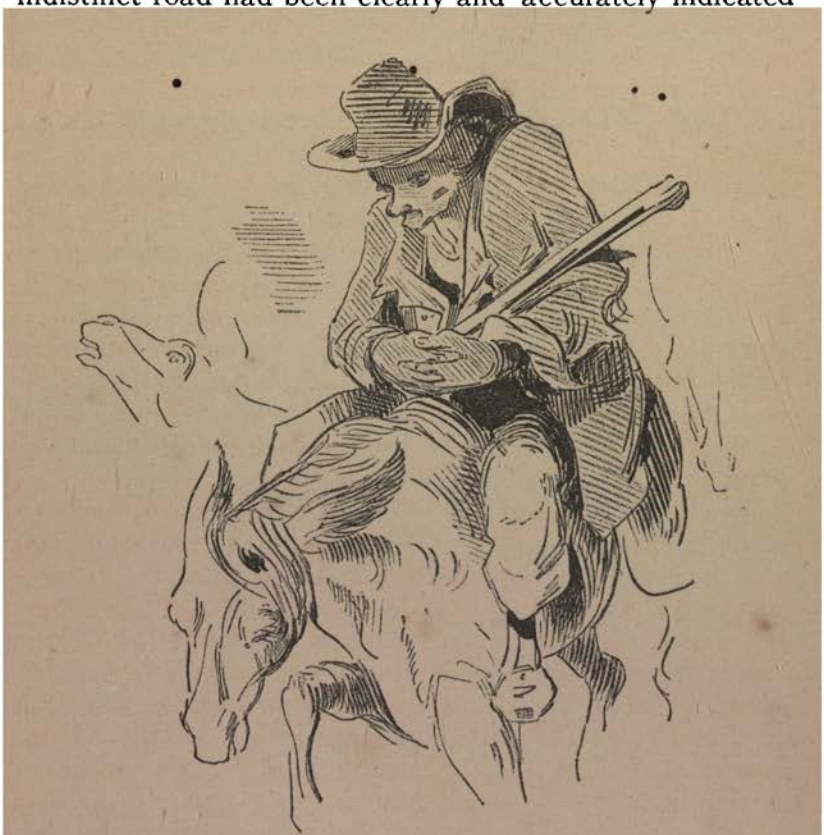
I must now take leave of Doré's autobiographical notes for a short while. He has faithfully chronicled his visit to M. Philipon and its immediate results; but I find that, through diffidence or obliviousness, he has omitted to chronicle several years of his life which may justly challenge comparison with those of the most celebrated artists for an extraordinary combination of imagination, energy, and achievement.

Gustave Doré found some old friends of his family residing in Paris, amongst others the late very celebrated writer and historian, Paul Lacroix, whom I shall describe later on; a man of vast experience, who was not slow to apprehend pernicious effects as likely to result from young Doré's premature independence. Gustave, without being vain, began to feel an inward strength and a confidence in himself such as rarely stultify but often retard greatness. He has said, as above quoted in his journal, "that he studied seriously—sometimes well and sometimes badly," and that he "studied the art of serious drawing when not working for Philipon."

There are many ways of defining his idea of "serious study." He certainly never lacked application, but it was the result of imaginative, not real study. According to M. Lacroix, "Doré seemed only to reproduce. His marvellous memory, rarely at fault, stood him in the stead of studies from Nature. He was too lavishly gifted by nature, and when he needed to make any kind of sketch, classic or otherwise, he drew from the boundless founts of memory and imagination." His quickness is well illustrated by the following incident:—

One morning M. Templier, a well-known publisher, showed Gustave Doré a photograph which he wished to reproduce that day in his journal. Doré picked it up, looked at it carelessly, and laid it on the table. He did not even comment upon it, and the conversation turned to other subjects. Doré went out hurriedly, forgetting to take the photograph with him. At four o'clock he met M. Templier, who at once asked for the required sketch. "Dear me," replied Doré, "I forgot the photograph; but

I will make the sketch at once." He picked up a block, and in a few moments handed an admirable drawing to M. Templier. It was an excellent copy of the photograph, the only change being one for the better, viz., an indistinct road had been clearly and accurately indicated



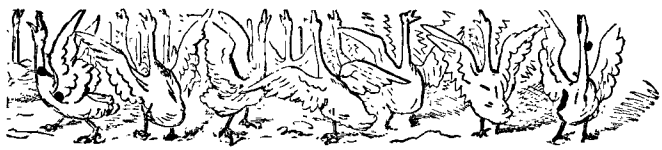
EARLY SKETCHES.
(Doré's Copy-book, 1846. Unpublished.)

in such style as to enhance the general effect of the picture. He subsequently explained that glancing casually at the photograph he had noticed the road as almost a blemish, and had at once seen in his mind's eye how it might be improved.

Such amazing quickness could not fail to excite wonder

and admiration. Publishers talked about it, friends repeated it in all directions, and a few days later a Parisian newspaper printed the anecdote.

Doré began, and not without justification, to look upon himself as a marvel.



CHAPTER VII.

DORÉ AT THE LYCÉE CHARLEMAGNE.

GUSTAVE accords but two lines to his college days in Paris, which were certainly amongst the brightest of his life. He was sent to the celebrated Lycée Charlemagne, one of the finest institutions of the kind in the world. Amongst so many lads he was soon at home, and a warm friendship sprang up between himself and the late Edmond About, one of the cleverest writers of France, and H. Taine, the great historian and philosopher. Gustave's reputation for drawing had preceded him, and the boys all looked with eager curiosity at a stripling said to possess the genius of Michel Angelo and the pencil of Leonardo da Vinci. They made a great fuss over him, called upon him to make little sketches for them out of study hours; in fact, a general feeling of hero-worship marked his fellow-collegians' attitude towards him.

It is astonishing to think how constantly he worked, and how much he accomplished during those school-days. He was drawing for Philipon and illustrating Lacroix's volumes, besides sketching in secret for half a dozen different publishers, to each one of whom he wished to offer entirely new and original works. His pencil was never idle. He was very quick at his studies, however, and took great delight as usual in the mysterious and unreal. He developed an astonishing aptitude for poetry, history, mythology, and Latin, and was always first in his class when questions were put to him with

relation to famous characters in the world of ancient and classic lore.

One day [1] Professor Gerard was giving instruction in history, and trying to explain to his pupils the salient points of character and personal appearance of a certain Roman emperor. He terminated his lesson with these words:—

"Doré, go to the black-board and sketch a portrait of Nero, so that these young gentlemen may understand perfectly what I mean, and what he looked like."

Gustave forthwith made a sketch which completely satisfied both master and pupils.

M. Berger, a great wit, whose figure out-Falstaffed Falstaff, and who was called "the coarsest yet subtlest man in France," [2] was also one of Gustave's masters, and commented as follows upon the boy's trick of expounding his exercises by the aid of his pencil:—

"Each one has his own method of demonstration. That is your way of translating Greek. Stick to it. I respect your idiom, although it is not mine;" and, taking him aside, he added, "as long as you remain in my class no question concerning Vitellius will be put to it, because you would instinctively make my portrait serve for that of Vitellius, and I have still preserved a remnant of vanity."

There is nothing more of interest to record respecting Gustave Doré's school-days. Before they were terminated, however, he had begun to illustrate in secret Balzac's "Contes Drôlatiques," Rabelais, and Eugène Sue's "Wandering Jew" and "Légendes Populaires." These books he kept hidden in his desk, and no one heard anything about them from him until later on.

He paid for his own tuition at school entirely with the proceeds of his work for Philipon. It was considered little short of marvellous that a lad of his years could earn so much money by so precarious an occupation as illustrating comic journals.

[1] See "Gustave Doré," by René Delorme, Paris, 1880.

[2] "L'homme le plus gros, mais le plus fin de la France."

He was the envy of all the artists in his profession, and became quite a pet about town in Paris. The boy's face was so well known as that of "the precocious draughtsman," that people grew accustomed to it, and he soon excited little or no comment. There was so much talk at first about Philipon's prodigy, and his name was so constantly dinned into the ears of the Parisians, that the old proverb, "Too much familiarity breeds contempt," was exemplified in his person. His drawings displayed such unvarying constancy of merit that the world began to say, "Perhaps we have made a mountain out of a molehill."

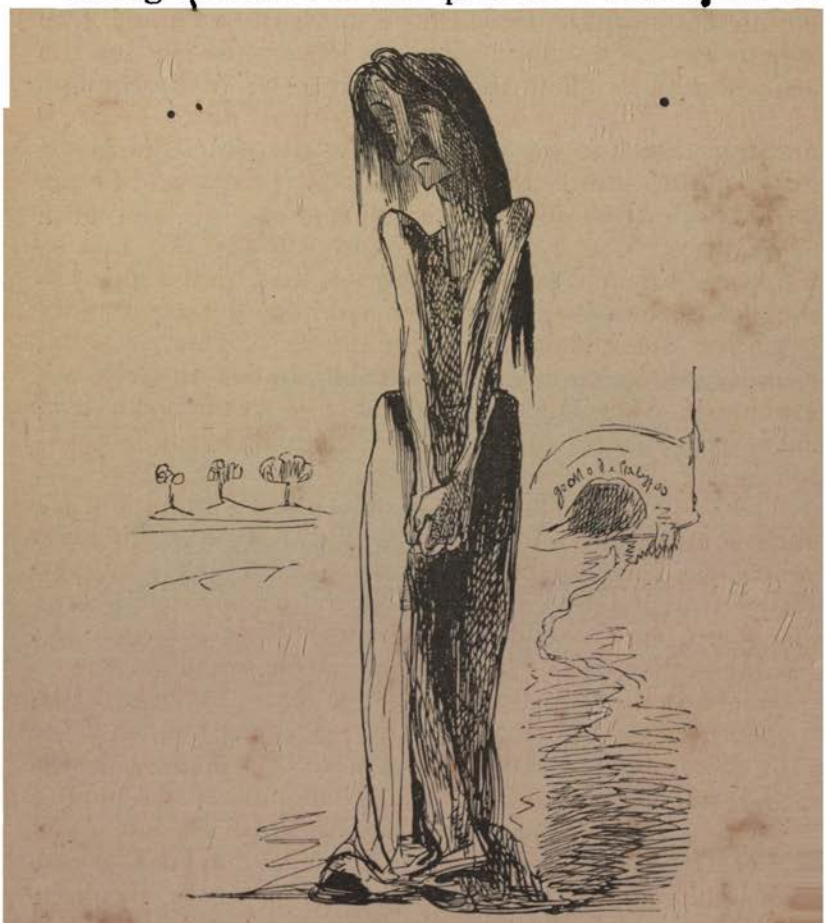
All this time Gustave had but one idea in his mind—Art; but he thought out his subjects by night, and spent his days in serious study at the Lycée Charlemagne. It never entered his head to take lessons in drawing. Considering that he never had any, this was not strange; but he never was heard to speak of drawing from models as other art-students did, and few of his associates had the courage to suggest to him that he should do so. He had leapt into notice, and the long road of apprenticeship of thought and action, so laboriously trodden by all great artists, had been traversed by Gustave Doré at a single bound. He knew nothing of the terrible despondencies which follow unsuccessful effort.

At twelve, he had conceived a Hercules, which he had presented to Philipon, and his amazement may better be conceived than described, when he saw his first effort printed and offered to the public under the title of "Hercules chez Augias."

When the editor of *Le Journal pour Rire* first saw this study of "Hercules at the home of Augias," he could scarcely believe his senses. Gustave himself seemed astonished when Philipon questioned him about it. He only knew that he had made the drawings from his own idea of the great demi-god, and it did not strike him as strange that what he had in his head should be so easily expressed by his fingers. He said to Philipon, with the utmost unconcern, "Oh, that is not so much.

I have still a thousand sketches in my portfolio, and as many more here," tapping his forehead with easy assurance.

Amongst the mass in that portfolio I have before me



"CALYPSO NE POUVAIT SE CONSOLER DU DÉPART D'ULYSSE."
(Unpublished.)

a little drawing-book, containing illustrations of the "Story of Calypso." This was invented at a time when Gustave had had little instruction in writing beyond the mere use of a pen. The description of Calypso on the

first page is one of the funniest sketches he has ever made, and we may call it a superb schoolboy's revenge. The story of Telemachus is so incessantly dinned into the ears of every boy and girl in France that no one can wonder that Doré's first artistic impulse at school was to be even with his professors on that matter at least, and to show the world what he really thought of this classical but insupportable quartette. The first drawing, as you see, represents Calypso. The love-lorn nymph stands by the sea-shore bewailing her unhappy lot. It commences as follows:—

"Calypso could not console herself for the loss of Ulysses. For ten days the poor lady had been nailed like a block to the beach. Fasting had considerably thinned her form and changed her complexion. Her tears had pitifully unfrizzled her locks. She sobbed terribly, and exclaimed, 'Oh, Ulysses, my cabbage, come forth from the waves. Alas! how much thou makest me suffer,'" &c., &c.

The rest of the poem is in the same strain; but the most curious part of it all is this. We do not know what was the language of ancient and lovely Ogygia when Calypso raved up and down its wooded shores. Gustave Doré's goddess, however, speaks a jargon probably unknown at Babel, but which could be better understood in the little communes of St. Odile and Barr than in that country where Ulysses languished, enslaved by the charms of Atlas's daughter. Of course Mentor and Telemachus speak the same comprehensive tongue. A very celebrated and distinguished Dominican Friar, Père C——n took up this little childish volume. Reading the bethumbed text and looking at the sketch of "Calypso, fair and slim," he shook with laughter.

"Look, look!" he said. "Doré did not even know French when he did it. It is indeed most curious. How on earth a lad of ten could ever concoct such a conversation passes all comprehension, and a Calypso who speaks the dialect of an Alsatian province would have startled even Homer himself."

Nothing stopped Doré when he had some idea to illustrate. He composed all the so-called poems, and when a word had to be used which he could not spell in French he wrote it down in some dialect without a moment's hesitation. He was very courageous, certainly, and showed his precocious cleverness by trusting to his inspirations even before they were prompted by concrete knowledge. Perhaps, had he waited to read Homer as a classic, he never would have given us Calypso as a Barroise.

CALYPSO SKETCHES, "C'EST UNE ÉPREUVE DES DIEUX."
(Unpublished.)

Amongst his other early drawings were two sets of heads of old men and women in and about Strasburg, exact likenesses, and some of the best character-sketches he ever made. They were all drawn between the ages of seven and ten.

At Paris, Gustave had the good luck to find an old friend of his mother, Madame Héronville, who proved a tender guide and counsellor to the young Alsatian. She resided in the Rue de Saint Paul, and took him to live in her house. This arrangement was very convenient to him in more ways than one. Firstly, he was constantly

under her eye, and she proved a second mother to him; secondly, her dwelling was so near to the Lycée Charlemagne that he could run backwards and forwards between his school and his home without incurring any waste of that time which had become so valuable to him. It was strange that he never took lessons of any drawing-

CALYPSO SKETCHES, "TELEMACH ET MENTOR."
(Unpublished.)

master, and was never heard to express even the conjecture that he might need one. He once said himself that he positively could not remember when he first commenced to sketch.

The boy's delight on finding himself domiciled in Paris, with the prospect of remaining so for a long time to

come, may readily be imagined. To a youth who had spent all of his early years in the provinces, and who had known no large city but Strasburg, his sudden transfer to the French capital seemed almost Aladdin-like in its magnificent reality. It is true that at Strasburg he had seen one of the finest cathedrals in the world, some quaint old houses of remarkable architectural interest, and the matchless Rhine. He had also had opportunities of studying the charming Vosges range of mountains throughout its length and breadth, the beautiful valleys and lovely hills which adorn the province of Alsatia, and the Black Forest with its endless gloom of lofty pines, its stately firs and tangled brakes, its impetuous rivulets and fragrant mountain-flowers. But of the majesty and grandeur of a great city he had not had the slightest conception during his early childhood.

Paris was to him one long dream of delight, a dream which had for its awakening successive enchantments each more vivid than its precursor. Here, every object he encountered was justly calculated to stimulate the imagination and improve the taste of one already a denizen of an ideal world of beauty. The public squares with their majestic buildings; the superb churches and wondrous cathedrals; the palaces of the Louvre and Luxembourg with their wealth of artistic treasures; the theatres, wide streets, and elegant avenues; the Palais Royal and the famous arcades, each shop-window of which reveals a fortune in rare jewels and brilliant bric-à-brac; the boulevards with their glittering display, the gardens of the Tuileries, the Place de la Concorde, the Champs Elysées, the statues and fountains, the Bois de Boulogne;—in short, Paris as we all have known and loved it; Paris, rightly pronounced to be "La Capitale du Monde entier," was in itself a liberal education for Gustave Doré. The museums were dearest to his soul of all public places of resort. He spent a great deal of his time at the Louvre, perfectly fascinated by those wondrous masterpieces, which have for ages past set older hearts than his beating, and older eyes swimming.

He wandered up and down its long galleries, lingering for hours before those canvases which bear witness to the greatness of art and the immortality of genius. He looked at the crowd of virgins and children, the Marys and Magdalenes, saints and sinners, the works of the great masters of Flanders and France, Spain and Italy.

From the paintings he passed to the sculptures; to

CALYPSO SKETCHES, "TELEMACH ET MENTOR CAUSENT ENSEMBLE."
(Unpublished.)

the spot where the Venus of Milo stands cloistered in the pale, solemn light which but enhances her loveliness; to the halls where Michel Angelo reigns, and where Puget, Houdon, Michel Colombe, and Jean Goujon lend the glory of their lives to the honour of their countries.

In this world of dead yet living beauty Gustave Doré roamed and loitered for hours, accompanied only by his love for the beautiful, his marvellous imagination, his adoration of art, and the works of those great artists in

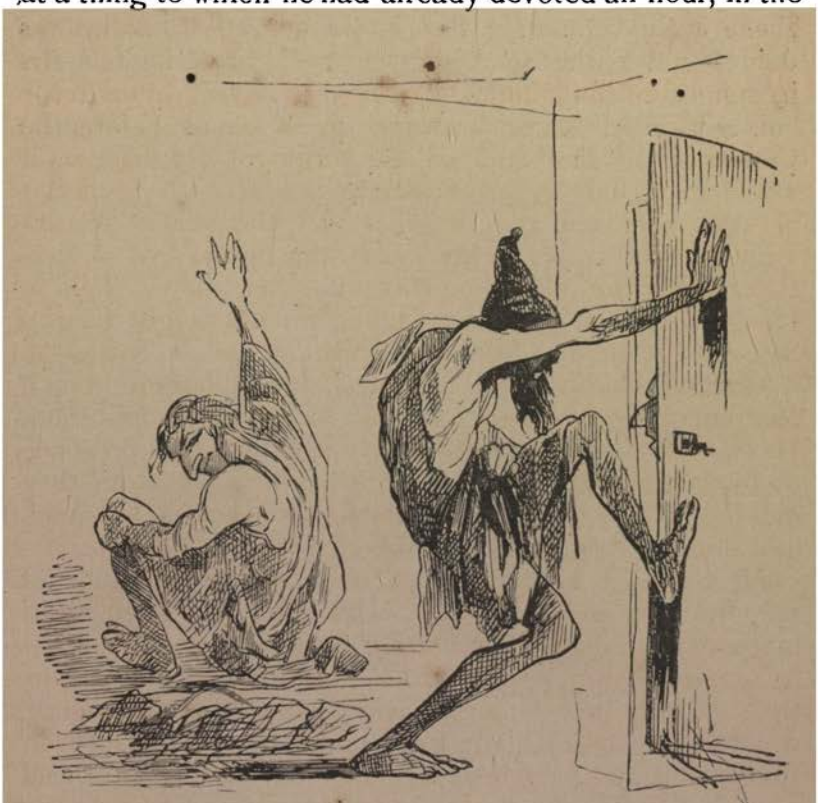
whose footsteps he so ardently longed to follow. He absorbed the exquisite inspiration of genius as silently as the bud drinks in the dew at even, that it may unfold into more perfect bloom next morn.

It is a well-known fact that although for a time he half lived in the Louvre galleries, he was never known or seen to copy the smallest work. Perhaps he felt the pitifulness of the labour of that crowd of well-intentioned but uninspired marauders who sit in bands before the Cennacolo of Da Vinci, or the Virgin of Raphael, as it would seem, only to accentuate and enforce the contrast between the beauty of original and the misery of unoriginal efforts; or to accustom the public eye so persistently to the glaring errors of copies that it fails to recognize the merits of an original when brought face to face with some absolute masterpiece.

Gustave Doré was too proud a lad, and had too much reverence for great works, to even attempt their imitation. He was sullenly and obstinately silent in the presence of his gods; but perhaps on this very account they entered so deeply into his heart and imparted so quick and broad a development to his artistic intelligence.

M. Georges Duplessis, an accomplished curator of the Bibliothèque Nationale, who kindly showed me a magnificent collection of Doré's early works, says that he came there very often to look at the marvellous treasure of prints and engravings, ancient and modern, which are stored up in such number and beauty at that institution. They are too well known to need recapitulation. Gustave spent many hours at the National Library, where he always attracted great attention. There was something so simple yet so earnest and dignified in his manner, that people used frequently to ask who he might be. The name of Gustave Doré invariably elicited the exclamation, "Ah! I thought so; but what a child he looks to be so well known!" In the room dedicated to engravings he frequently took a little memorandum-book from his pocket and made notes, but never copied faces or figures. Sometimes he

took notes of a costume, sometimes of an ancient helmet or weapon—a date or an inscription—never aught else. "He was scrupulously exact to the smallest detail," said M. Duplessis, "and often came running back to look at a thing to which he had already devoted an hour, in the



CALYPSO SKETCHES, "CALYPSO SONNE À LA PORTE."
(Unpublished.)

fear of having neglected to notice some trifling matter." He lived the real life of a student, and seemed beset by a passion for work. Even then he slept very little; indeed, not enough for a growing lad. He was up with the lark, and seated at his table as soon as he could see to draw a line. Then, when lazy Paris began to

open its eyes, he started off to school, or made hurried excursions to picture-galleries and museums, with the restless eagerness of a tourist who has a circular railroad-ticket wherewith to "do the Continent" in five days. A peculiar reticence about himself characterized him during those early days. He rarely told any one what he was doing—never where he had been. He raved about Art in general to his familiars, but almost invariably gave the same phlegmatic response to questions as to how he passed his time: "I have been working."

CHAPTER VIII.

MADAME DORÉ ARRIVES IN PARIS.

IN the latter part of 1848, Gustave lost his father, who was carried off by a sudden illness. He never saw him after that parting when M. Doré consigned him to M. Philipon's care, and it was decided that he should live in Paris and study to be an artist.

M. Doré left a small property, which yielded his widow a regular income. Although it was much less than had been expected, it sufficed to keep her and her boys in comfort. Gustave forthwith began to help her with his earnings, which proved no inconsiderable aid.

Madame Doré conceived the idea of taking a large house, and providing a comfortable home for her sons. She selected a residence in the Rue St. Dominique, fronted by a courtyard, and looking out from the back upon a small garden. "The house," old Françoise told me, "was so much in need of repair that it took a year to get it ready for the family. In the meantime Madame Doré lived with Gustave in the Rue St. Paul, and spent the whole winter running about and hurrying up the workmen, who, as it seemed, were never going to get

through their job of cleaning, painting, papering, and the like."

This house was one of considerable historical interest. It had belonged to and been occupied by the famous Duc de St. Simon, and is mentioned in his memoirs. It was the scene of many remarkable incidents. To cross the threshold was to recall to mind the days of the Regent, of M. and Madame du Maine, the gallant young Duchesse de Berri, and all the illustrious personages upon whom St. Simon has so ruthlessly directed the attention of posterity by his indiscreet revelations.

The house was comfortable, as well as palatial, with high, airy rooms, pleasantly and conveniently arranged. When it was finally ready Gustave's joy knew no bounds. On the first night after the Dorés had taken possession of their new abode they all dined together, and he began to jump and dance about like a schoolboy. He sprang upon the dinner-table and kicked up his heels so high that he shattered the new chandelier, which was a very costly affair; and Madame Doré was at first inclined to be very angry. It was evident, however, that he had not done it on purpose, and some one observed that it was a good omen on coming to live in a new house to break glass over the table where the first meal was to be partaken of; so the evening passed off very gaily in spite of the little accident which had ruffled Madame Doré's temper at the beginning of the dinner.

Gustave's first idea on entering the new house was to arrange some tableaux vivants, representing scenes in the life of the Duc de St. Simon; and nothing would do but that these tableaux must be performed at the very first evening-party Madame Doré gave to her friends. There are many persons still living who remember that brilliant entertainment, and the strange sensations they experienced whilst witnessing the reproduction of historical scenes in the very rooms in which those scenes had been enacted in reality a century back. The notion was entirely Gustave's, of course, and, as at the Guttenberg Fête in Strasburg, he devised the whole celebration. With the

aid of his brothers and M. Kratz, his plans were fully executed. It was a fantastic idea to awaken the echoes of those voices whose music had been stilled for so many years, and to summon up from the shadowy past forms and faces long since crumbled into dust; but it was just such an one as might have been expected to suggest itself to Gustave Doré. He was as deeply engrossed in the tableaux vivants, and as thoroughly imbued with the

CALYPSO SKETCHES, "ON ARRIVE AU CLOS."
(Unpublished.)

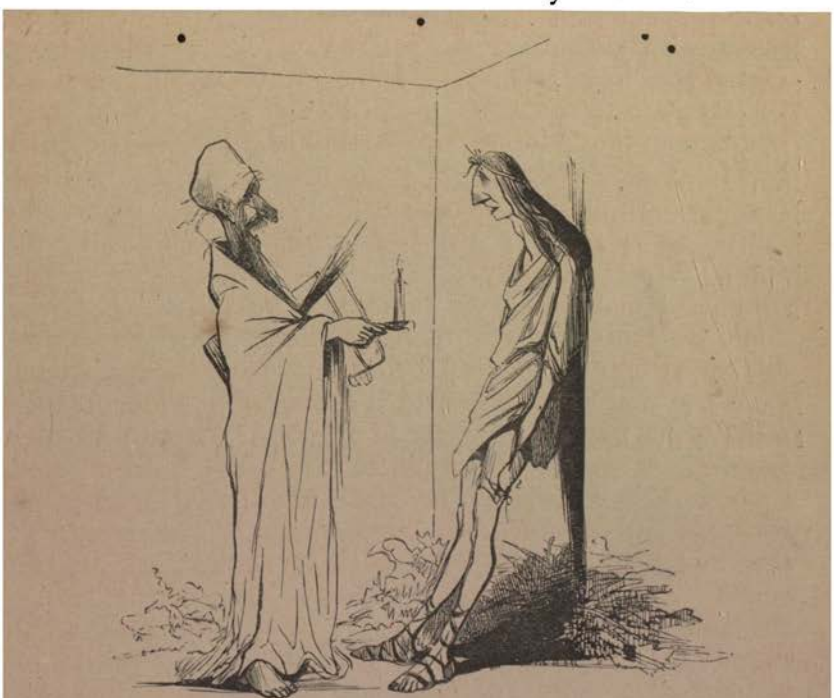
spirit of the past, as though he had assisted at the Regent's council with his ministers in the year of grace 1718.

I have since learned that Madame Doré got the house through a relative, a lineal descendant and heir of the St. Simon family; for it seems that the Plucharts were indirectly descended from that illustrious race. This would account to some extent for young Doré's enthusiastic interest in, and love of the place. The interior

arrangements of the mansion were excellent. Madame Doré's bed-room was next to the drawing-room. It was a large and cheerful apartment, named the "Blue Room," and one of its walls, near Madame Doré's bed, was adorned by several family portraits, curious miniature medallions, arranged with the greatest precision, the largest one in the centre and the others graduating off in size on either hand, so that the smallest occupied each end of the row. Gustave arranged them thus, and so they remain to this very day. At the foot of Madame's bed was a door leading into a very small room occupied by Gustave. There he had his little bedstead, and the chamber still bears the aspect of a schoolboy's sanctum. There are dozens of pictures hanging to the walls, all signed autographically for the most part by the artist-friends he made when he first came to Paris. Nothing could be more curious than this little, stuffy room, bestrewn with photographs, books, and engravings, a bust here and there, and on the wall a small plaque or bas-relief of his own profile, one of the best portraits of him I have ever seen. I am told that he did it himself, and it shows how accurately he must have been acquainted with his own features and expression. The mouth is firm and haughty, the eyes are eager and piercing, the sensitive nostril betrays an impressionable nature, while the full slender throat supports the head with regal dignity, and the countenance is in every respect that of a man of genius. It has a youthful look, however, strangely at variance with the firm expression of the features. There must be some history attached to the modelling of that bas-relief, which I would gladly have learned, but so far no one has been able to enlighten me in this regard.

One of the first things Gustave did after his family had settled in the Rue St. Dominique, was to execute a portrait of his father from memory. He afterwards repeated it in oil, and it was considered a marvellous likeness. M. Doré had a fine face, clean-shaven, blue-eyed, smiling, and frank. His nose was small and

Grecian in shape, and his mouth was likewise small and well turned. Taken altogether, it was a very handsome countenance, and wore a sweet but resolute expression. Gustave must have resembled his father very much, especially with respect to his head, which, although larger, had much the same contour. The eyes of father and



CALYPSO SKETCHES, "J'AIMERAIS MIEUX ÊTRE LE ROI ICI."
(Unpublished.)

son were nearly identical in colour. Gustave's forehead, however, was much higher than that of M. Doré, senior.

It seems to me that the portrait is very well drawn; but its greatest merit lies in the colour and expression, which are singularly life-like and natural.

One of the pictures in Gustave's room was an engraving of the late Paul Lacroix's likeness, representing that great writer at the age of about thirty, when he was already an erudite of distinction. It would be difficult to

conceive a handsomer, more elegant, or more distinguished-looking man. His face beams with that inherent goodness which he dispensed so largely to all his friends, and of which young Doré had received so many convincing proofs.

"Gustave occupied this little room for many years," old Françoise told me; "he never got to be so big a boy but that he wanted to sleep within sound of his mother's voice. He could neither go to his room nor from it without passing by her bed; hers was the first greeting he heard in the morning and the last to salute him at night. How many times, when he came home late, did he find her still awake! He used to be angry if either of us sat up for him; but, of course, even if she had been asleep, his walking through her room would have awakened her; so it came to the same thing."

Doré used his mother's bed-room a great deal as a studio. It was very well lighted, and he had a particular fancy for working "in mother's room," which he seemed to think the best and nicest place in the house.

CHAPTER IX.

SLIGHT HISTORY OF PAUL LACROIX.

THE late well-known writer, Paul Lacroix, whose *nom-de-plume* was Bibliophile Jacob, being one of the oldest friends of the Doré family, was better qualified than any other man living to give an exact description of the life Gustave Doré led when he first arrived in Paris. I lost no time in visiting this accomplished writer, with the purpose of inducing him to talk about the artist.

However, before I relate what he said about Doré, I must preface my remarks with a slight sketch of Paul Lacroix himself, as he was one of the most celebrated men of his day, and as what he told me about Doré, plays an important part in this history. My first visit to M. Lacroix was made on the 27th of June of last year, to the Bibliothèque de l'Arsénal, where for thirty years he had occupied a splendid and richly furnished apartment. My conversations with M. Lacroix were held in the presence of M. Daubrée, and had only just been corrected and written down when Paris was shocked with the news of his sudden death. When I saw him, although he was seventy-seven at the time, he looked like one who had many years before him, and his memory was absolutely unimpaired.

Paul Lacroix was born in Brittany in 1807. His father was a celebrated poet called Lacroix de Miré, and

CALYPSO SKETCHES, "QUELLE BELLE ET AIMABLE SOCIÉTÉ."
(Unpublished.)

during the first empire his poems and romances were greatly in vogue. Paul's brother Jules is one of the leading French men of letters, and has translated Sophocles and Shakespeare in a very superior fashion. Jules and Paul were brothers-in-law to the great Balzac, and the Lacroix boys were in and out of the latter's house as if it had been their own. Paul Lacroix began his literary career very early in life, and had no speciality, turning his pen to the treatment of many subjects. At seventeen he had published an edition of Clement Marot, and five years later he brought out three comedies at the Odéon. He was an excellent classical scholar at twenty, and spoke Latin, as well as several modern languages, with great ease and rare correctness.

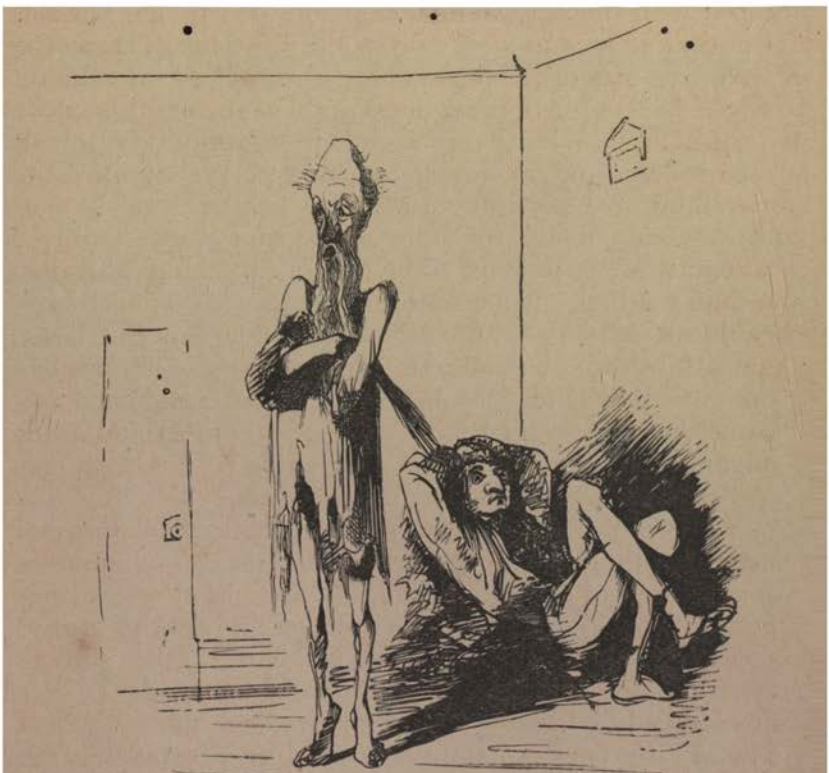
Published in his twenty-eighth year, his superb "History of the Sixteenth Century" was for a time the talk of the literary world. He was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour in recognition of so valuable a work. At thirty-five he directed a very celebrated journal called the *Alliance des Arts*. The work which probably will outlive all his others, and which immortalized his name, was the "Danse Macabre." This was written so long ago that few people to-day connect the name of the author with it. He was a young man to attain such fame, and this book was sold "by millions of copies" in one country and another throughout Europe. "Le Roi des Ribauds" almost attained a like celebrity, and there was a moment when Lacroix's romances enjoyed a much greater popularity than even those of his contemporary, the renowned De Balzac. His activity was amazing. He was never idle for a moment—always had a dozen works on hand at one time, each one different in its relation to the other; he was so learned that he could give information and speak on almost every subject with as much ease as he could on literature. His knowledge of past events, and his clear perceptive faculties made him an authority on any question. When some Paris savant got into a mess over his dates or facts, Lacroix could set him right without even referring

to authorities. His memory was marvellous. Probably few men—certainly few French men of letters—ever lived a life more filled with arduous work and incessant study, or had a more brilliant natural disposition or wider general instruction than he.

He was a very handsome man, and used to be greatly amused with the idea entertained by some people, to wit, that because he was such an erudite he must perforce be a wizened, dried-up, little old creature. He evidently trusted little to his natural inspiration and talent, because he considered everything he had ever done the result of hard work and incessant research. We can readily understand how strongly struck he was with Doré's talent, and how easy it was for him to use the word "study." Lacroix was a brilliant talker and charming narrator. He had a sweet, genial nature, but towards himself was relentless, inflexible, and as hard as adamant; with his mania for erudition and love of literature for literature's sake, he daily added to his self-imposed tasks, and became the most indefatigable worker of France, so in his advancing years he doubled, and often tripled, the corresponding hours of labour of his youth.

Some of his greatest works are the compilations of manuscripts, his editions of ancient classics, his prefaces and notes, and enlightenments of long-forgotten but important authors. His "History of the Sixteenth Century" and these other works will be of value to the student when the echoes of "La Danse Macabre" and "Le Roi des Ribauds" will have long since died out. When I saw M. Lacroix he had just entered his seventy-seventh year. He was strong, tall, and vigorous, looking like a mountain-pine. His blue eyes sparkled with intelligence, his clean-shaven face glowed with a colour strangely at variance with his white hair. He spoke with great rapidity in the choicest of French, and with a certain intonation which seemed characteristic of his own inflexible disposition. When he spoke of Gustave Doré, and said how he begged him to study, one could see his heart and soul were crystallized in that one word. The firmness

with which he pronounced it, the light in his eye, and the expression of his face, all went to show how much importance he gave to that necessity in a student who had already been richly endowed by nature. I think I can hear him saying the word now, and I know that he pronounced it to Doré with even a firmer and more earnest



CALYPSO SKETCHES, "RESPECT À MADAME."
(Unpublished.)

intonation. He set so much value upon study. He remembered only too well his own youth and natural gifts, and how he had perfected them, not to impress the motto of his life upon one whom he loved as a son, in whom he saw not only a prototype, but still more, if possible, a born genius.

On the occasion I have referred to above, M. Lacroix, with a simple preliminary, began at once about Gustave Doré. This is what he said upon the subject, as nearly as I can translate his observations into the vernacular. "Ah, poor Doré, what a prodigy, what a phenomenon! I knew him when he was a tiny baby, and I remember him particularly at the age of thirteen or thereabouts. He had already made some extraordinary drawings when only six or seven years old. At thirteen he was characterised by as remarkable an obstinacy of disposition as talent for drawing. His grandmother Pluchart was a wonderful creature, and, really, in some respects he was very like her. She was witty, beautiful, cultured, and elegant; she possessed a handsome fortune, which was left in part to the Doré boys. Had she told me that she had a grandson of great talent, it would have been very easy to have directed him. He had a great capacity of affection, and his marvellous memory served him in many ways. He never forgot any one. I felt sure he would have paid more attention to me than many others. You see his parents were not here, and I was one of the few friends who might have ventured to advise him. Without doubt, some early guidance would have contributed largely towards effecting some practical amelioration of his ideas.

"Philipon, with whom he fell in at the age of fifteen, accepted at once some of his drawings. I have often thought the transaction was perhaps somewhat premature, for it justified Gustave in regarding himself as endowed with uncommon talent. He was really born to draw and to design. So fond was he of his work that he had at that time but one ambition—to elevate the standard of wood engraving and carving. This subject completely engrossed his thoughts. He talked about it continually, and had the assurance as a mere lad to fancy himself a master in the art. He often said, 'Until the day of my death I shall never cease to advocate this cause.'

"I think he always kept to that idea, but later in life it had to take its place amongst others equally fascinating to

him. One day, looking through his album, he brought forth some drawings which amazed me. These, the first sketches that made his name known, by attracting public notice, were drawn for Philipon. It was but natural at the age of sixteen, that his head should have been a little turned when he learnt that all Paris was alternately laughing and crying over his marvellous works. He made hundreds of designs that were not even used, so rich was his imagination and so felicitous its result. I was so much struck with some other drawings, and with what he had done for Philipon, that I told him he should be entrusted with a new edition in four volumes of my books, which were then being brought out at Du Tacq's.

"The publisher thought I was crazy to put it in the hands of a mere lad, but his wonderment ceased when he saw Gustave's work. Previously Doré had offered many designs to eminent houses, which had all in turn flatly refused them. This hurt him terribly. He was so sensitive about it, that some of his best works were positively forced upon different people, and others given away to publishers because he longed to be able to say that so and so was his publisher. He fancied he could only make a figure in the world by being kept constantly before the public.

"As I say, I gave him occasional things to do, and made an arrangement with my own publisher for other little sketches which the latter did not want to take, but with respect to which I was only too happy to guarantee him from loss out of my own royalties. This money was paid to Gustave, who never for a moment imagined he had earned it by any other means than his own talent. I noted that each time he was paid even the smallest sum for any work he seemed electrically inspired with new ambition. He always came to me directly, and would say,—

"'You see, M. Lacroix, for all the fuss they made about not wanting it, and such like rubbish, I am paid, and paid well, for my work, which means that I work as well as if not better than any one else. There can be no question about that. I am an artist, it is clear.'

"I was pleased to see that he was ambitious, but always begged him to study, study hard, and some day he would really become an artist.

"'I don't need to study much now,' he would reply, striking his forehead prophetically, 'I have it all here.'

"But to return to my books. After speaking to him of them, I had sent them to him. He came to see me a week or two later. 'Now,' I said, 'let us talk of my story. Have you read it, or even begun it?'

"'Oh,' he replied cheerfully, 'I mastered that in no time, and the blocks are all ready!'

"'What blocks?' I shouted, rising hastily from my chair in astonishment. 'Ready with what?'

"'Your woodcuts,' he answered calmly; 'they make just three hundred. Here are some of them,' and he commenced extracting numberless pieces of wood from pocket after pocket, 'and the rest are in a basket at the door.'

"All the while he was carelessly piling up pieces of wood on my table. I was so amazed that I could not, and, in fact, dared not show my feelings, for he was in such tremendous earnest. I think I can see him now as he stood before me, fire flashing from his beautiful eyes; his colour coming and going, while his face shone with the light of genius and enthusiasm; his slim hands diving swiftly into his pockets, each time bringing forth a block of wood enriched by a perfect marvel of design and skilful draughtsmanship. I picked up one or two without commenting on their value. 'Take them to Du Tacq, the editor,' I said brusquely, 'and let us see what he decides.'

"'Very well,' he replied; and forthwith he turned a somersault over my best sofa, capered and danced about the room like a practised acrobat for a few seconds, then with a heavy sigh of relief and a cheerful 'au revoir,' suddenly vanished through the door. I trembled for my pictures and china whilst he was performing his rapid evolutions; but he sprang about like a cat, quite as gracefully, and much more charmingly.

"When he was gone I took up the blocks, and—I could

not help it—the tears started to my eyes on looking at them. He was so gay and light-hearted, and did everything with so little effort, though so young, taking his talent—genius, I might say—as such a matter of course that there was little hope of inducing him to study seriously. I went to Du Tacq earlier than I should have

EARLY DRAWINGS.
(Doré's Copy-book, 1844. Unpublished.)

otherwise done, because I was anxious to know what he thought of the drawings. He said,—

"'I have not words to express myself adequately in speaking of such marvels. They are all admirable, and some are such beautiful specimens of work that I have appropriated them and taken them home to Madame Du Tacq. I did not tell young Doré this. I merely looked

at them and made some commonplace remarks, asking if he could and would reproduce those particular drawings. He readily complied, thinking, no doubt, I was not quite satisfied with them; but judge for yourself. Those I have selected are so fine and exquisite that they resemble the figures in a Velasquez. I was not satisfied because I was enchanted. I would never have allowed any engraver to touch them. They are to-day with my wife, framed, covered with glass, and hang in the place of honour in my salon, as if they were the rarest works of Raphael or Michel Angelo. I have had some experience with wood-designers, but never have I seen anything in any way to compare with the amazing talent and precocity of this lad. He has a great future before him.'

"Those were the publisher's very words. I thanked him for having withheld the full expression of his admiration and delight from Gustave, whom it would have so extravagantly elated that I should never thereafter have dared to mention the word 'study' to him.

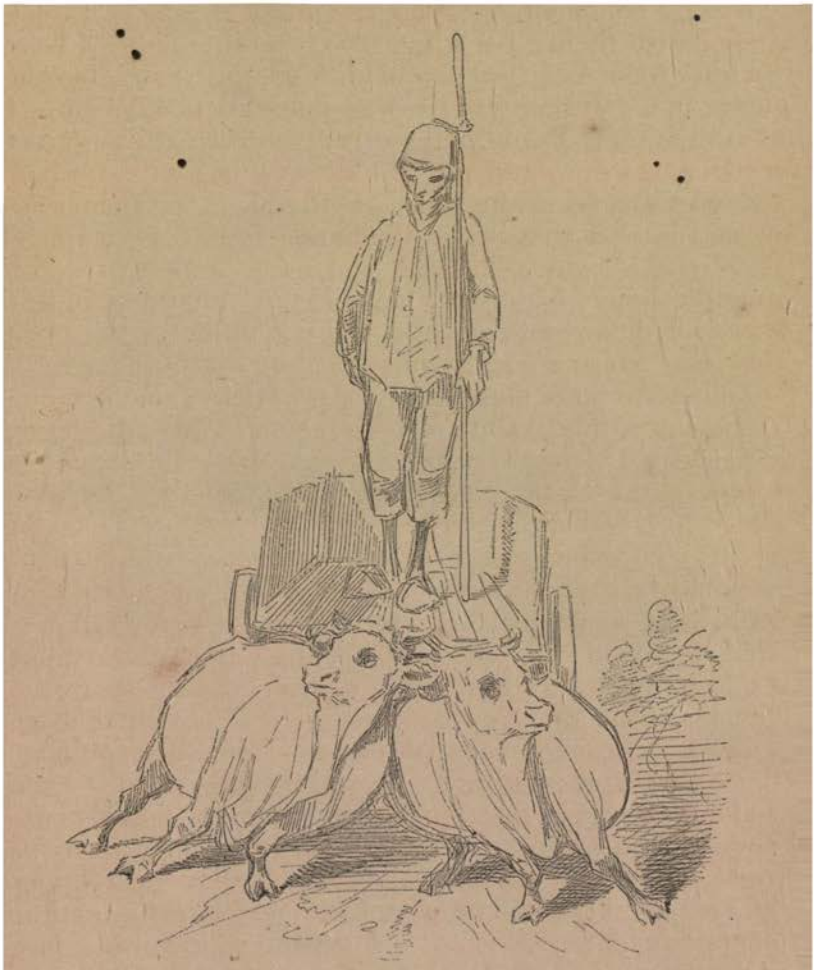
"Du Tacq was right. Few could appreciate his marvellous draughtsmanship, for some of his finest efforts were ruined by unskilful workmen. This so distressed him that he ran about all over Paris hunting up engravers, just as a jeweller travels about the world trying to match precious stones. He absolutely fretted himself thin because his drawings were so utterly spoiled in the engraving.

"It was a curious sight to see the boy scolding and haranguing men three and four times his age because they worked badly. He even attempted to show them the right way to engrave, and gave them elaborate instructions in an art he had never learned himself. Some of the engravers were ungenerous enough to make him feel this. Then he would leave them in disgust, and undergo a fit of despondency because they received his advice coldly and seemed to be laughing at him in their sleeves.

"'It is because I am so young and so little,' he would say; 'shall I never grow up—never?'

"'*Voyons*,' I said, 'you are still a child; why should you not look like one? Don't fret. You will grow old.

I promise you that you will grow old, and quickly enough too. In a few years you will want to look young, and



"L'UNION FAIT LA FORCE."
(Early Sketches, 1845. Unpublished.)

will come complaining to me because I cannot restore to you your boyhood.'

"'I shall never do that, M. Lacroix,' he muttered. 'I have been too often humiliated because people think me

over young to be entrusted with serious work. Only yourself and Philipon really appreciate what I am.'

"I rejoined,—

"'You are nothing but a silly child, ill-contented with what you have, and foolish enough to fret about trifles. You are not thankful for your great gifts, and if you are thin and pale it is your own fault, you work too hard. Be patient, and worry yourself less.'

"Upon this he forthwith proceeded to class me with his enemies, a few rival artists, and to say that I was their friend, not his.

"'Naturally,' he exclaimed, 'you think that I can draw fairly for a boy, but you know in your heart that you consider so and so' (naming some contemporary) 'a better artist than myself. You may hurt my feelings, but you cannot break my spirit. Those artists whom you prefer to me are really my inferiors. I feel and know that I have more talent in my little finger than they have in their whole bodies, but you are all against me'. Then he began storming again, hiding his face with his hands and assuming attitudes of extravagant pathos.

"I tried to console him, but ineffectually. The fit had to work itself off, and a night's sleep would usually suffice for this purpose.

"He finally stumbled upon three young artisans almost as clever at engraving as he was at drawing. You may imagine his delight. After that I heard very few complaints about the 'destruction of his work.' They were youths of great quickness and intelligence, very amiable, and young enough to appreciate his superior genius. So he instructed them in their own art, and especially in that of faithfully reproducing his drawings, and for some time he worked with greater contentment and courage. These engravers seemed to seize Doré's thoughts by intuition; they became his friends, and their united labour was one of love.

"From that time forth Doré took his rank as one of the best designers of the day. One reason why his remarkable talent was at first doubted was because of his own

physique, which was strangely against him. At the age of seventeen he had the face and appearance of a lad of twelve. His continuous application kept him thin, and his figure looked very boyish. His complexion was nearly colourless from excessive work and insufficient sleep. You would hardly have thought him a hardy Alsatian, unless you had known what an enormous amount of real drudgery he went through. In those days I never knew him to complain even of a headache, and he was insensible to fatigue.

"He spent much of his time at the Louvre and other museums, and about that period took a new turn, no longer raving about himself, but about the great classical masters. Thinking him newly inspired, I waited patiently, hoping he would come some day and say, 'M. Lacroix, you are right, I feel I must study from nature and models.'

"I waited in vain."

CHAPTER X.

DORÉ IS JEALOUS OF HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

"I SAW him almost daily," continued M. Lacroix, "and noticed that the more success he achieved the more despondent he grew. One morning he came in and began to declaim—as he had frequently done before—against some brother-designer, an oldish man, but one of the remarkable artists of the day. Remembering how the draughtsman in question had worked his way up by sheer industry, and how perseveringly he had toiled in his youth, I observed to Gustave,—

"'You speak of M. ——. Recollect that he never had your talent; but then he commenced work in early life, and according to the correct method. You wish to be a great artist? Well, then, you must draw from models. Your Michel Angelo, Raphael, Rembrandt, Rubens, Da Vinci, whom you so often have raved about to me, all studied from nature in that way; whilst as for you, you are of no school, and have no real knowledge of what you are doing. Any one can see that you have ideas, but I tell you, if you wish to become a great and correct artist, not merely a celebrated one, you must study in a quite different way. It does not suffice to sketch; you must work upon certain fixed principles; and as to

figure-drawing, it is a moral and physical impossibility, unless you have first studied from nude models.'

"He angrily replied,—

"'Models, models; always the same word, M. Lacroix. Now let me confide something to you. I know very well what you mean, and have often made studies in my mind; but my real models I find in the swimming-school, where I see about three hundred every day.'

"He made this announcement with arch-delight, his temper having already cooled down, and looked triumphantly at me, as much as to say, 'I have you there.'

"'But,' I objected, 'you can only see men and boys at the baths; how about the other, fairer sex? Besides, the swimming-school is the haunt of portliness' (*des gros ventres*).

"He hemmed and hawed for a second or two, and then rejoined,—

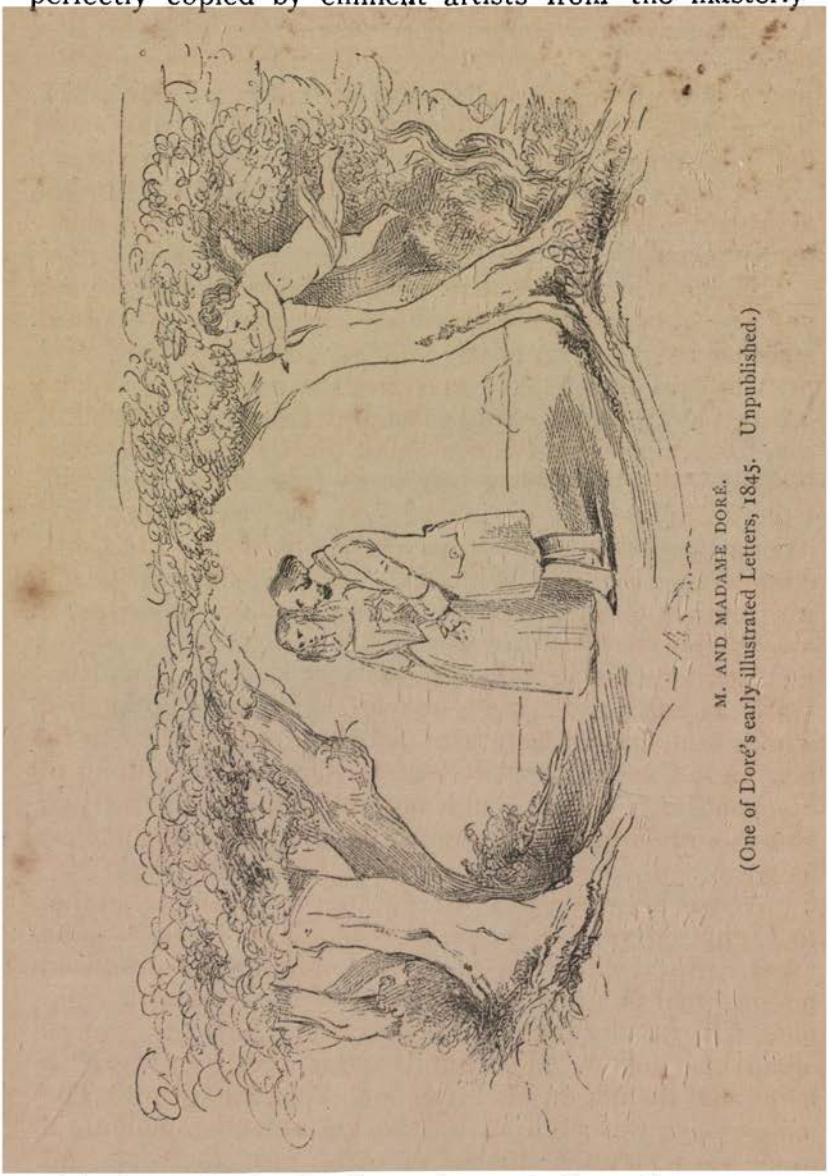
"'That is true. But I have all sorts of men, women, and children in my head, and am exactly acquainted with the anatomy of every human being. I know it by—instinct.'

"I was silent. His confidence amazed me. Then he started off, delighted to have held his own, capered about like a young thoroughbred, turned somersaults, and walked on his hands, finishing by a perilous feat that would have rendered a professed acrobat dizzy. What could one do with such a nature as that—at one moment a man and at the next a child?

"One thing I noticed. Although he would never gratify me by even pretending that I was in the right, he showed by his actions that my words had taken root in that hardened soil, his obstinacy. You will laugh at his cunning as I did.

"He went all over Paris in search, not of models, but of engravings, and discovered a marvellous collection of works of this kind, reproduced from drawings by Michel Angelo, Rembrandt, Raphael, &c.; engravings which could not now be bought for love or money, and so

perfectly copied by eminent artists from the masterly



M. AND MADAME DORÉ.
(One of Doré's early illustrated Letters, 1845. Unpublished.)

originals as to be in themselves studies of enormous value. He secreted these engravings and made the most

of them. Some days after our conversation on models, I took occasion to congratulate him on a figure he had drawn, which exhibited so great an improvement on his previous work in that line that I felt sure he had taken my advice. He looked at me with a triumphant smile and told me all about the engravings above referred to.

"'I wish to inform you,' he added, 'that I learned every one of those engravings by *heart*, and copied them from memory.'

"He then showed me the whole collection of his copies, and upon my word some of them seemed to me even superior to the originals. They certainly were very beautiful, and were characterized by a softness which was perfectly enchanting. He was immensely proud of this feat, and often referred to it with unmingled satisfaction. But he would never study from the nude. Still I did not quite despair of inducing him to do so. His having thought enough of my words to even procure those engravings gave me a faint hope that he would see himself with time how necessary it was that he should not depend alone upon his memory and imagination.

"One day in the midst of our conversation I inadvertently called him 'a draughtsman.' He fired up at this, and informed me that he was an artist, and wished to be considered a painter. Although I had seen nothing of his painting I wisely held my peace, thinking he had some surprise in store for me. But that was not the case as yet.

"When he was about sixteen, he went with his mother to Dieppe, where he began to talk about himself as an artist. As a matter of fact, one morning he produced his first real painting there, and showed it me with great glee. It was drawn with masterly skill, but was painted all in one colour. The subject was pretty enough; a fisherman hauling in his little boat before a storm. The man was represented in a stooping attitude, handling a rope; he was grey, and so were the boat, the rope, and everything in the picture. Even the water was grey; and doubtless the fishes, had he painted them, would

also have been grey. The effect was singularly comical, and naturally enough I laughed at it.

"He was furious at me. I told him that the drawing was quite correct, and the subject a very agreeable one; but that no human being calling himself an artist had ever painted a picture all of one colour, and that colour an unnatural one.

"'Your notions of colour,' I added, 'are all false. In fact, you know nothing whatever about it; not even how to prepare a colour. Study and—'

"'Oh, you think so, do you?' he answered, firing up; 'well, just wait a little, and you shall see what I can do. I tell you that I was never intended for a draughtsman, but for a painter; and although you scoff at me now, your derision shall not last.'

"I said no more, for I should only have irritated him.

"Later he proved his words with truth enough.

"Shortly afterwards he returned with Madame Doré to Paris. His father was dead, and Gustave found himself to a certain extent his mother's stay. He absolutely adored her, and his worship was fully reciprocated.

"His mind was now filled with the idea that he must hire a large studio, as no great painter had ever worked without one. He soon invited me to dine at his mother's house, and during dinner remarked that he had a few trifles to show me. When we had finished he suddenly exclaimed,—

"'You shall go with my mother and see my work, and then she and you shall decide whether or not I am an artist. Nothing you can say will now hurt my feelings. I shall die without having been understood; but no matter, I know in my heart that I am a great artist.'

"So after dinner we went off to his studio in the Rue Monsieur le Prince. It was an enormous room, none other than the ancient studio of the great Jean Goujon. Gustave proudly pointed to his works. There were twenty-five enormous canvases, some landscapes, some interiors, and one in particular, which I shall never forget,

called 'The Saltimbanque and his Family.' I was completely stupefied. When and how, in Heaven's name, had he found time to execute such a number of paintings? My curiosity was soon gratified.

"'Look,' he said triumphantly, striking his boyish forehead,—'Look at these. Twenty-five pictures, mostly all landscapes, and all—all, M. Lacroix, painted by me alone in this very studio.' Raising his voice he added, 'Models, forsooth! Your old hobby! Bah! my mind

A STUDENT AT WORK.
(Early illustrated Letter, 1845. Unpublished.)

is my model for everything. Mother understands me, and she tells me that I am a great artist.'

"He then sidled up to her, kissed her, and stood with his arm round her waist, proudly contemplating his work. I was too much amazed to speak, for I saw that he had indeed made progress since painting his grey fisherman at Dieppe. Amongst the paintings were some scenes of remarkable power.

"You see, he worked with such miraculous quickness that he was often reluctant to mention the actual time he

had spent in painting or drawing. Remembering this fact, I ventured to question him upon this point.

"'I don't mind telling you,' he responded. 'I have worked at these things for a fortnight, off and on; but I shall take precious good care not to tell any one else. People would immediately think that my pictures were worth nothing if they knew how long I had taken to paint them. Mind you do not even hint at the truth.'

"Thus ended the model question. I marvelled at him greatly; but the tormenting question constantly recurred to my mind, how can he do it? How has he accomplished such wonders in so short a space of time?

"After this feat he took what he called a little holiday, and returned to his native town, Strasburg. Thence he went on a walking-tour, and spent two months in the Vosges. On his return to Paris he told me how luxuriously he had revelled in the beautiful scenery, and how his heart had warmed at the sight of the dear old mountains, which he had learned to adore in early youth.

"'I think I have climbed every one of them,' he said; 'and as to the pine-forests, I know that I lived half my time in them. Oh, how beautiful it all was! The good it has done me is beyond expression. I made no sketches, but just roamed about from morning till night, thoroughly enjoying my idleness; and I promise you, M. Lacroix, that every mountain, river, tree, stick, and stone I saw is engraven indelibly on my heart.'

"To testify to the impression the forest had made upon him, soon after his return he painted from memory one of his best pictures, called 'A Pine-Forest in the Vosges.' It is really a work of art, depicting the tall, slender trees we all know so well; a figure clad in homely country fashion, a dog, a sheep; the whole glowing with that richness of colouring usually only imparted by Nature to her works. To this picture I was able to award unlimited praise. It seemed inconceivable that he had not made a preparatory study of its subject, but had painted it right off from memory. I remarked that he had improved greatly in landscape-painting. Then we both laughed

aloud, remembering the twenty-five canvases displayed in the studio, erst Jean Goujon's, some of which had been painted by lamp-light.

"'Ah!' he said, 'so you think me a real landscape-painter?'

"'Yes,' I answered, 'you are indeed, and an admirable one too. You remind me of the lines in Virgil; I think they are from the Æneid.'[1]

Here M. Lacroix stopped and smote his forehead, *à la* Doré. "*Ma foi!* I am getting so old that I fear I forget the exact words," he continued; "but, yes, it must be from the Æneid; something about a field, a lone flower

MISTENFLUTE AND MIRLIFLOR'S VOYAGE.
(G. Doré, 1840. Unpublished. By permission of M. Arthur Kratz.)

blooming there, and so on. I remember then I quoted the lines in Latin to him. He listened very attentively, and made some comment on their beauty and the harmony of the Latin tongue; then we discussed their real meaning, in French of course, as I do not think Gustave was then a profound Latin scholar. The conversation shortly took another turn, and I returned home, still

[1] Probably these lines:—

"Purpureus veluti cùm flos succisus aratro
Languescit moriens; lassove *papavera* collo
Demisere caput, pluviâcum fortè gravantur."

Æneidos, lib. ix. 435.

thinking of his new Vosges picture, and of the real progress it revealed. I confess that I was very happy, for I loved Gustave as if he had been my own child, and no one more fervently than myself could have wished him to obtain the desire of his heart; for that desire, I well knew, was to rank as an oil painter, not as a simple designer on wood.

"A few days later I was asked to dine at his house. He conducted me at once into the studio.

"'Here you are, my friend; what do you think of that?' he exclaimed, showing me a canvas two yards long and a little over half as high, on which he had painted a superb landscape, charming in light and shade, delightful in conception, and excellent in colour. I had almost got over showing surprise at anything he did; but forgetting his usual habit I could not help ejaculating,—

"'But how did you possibly manage to do it? I did not know you had been away. Where did you study—in whose fields?' for, I assure you, the flowers he had reproduced bloom only in Nature's gardens. They were so numerous and various in colour that while contemplating them one felt the same delightful sensation derived from suddenly coming from a sterile plain into a field teeming with bloom and blossom, and yet a peculiar effect of mist gave this field an air of strange melancholy. One sad, solitary flower, a poppy, hanging drooping over a hedge was so natural that I wanted to pick it.

"He laughed, and replied,—

"'Where did I study? Your old words, my friend. I have not studied since the last time we met, when, whilst talking about landscapes, you praised me, and suddenly quoted some lovely words. They struck me then, while you were speaking; I saw their true meaning in my imagination. Oh! I don't forget what you say, M. Lacroix; this picture is intended to illustrate your lines of Virgil.'

"He rushed up to me, and looked lovingly into my face with a charming smile; but seeing the wonderment written thereon he was as delighted as a child with a new

toy, and immediately began to caper around, jumping over tables, chairs, pictures; in fact, over anything and everything that came in his path. This was his way of

FIRST SKETCH FOR ONE OF "THREE ARTISTS, MISUNDERSTOOD, ETC."
(Paris, 1847. Unpublished.)

expressing his relish of my amazement; for he regarded surprise on my part as the greatest imaginable compliment to his talent.

"He continued his evolutions, whilst I kept on thinking. Although it was the old story of imagination versus study, I fully realized that, no matter by what means,

natural or supernatural, he had achieved a great work. Then, too, I was touched by the delicacy of such an attention, in proving, as it did, how accurately he had remembered my words. Had he lived a lifetime in Elysian or Virgilian fields, daily sketching them, he could never have produced anything more beautiful or natural, for his picture was the successful work of rare inspiration, which we all know is beyond price. As he neared me in one of his gambols I caught him in my arms and embraced him tenderly. As I did so, the word of all others that I had never theretofore pronounced in his presence escaped me:—

"'Gustave, I yield. You are a genius!'"

CHAPTER XI.

THE PLUMET'S PLEASURE TRIP.

AT the age of seventeen Doré composed a very amusing book, called "The Unpleasantnesses of a Pleasure Trip" ("Désagréments d'un voyage d'Agrément"), illustrated with twenty-four lithographs and one hundred and seventy-four drawings. This was brought out at Arnould de Vresse's, and attained immense popularity. The text is very diverting. An introductory paragraph informs the reader that M. Plumet, a retired dealer in trimmings, living in an apple-orchard at Auteuil, and of romantic proclivities, goes with his wife one night to the opera. In ecstasies over "William Tell," and especially the air "In Sombre Forests," sung by Mdlle. Nau, the Plumets decide upon "doing" Switzerland.

The sketches begin with the Plumets at home after the opera. Madame Plumet dreams of wondrous nymphs floating in mid-air, between unclimbable rocks, while M. Plumet no sooner lays his head upon his pillow than his heart soars away on wings to the summit of the snow-crowned Alps. Plumet's dream is extremely funny. The heart, fitted with white, full-fledged wings, hovering in

the air above the merchant's couch, was a new way of expressing in comic depictment his great desire to see the land of William Tell.

In the ensuing sketches the Plumets pack their boxes and start off for the land of the Alps. It is impossible to describe the realism of these fanciful drawings. M. Plumet is stout, short, and fifty; Madame Plumet fat, fair, and—naturally forty. A dog accompanies them in their travels, and Doré loses no time in mixing up Plumet and his dog with Alps, tourists, hotel-keepers, and so on. M. Plumet resolves to write down his impressions. These constitute the funniest illustrations of the series, especially the sketch illustrating Plumet's description of Chamounix and its surroundings. The stream of beggars going over the hill, and losing itself in space, will be readily appreciated by every human being who has ever visited Switzerland.

M. Plumet asks some questions of his coachman, as for instance:—

"Cocher, pourquoi y a-t-il donc tant de mendiants et de crétins dans ce pays?"

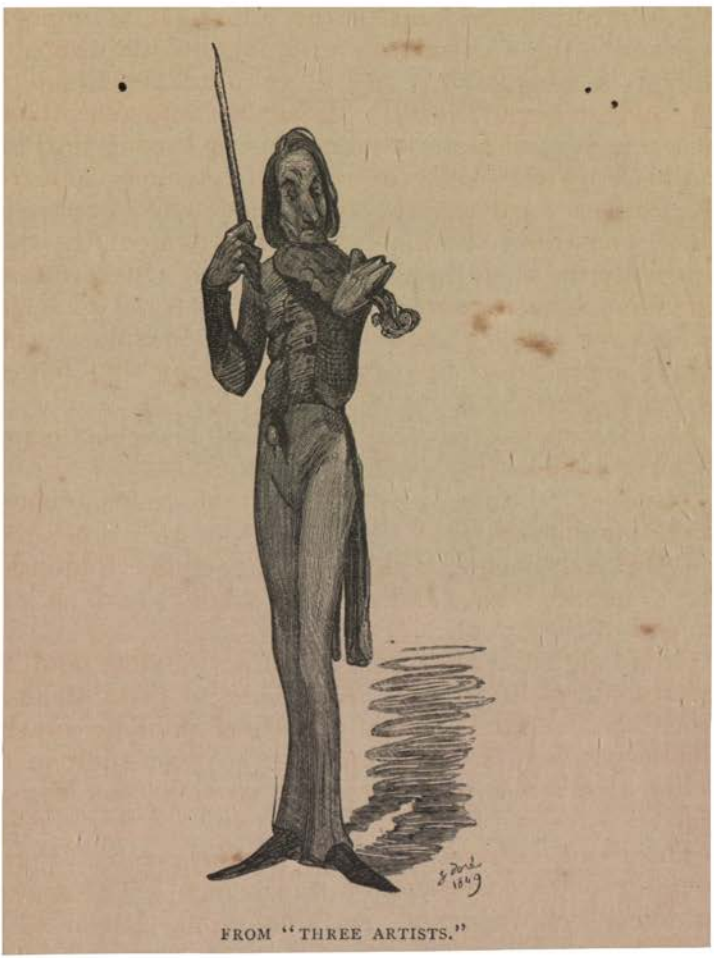
"Ah, vous savez, m'sieu', on ressemble toujours au pays; quand il est vilain, on est vilain," and so on to the end of the book.

Paris laughed a long time over the Plumets and their unfortunate pleasure trip. I am sure no Frenchman ever "did" Switzerland thereafter without thinking of them. The scenes were so real, and yet so grotesque in their reality, that it was impossible not to take the lesson to heart.

This book is now become extremely rare. Perhaps there are not a dozen copies in existence. The drawings were very well engraved, and the public began to talk more than ever about Gustave Doré.

During that year he sketched a "Ménagerie Parisienne," for the *Journal pour Rire*, and "Les différents publics de Paris," for the *Journal Amusant*. He next composed "Three Artists, incomprehensible, misunderstood, and discontented. Their journey in the provinces and else-

where. Their devouring hunger and deplorable end." ("Trois Artistes incompris, méconnus et mécontents. Leur voyage en province et ailleurs; leur faim dévorante, et leur fin déplorable.") This was also brought out at



FROM "THREE ARTISTS."

A. de Vresse's, with twenty-five lithographs containing one hundred and fifty-five drawings, and achieved a marked success.

His next little work was for the *Journal Amusant*, called "Folies Gauloises depuis les Romains jusqu'à

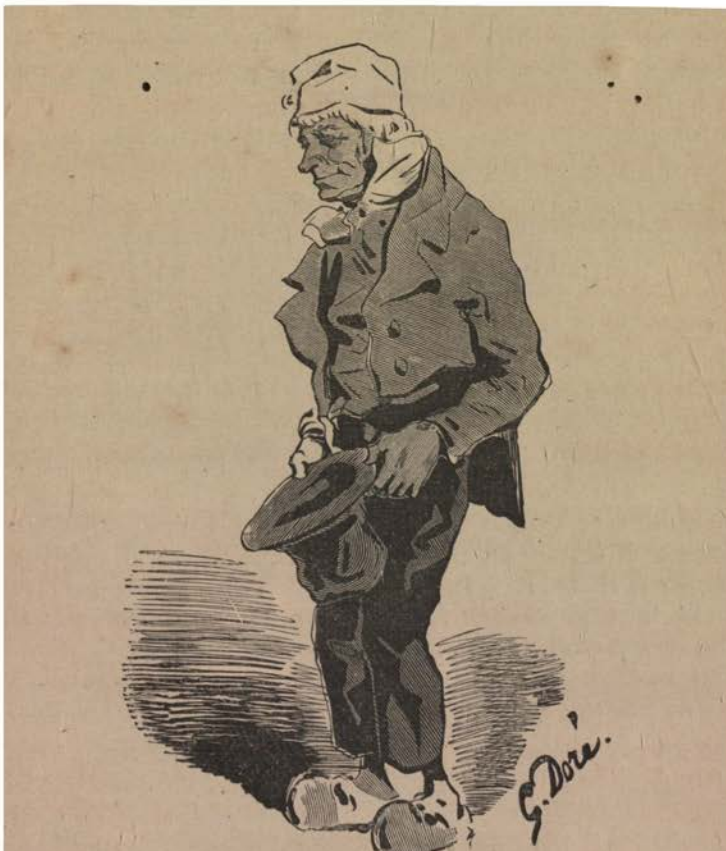
nos jours. Album des mœurs et des costumes." This book was no less successful than the preceding ones. Doré worked so quickly that he amazed even his publishers. It sufficed to suggest a notion to him; he forthwith gave it artistic being upon the wood; and while Paris was devouring his latest production, another was already in process of preparation. He seemed possessed by a demon of work, and was the despair of all his contemporaries, who had only one hope, viz., that he would tire of such excessive labour. But they hoped in vain.

He worked for the pleasure of working, never for mere gain. His drawings were only fairly paid for at that time; indeed he produced them with such marvellous facility that he was oftener under-paid than not. Publishers readily saw how little effort production was to the gifted lad, and were not slow to make capital out of his very quickness. He absolutely flooded the market with his work. Perhaps this was unwise. "But one paramount idea beset him," said M. Lacroix, "to be constantly at work and constantly before the public. When his sketches were not accepted and paid for, he often *gave* them away, in order to be able to say, 'So-and-so is my publisher.' For a time he literally depreciated the value of his own labour by the enormous prodigality of his pencil."

Certain it is that he outstripped every draughtsman in Paris by the rapidity as well as the perfection of his work. Publishers usually have to storm and swear a great deal before they can get their orders executed by artists. It was quite a novelty for them to encounter a youth who upon receiving an order carried it out even before the time stipulated.

At that time his name and fame began to reach England. He received an order from T. Warne and Co. for some original work. This was executed with his usual rapidity, and was soon published under the title of "Two Hundred Humorous and Grotesque Sketches, with eighty-six plates and three hundred and two drawings by G. Doré." This book had an enormous success.

Gustave was not a little flattered that the country which boasted so many famous artists should solicit anything from its French neighbour, and the English commission stimulated him to work harder than ever at his art.



STRASBOURGEOIS.
(Original Sketch, 1847. Unpublished.)

He began immediately afterwards a series of sketches which show the fertility of his imagination and the amplitude of his school education. They were called "Historical Pencillings; or, from the First Century to the Nine-

teenth" (published in London in 1865, by Hotten and Co., to-day Chatto and Windus.) These are certainly some of the most remarkable efforts of Doré's genius. They were composed in the midst of youthful dreams and enthusiasm, in those "salad days" when the world was seen by him through the rose-coloured lens of youthful success, when his spirits were high with hope, and the midnight oil often burned till dawn of day in his studio; in those days when Gustave Doré rushed about all over Paris to find the engraven "models" M. Lacroix has told us about, when he gazed long and frequently at the Hercules in the Salle Jean Goujon, the Venuses in the Salle Puget, and the sweet saints portrayed in the marvellous Mantegnas at the Louvre.

Certain it is that he imagined people and costumes which showed him no mean archæologist, and that he spent much more time upon them than he ever acknowledged. This was unusual for him, who had always cultivated the habit of working with lightning-like quickness, and who invariably found it necessary to pretend that it took him a longer time to execute a drawing than it really did, lest people should think his work inferior in quality if they knew how rapidly it had been done.

He had evidently been laying M. Lacroix's words to heart. At any rate he worked very hard on these "Historical Sketches," and although they were destined not to see the light of publicity for many a long year, he was amply repaid for his pains. From the first sketch, "An Ancient Briton contemplating the costume of his descendants," to the last of the series, "Dandyism Ruralizing," they exhibit a power, knowledge, and appreciation of his subject which are simply astonishing. The "Ancient Briton" is succeeded by "Druid Worship," in which a human sacrifice is accomplished with great elaboration of detail. A nude female figure, contorted with terror, is forcibly held down on the altar amid a group of Druids, faithful to their prescribed rites, their immortal gods, and their mortal prejudices. The natural accessories to this striking scene remind one of Long-

fellow's "Evangeline," and the first words of that great poem,—

"This is the forest primeval."

Dore's background is indeed that of a "forest primeval," displaying lords of the woods, great oaks with massive trunks, and strong, fair branches. The victim is stretched out on a flat stone altar, one Druid is praying that the gods may receive the sacrifice graciously, and gathered round are the eager spectators, thirsting for blood and anxious to appease the anger of their deities. There are warriors clad in glittering armour, women with anxious eyes and curious faces, babes in the first of "the seven ages," children strutting about proudly bearing the burden of their fathers' war-clubs; dogs with curly heads and dogs with smooth heads; armour, banners, spears, trinkets, and many other accessories which go to complete a scene of Druid worship, described, perhaps, by Cæsar, but certainly created by Gustave Doré's imagination.

We are next shown a scene of "Devotion in the Fifth and Sixth Centuries." Instead of a flat altar and writhing victim, we have a magnificent minster. Instead of blood-stained warriors, fanatic Druids, inquisitive women, and precocious children, we have nobles, old and young, who have renounced the pomps and vanities of this life to spend their days in gloomy cells; women fair and stately, maidens sweet and comely, also devoted to this new religion, requiring from its votaries so much in the present and promising so much to them in the future. We see the joyless band marching along in couples through the lonely forest towards the minster. They are thin, ascetic extatics, who obviously have not partaken of solid food for some considerable time. That was not the age in which an apostate Rabelais supped regularly and heartily in order to support his positive religious convictions. Doré's devotees are true disciples of early Christian teachers, who prescribed self-denial and even maceration as specifics for the atonement of sin and the attainment of grace.

The next sketch represents a new phase of mediæval Christianity. In the beginning of the thirteenth century a longing for a purer religion than that of persecution and bloodshed resulted in the Church's ferocious attack upon the Albigeois, followed hard at heel by the terrors of the Inquisition. This mediæval institution caused great consternation in Spain, and even Rome yielded the palm to a newer and more refined system of gaining converts. When members of a family suddenly disap-

ORIGINAL SKETCH. PHILIPON COLLECTION.
(Paris, 1848.)

peared as though the earth had swallowed them up, any previous suspicion that they might have incurred the wrath of the Inquisition became a dismal conviction, and they were thought of as dead. Doré's sketch illustrates one of the Inquisition's specifics for saving souls alive, and is called "Torture by Water." The "subject" is secured to a slanting slab, head downwards, whilst gallons of fluid are being poured down his throat through a funnel. The judges of the Holy Tribunal are looking calmly on; the masked Inquisitors are gathered round

in ghastly hoods, pierced with black holes, through which their merciless eyes gaze upon their victim; the cold-blooded attendants are manipulating pump and pitcher; it is a scene, in a word, depicting but too truly the horrors and mockery of that barbarous torment; for we all know that after the agonized sufferer had confessed, he was invariably burned alive, the destruction of his body being considered by his sanctified torturers essential to the redemption of his immortal part from eternal flames.

The fifth sketch is called "Knight Errantry in the Twelfth Century."

Chivalry is a word which was undoubtedly well understood in that century, and has had the good fortune to be not wholly misapprehended in this. If we are to believe in romances and poets, however, we are somewhat behindhand nowadays in certain little practices that were in vogue with the immortal Don Quixote and the heroes of Walter Scott's "Tales of the Crusaders," not to speak of older and more mystical heroes immortalized in the Norse legends and Teutonic mythology.

Gustave Doré imagined a scene which must have belonged to the legendary epoch; for surely no human eye has ever witnessed such a spectacle as that which he has vigorously drawn: a cavalcade of desperate knights in full panoply of steel, mounted on high-bred and richly-caparisoned steeds, horses and riders rushing "pesle-mesle" onwards to combat and victory with levelled lances, following the ardent warrior who precedes them by but a spear's length. Manifestly these knights are eagerly pressing onward towards that mystic goal of honour, that peaceful river of eternity which flows, clear and calm, in front of a frowning turreted castle, and bears upon its bosom phantom-freighted ships of quaint and antique shapes.

I cannot attempt in this place to describe the subjects in detail of all the drawings constituting this series, suffice it to say that they include "The Judgment of God" (6th tableau), or the judicial combat by which

disputes were formerly settled in *champs-clos* hand-to-hand encounters, and a sketch entitled "Les Droits de Seigneur." This latter is an amusing drawing, representing a shepherdess, already betrothed to a rustic swain, whose unfortunate prettiness causes her to remind an old mediæval baron of a certain feudal law then existing, and of his own desire to put that law into execution. Her lover, the swine-herd, is struggling in the grasp of the baron's retainers; the swine, wonder-stricken, are grovelling on the earth. A dog, indignant at the attempted outrage, barks with ungovernable fury; but the fair shepherdess seems quite resigned to her fate. It is very hard in the nineteenth century for a shepherdess to resist a baron; we are not surprised that in the fifteenth it was impossible. *Vide* Doré's sketch.

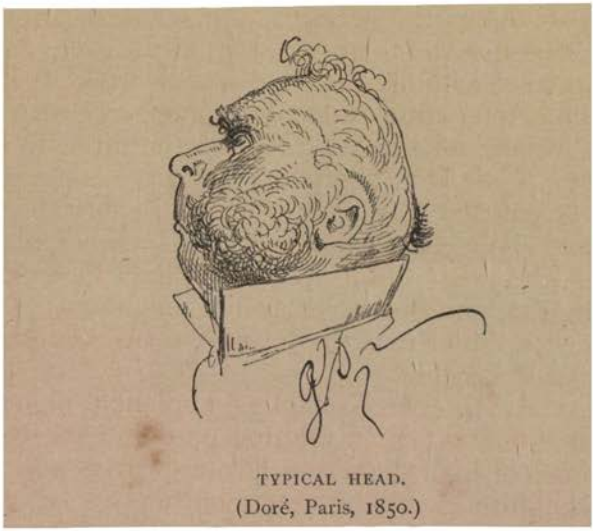
No. 8 is entitled "A Tournament—Beauty the Prize. A.D. 1450." We are introduced to a number of lords and ladies, the great border baron, William Peveril, Lord of Whittington, and other Shropshire magnates. One of his two nieces, Milette, is the beauty to be contested for by the bravest knights.

The next sketch (No. 9) depicts a splendid pageant of nobles, lords and ladies, in the first period of the Renaissance, dames of high degree with train-bearers and body-servants, knights in armour, and courtiers in velvet and powder, a long procession of wealthy idlers proceeding towards a stately park. Perhaps Doré had in his mind Francis the First and the Château d'Annet, where that spendthrift prince kept so splendid a court, thronged with beauties and beaux, and where fair Diane de Poictiers, after having ruled the father, continued her sway over the son.

Next we have a ball in the reign of Henri III., a ball at which everybody is dancing, and merriment is general. The extraordinary ruffs worn at that period by both sexes are here faithfully depicted. A girl of twelve begins life under a cloud, her head having entirely disappeared within a fence of about ten yards of white muslin.

A charming sketch of old Paris is (No. 11) "Surprised

by a Watchman—Reign of Henri IV." An expectant Juliet receives her Romeo, who is perched gracefully upon the topmost round of a silken ladder. The interview is not one which the *compagnons du guet* should have interrupted. They are on their rounds, and suddenly turn their lanterns upon the loving couple instead of on the usual marauders who infested the streets of Paris after nightfall during the sixteenth century. This picture is one of the most life-like of the series, and



TYPICAL HEAD.
(Doré, Paris, 1850.)

shows that Doré was thoroughly at home with its subject.

No. 12 is a superb drawing, called "After Richelieu's Edict against Duelling." The scene is laid in the famous Place Royale, where crowds are passing to and fro, courtiers are carousing, and three duels are going on at the same time, the last that were fought for many a day after the publication of the astute cardinal's decree. The faces of the lookers-on of both sexes, and the bloodthirsty expression of the combatants are depicted with extraordinary life and animation. The costumes are marvels of correctness, and the entire scene a faithful representation of an episode of the reign of Louis XIII.

No. 13 is "A Charge of Light Horse during the Reign of Louis XIV." The "light" horses are huge animals of enormous power, rearing and plunging as they bear their stalwart riders towards the fray. The effect of some of the figures is rather that of centaurs than of mounted troopers, for in the confusion which prevails throughout the picture it is difficult to distinguish where the man begins and the horse leaves off. This sketch is absolutely alive with real moving creatures, the mass of mingled men and horses suggesting a real rather than an imaginary battle-field. The humorous intention of the sketch is made manifest in the wild exaggeration of every creature and thing therein portrayed. The horsemen's top-boots are large enough to have housed the old woman who lived in a shoe and her numerous family, but the special triumph in caricature is a horse with steaming flanks, distended nostrils, and flowing tail, which soars away into space like a cloud in a summer sky.

No. 14 is entitled "Racine performed before the Court of Versailles," and in it we observe the modest requirements of the stage in the time of Louis XIV., as far as "mounting" and "setting" are concerned, compared with the break-neck extravagance of the mise-en scène of to-day. Shakespeare played his pieces in a barn, while Molière and Racine had not much more elaborate scenery at their command than had the great English dramatist. The chief difference between then and now was that in those days the world had poets, nowadays it has pretenders. Formerly there were simple representations, now there are gorgeous spectacles. Society was perhaps mistaken; but it certainly, at the epoch referred to, preferred mind to matter.

The perfect stage management of the Lyceum or Français would scarcely have permitted the strange jumble of antique and modern costumes worn by the actors in Racine's drama. Perhaps their charm lay in their incongruity, for the noble audience portrayed by Doré is almost irritating in its symmetry. It would be difficult to divine what was passing in their carefully

"dressed" heads. T. Wright said of this drawing: "The spectators are admirable; they resemble a very

(Doré, Paris, 1850. Unpublished.)

regular grove of laurels, quaintly and nicely trimmed. It was the age of wigs."

The next of the series is (No. 15) "A Pastoral under Louis XV." Doré undoubtedly was inspired by the long-

drawn-out novels of Honoré d'Urfé, who crowded his pages with such marvellous imaginary shepherds and fancy shepherdesses that the pastoral mania raged in Paris for many and many a year. The world of French literature was peopled by ideal rustics, and even the poet Fontenelle persistently followed in the footsteps of his predecessors with verses redolent of new milk and freshly-mown hay. These shepherds and shepherdesses, however, were modelled after creatures of rarer mould and much more exquisite fashion than those existing in the days of Astrea. There is a certain mythological charm about Doré's divinities that suggests garments fashioned from rose-coloured clouds, eyes sparkling with immortal light, senses inflamed by those promiscuous fires which flicker round those delightful goddesses for whom the word "Love" had a limitless meaning, and who attuned their nascent feelings to sweet sounds issuing from the pipes of great Pan. The scene in Doré's sketch teems with soft delight; the gentle herds tenderly exchange vows of love, two lambkins kiss each other's lips, whilst the eyes of countless Cupids gaze fondly down upon them through the branching trees:—

> "From valleys where the pipe is never dumb;
> Or from yon swelling downs, where sweet air stirs
> Blue hare-bells lightly, and where prickly furze
> Buds lavish gold."
>
> *Endymion.*

Even sheep in the time of Louis XV. appear to have felt the influence of Court etiquette, and to have fashioned their manners accordingly.

No. 16 is dedicated first to the reign of Louis XVI., and to the marvellous head-dresses worn by the ladies at that epoch. Doré has portrayed many great people here and there in his pictures, but they are insignificant compared with their *coiffures*. These extraordinary creations of art resemble a fairy spectacle or pantomime, where ships, houses, animals, and balloons mingle with the clouds and spring about in all the wild hilarity of ungovernable extravagance. Happily the reign of those head-dresses

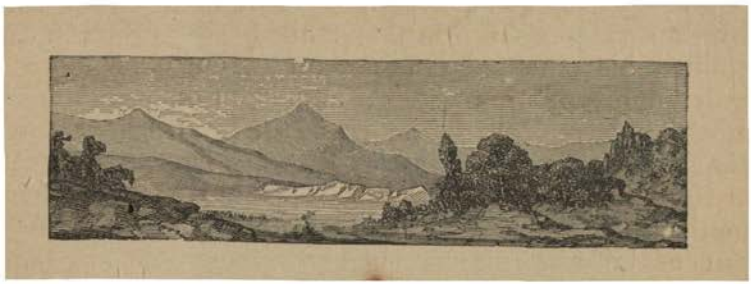
is over, or we should still see the magnificent chandeliers smitten and overthrown by reckless monstrosities—monuments of woman's folly and fashion's eccentricity.

No. 17 brings us to "Fashions under the Directory: the Incroyables, 1798." Who has not seen the pretty picture "Une Noce sous le Directoire," and noted the costumes and general style of that epoch? Doré gives, as usual, an over-florid sketch of the dandies and dandyzettes of a century ago, but one which perfectly represents the sumptuary exaggerations of that period. We hear much talk of the nineteenth century and its extravagances; but I think few ladies of our times get beyond jewel-studded garters, and rarely display even these to society. Surely none wear diamond-rings on their toes in public, like the heroine of the Banbury Cross legend. As to the dress of *les merveilleuses*, it is the nearest approach to the ideal of the æsthetes and Oscar Wildian disciples; but the Victorian era would scarcely permit its dames and damsels to display their charms so shamelessly as did the lovely merveilleuses in the time of the French Revolution.

No. 18, "Corinna, or Vocal Charms, 1810," distinctly suggests the subject that was present to Doré's mind when he executed this sketch, namely, Madame de Stael and her daughters in exile at the Court of Russia. The subject is treated in a humorous spirit, and with highly diverting effect. The eminent authoress stands to the right of the picture, holding in her hand the inevitable sprig of myrtle, whilst her offspring, arrayed in classic Greek robes, with filleted locks, sit or stand before the Czar and his suite; one girl is playing on a harp with ten thousand strings, whilst her anxious mother, probably remembering Napoleon's retort, gazes rapturously upon her Corinnes. Madame de Stael was plain, but not inordinately stout. Could she take cognizance of her dimensions in Doré's fancy portrait of her, she would rise bodily from her tomb and mournfully reiterate her well-known lament: "I would give half my knowledge for a few personal charms, and consider them cheaply bought."

No. 19 is called "Dandyism Ruralizing, 1830," and exhibits a pleasure party, padded in the bust and tightened at the waist, filling one of nine boats—alas, only too real!—that float on the lake of the Bois de Boulogne in Paris. One of the party is whiling away the idle hour by declaiming or explaining poetry. We are reminded of Lalla Rookh and Feramorz, although neither of Doré's heroines resemble that soft-eyed princess any more than his heroes resemble her handsome lover. We may judge of their mutual enchantment, however, by the expression on their faces, which bespeaks the liveliest pleasure and enjoyment.

"Ten Years Later, or a Change of Fashion, 1840," closes the series. We have made a long journey, something like "Round the world in eighty days." In order to get from the Druids in the year of our Lord one, to the dancers in the year of our Lord 1840, through what *peripetia* have we not passed? There is a considerable difference between the characteristics of the ball under Henry III. and of that under Louis Philippe, although there was undoubtedly as much real amusement at the Tuileries of yore as at La Grande Chaumière or the famous Jardin Mabille in the days of the Citizen King. This drawing is enormously clever, philosophically as well as artistically. In the foreground we have the short-petticoated dancing grisettes, or demi-mondaines, revelling with the white-cravatted students, those zephyr-heeled denizens of the Latin Quartier, who suggest not only Mabille, but the no less notorious Bal Bullier, that happy hunting-ground of idlers and pleasure-seekers. In the background we have Britons, Germans, Americans, and Frenchmen of forty years ago. In the dim perspective are shadowy forms and vague objects, sliding down-hill on the Montagnes Russes, a species of amusement then in vogue at La Grande Chaumière. There is, indeed, a change of fashions and manners since the first drawing; and one can readily understand the amazement of "an ancient Briton" contemplating the costumes of his descendants.



CHAPTER XII.

GUSTAVE DORÉ'S DISAPPOINTMENTS.

I HAVE given a detailed account of the historical cartoons because they are really some of the most remarkable productions of Doré's facile pencil. They have also special value as showing very distinctly the bent of his mind and its fertility, as well as his method of studying at the age of fifteen. He must have amassed an enormous amount of learning before he could have devised such faithful sketches of so many different epochs. Of the twenty tableaux composing this series there is not one that is not a masterpiece in its way. The inspiration is genial and generous; the execution concise and felicitous. From the fact of this series remaining so long in his portfolio, we may presume that it was one of those unfortunate works which, as M. Lacroix said, "Gustave offered over and over again to different publishers, who one and all refused even to look at the drawings of such a mere child."

We can readily imagine the disappointment suffered by the heart-sick lad, who, after toiling so steadily, and with such fine, hopeful courage, saw the work of his inspiration doomed to neglect, as it proved to be, for many a long day.

M. Daubrée says, "At that time Doré began taking trifles seriously to heart, and although he rarely complained, his disappointment secretly corroded and embittered his naturally sweet and calm disposition. He never could realize that he was still but a boy, and that his time must surely come."

However, much as he brooded and fretted, he seems to have worked more. The note attached to the historical studies or cartoons describes them as having been executed at the age of fifteen. This could scarcely have been possible, as Doré was only fourteen when he arrived in Paris. He began them whilst he was working for Philipon, and illustrating several volumes for "Bibliophile Jacob" (Paul Lacroix), besides studying daily at the Lycée Charlemagne. These occupations, with his "hours and hours" spent daily at the Louvre and other museums, must have entirely filled up his first year in the French capital. He has also said that he worked much longer "than he cared to tell," on those very cartoons. Again, a year more or less makes a vast difference in a lad's studies at that age, and although Doré had stored away in his mind much more knowledge than any one suspected, his condition was scarcely such at fifteen as to have permitted him to design and bring to completion so important a series of historical drawings.

The wonder is that he had time for anything beyond his daily studies at college and the page of illustrations he was under contract to furnish weekly to M. Philipon. However, it is beyond doubt that the drawings he then made, and which remained unpublished for years, may be counted by thousands instead of hundreds.

The fall of Louis Philippe and the Revolution of '48, with all its horrors, afforded opportunities for sketching which were not wasted by the young draughtsman. The Lycée Charlemagne was situate in the Rue St. Paul, a street absolutely traversing the heart of the Faubourg St. Antoine, a Parisian district sown with the seeds of all that is revolutionary and more that is vile: one of

those working districts each house of which swarms with innumerable inmates—where every alley and court at a moment's notice is filled with a clamorous mob, as prone to empty itself into the streets as is the lava to pour down the slopes of Vesuvius. It was in this very quarter that Doré witnessed some of the most awful scenes upon which the human eye has ever rested. An angry people, rising against its rulers, with improvised barricades defended to the death. The insurrection expressed itself to the terrified senses of Paris in cannonading, massacres, military mutinies, buildings in flames, agonized cries of mutilated wretches struck down by shell or bullet, groups of excited soldiers fighting masses of maddened men, women, and children, a thousand times more fiendish and horrible than any spectacle afforded by a Waterloo or a Sedan.

Doré was then at an age when such scenes were bound to make a profound impression on his exceptionally receptive nature. He looked on with the eyes and heart of a patriot, but all the while he was instinctively studying those fluctuating masses of enraged humanity, and in his mind's eye already saw those living groups transferred to paper by his pencil. Day and night he was in the midst of all that was most terrible, never taking notes, but silently absorbing every minute episode of that awful struggle.

It was undoubtedly during this period that he acquired his marvellous skill in grouping. In his earliest sketches we often see two or three figures together, but never in anything like the number he afterwards dealt with so freely. Many of Doré's admirers have marvelled how one who had never been engaged in active combat could possibly succeed in depicting such realistic battle-scenes. Gustave Doré possessed in a supreme degree the art of grouping masses of men, and making them look on paper as they do in real life. The correctness of his drawing has been frequently called in question, but never the vivacity and fruitfulness of his creative power, nor the life-like realism of his subjects. It was chiefly

during the Revolution of 1848 that he made those studies from real life which have since conferred immortality upon his name. The lesson was a terrible one, but wonderfully efficacious. We are forcibly reminded of the old proverb, "A quelque chose malheur est bon."

No. 13, for instance, of the historical series, "The Charge of Light Horse," is so full of vitality that we cannot help fancying that Gustave must have had some cavalry attack upon the rioters of the Faubourg St. Antoine in his mind when he produced it. Were this so, it would be a conclusive proof that those cartoons were not drawn by him at fifteen years of age.

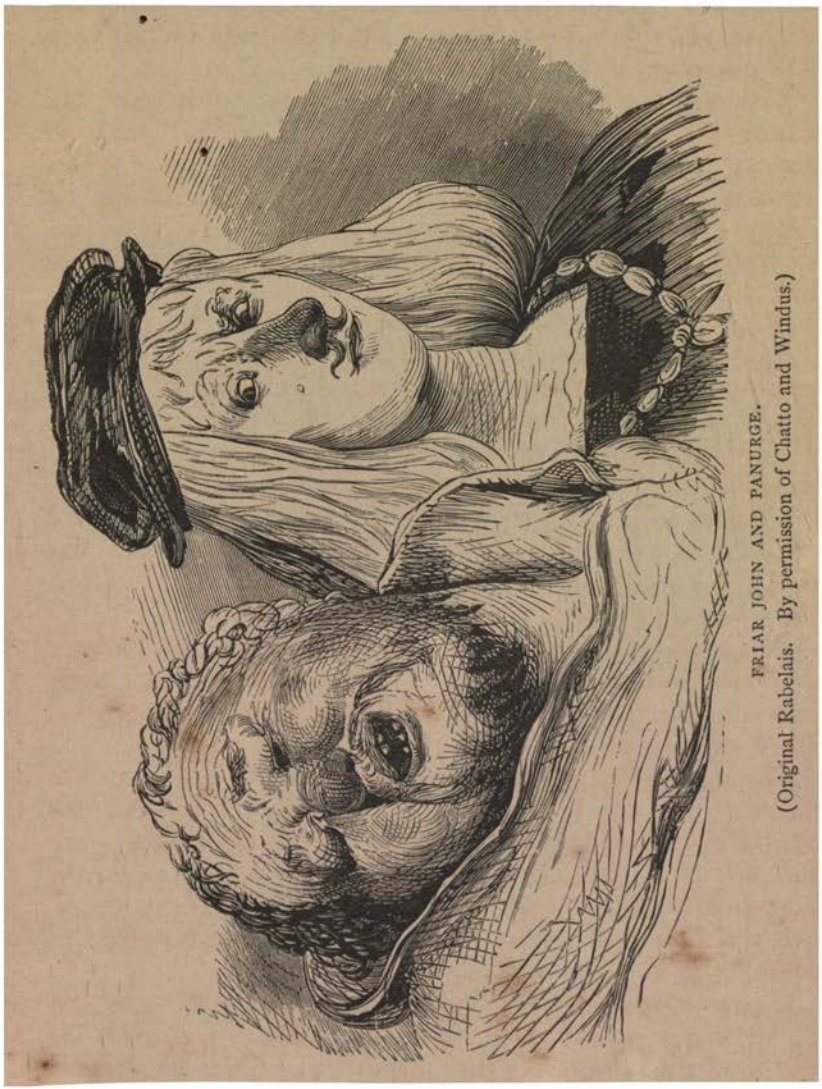
The albums containing "Three Artists," "A Pleasure Trip," and the Historical Cartoons, are out of print, and so extremely rare that now almost any sum would be paid for single copies. M. Lacroix told me that of his own books illustrated by Doré, which sold by thousands upon thousands at that time, he himself did not possess one copy. "Bibliophile Jacob" was one of the successful authors of the day, and the editions of his works illustrated by the rising young draughtsman were many of them sold in the provinces, which fairly drained Paris of them.

At the age of seventeen Gustave Doré collaborated with Gini and made several "Military Sketches" published in No. 9 of the series of "Petits Albums pour Rire." These are in the collection of M. Philipon.

His next great popular success was "The Life of a Parisian, Marceline and others," No. 22 of the "Albums pour Rire," also in the Philipon collection. This work was so rich in creative humoristic design that ideas have been persistently stolen from it for the last thirty years, and probably will continue to be for the next hundred to come.

Gustave was always highly delighted whenever he achieved a new success. But he was too ambitious to rest and be thankful, and began moreover to exhibit touchiness when any one spoke or wrote of him as a "draughtsman." He felt in his heart that he was an artist; but Paris regarded him as a draughtsman on wood,

and he was so constantly before the public in that light that it was hard to think of him in any other. Besides



FRIAR JOHN AND PANURGE.
(Original Rabelais. By permission of Chatto and Windus.)

he was making the world laugh, and Paris was the city of all others which needed to be constantly amused. His ambition, however, soared far above that, but his own

mania for incessant work kept him continuously before the world as a caricaturist and nothing more.

His next published works were "Les Collégiens," 1st part, No. 32 of "Les Albums pour Rire," also in M. Philipon's collection, and "Les Collégiens," 2nd part, in collaboration with Bertall, No. 36 of the same collection, also executed for M. Philipon.

These albums must not be confounded with "Le Journal pour Rire," which was a weekly sheet, and the one to which Doré furnished the front-page drawing. I will here reproduce some notes on this subject from Doré's own journal, which I have before me. He shows more than plainly his feeling about his work, but also his reasons for continuing it. He says,—

"From 1848 to 1850 I was occupied in terminating my studies at the Lycée Charlemagne, where I had the happiness to have for school-fellows Edmond About and Hyppolite Taine.

"The branch of art styled caricature was a long way from being the one to which my natural tastes attracted me, and although during four or five years I had produced a number of drawings which readily ran up to thousands, it was simply because the *only* editor (Philipon) who then accepted my sketches, had but one exclusive speciality of publication, that of caricature.

"I worked faithfully then, during all the time at my disposal, at serious studies in drawing.

"At last in 1853 I found a way to escape apparently from the continuation of comic work which I own had begun to annoy me excessively. Seeing what a run there was upon the 'Journal pour Rire,' which was in enormous vogue at the price of twenty centimes a copy, I begged my publisher's permission to execute an illustrated Rabelais, which should appear serially in the same form as the comic periodical in question.

"This *was the first* thing of mine which made a *sensation*, and, by eliciting praise from the press, brought me conspicuously before the notice of the public."

These few words are Doré's modest account of one of

the greatest feats ever performed in his line of talent. As, however, he has made no mention above of two important works produced by him in the year 1853, I must speak of them before treating of his Rabelais.

One of these works was by Paul Lacroix, called, "Le Singe, ou la Famille de l'Athée. Histoire du Temps de Louis XV. Edited by J. Bry. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. 14 drawings." It is generally believed that this was the volume Doré illustrated for "Bibliophile Jacob," when he was a little over fifteen. That can scarcely be the case, for M. Lacroix told me that there were "basketsful of engravings." "I have," he added, "more than one hundred and fifty blocks here in my house: whilst Doré speaks of but fourteen drawings." Lacroix published perhaps a hundred volumes, and although his memory was marvellous, it is not unlikely that the name of that particular one may have escaped his recollection. The family of Gustave Doré have no knowledge of any work illustrated by him previous to the year 1853; and Doré himself says nothing about it in his notes. However, as he was in the habit of despising his early efforts, there would be nothing uncommon in his making no mention of them.

In speaking of the work of a talented lad, it is very easy to attempt to make him out a prodigy by advancing the dates of his work by several years. However that may be, the drawings, first and last, which were made for M. Lacroix—to use his own words—"were marvels of beauty in drawing and design;" and Du Tacq himself compared them to the great classics.

It seems to me as great an honour to be compared to Michel Angelo at twenty as at fifteen, and vastly creditable to have been thought of in connection with him at any time. Doré should not have complained in those early days, when his genius outran his patience and his pencil outstripped both; for he had many warm partisans, and more sages than one predicted a great future to the little Alsatian artist.

His executant prodigality was his own worst enemy,

for before the public could ever have time to digest one of his works, another was flung at its head with such swiftness as could not but depreciate its value. The public likes to be caressed, flattered, and cajoled; it wishes to command, not to serve; and when there was no alternative but *perdreaux, toujours perdreaux*, not understanding the man, not appreciating his superlative genius, society was prompted by sheer satiety to call his talent in question, as it were, by not setting the highest value upon it. Later on he learned to keep both the public and the publishers waiting, and from the day that he acquired that lesson perfectly, he became a happier man.

I may here again refer to his good fortune in having for friends such youths as Edmond About and Hyppolite Taine, and such a man as Paul Lacroix. He certainly had a very good example before him of hard workers in the owners of these names, since so celebrated throughout not France alone, but the entire world.

It was a curious coincidence that Gustave Doré should, on his arrival in Paris, have fallen in with three such widely different literary characters: a book-worm, a novelist, and a philosopher; each at the head of his professed branch of art; each a marvel in his way; and all three equally attached to the gifted young artist.

M. About, or, to give him all his names, Edmond François Valentin About, was born at Dieuze, on the 14th of February, 1828. He studied at the Lycée Charlemagne, and although he was five years older than Doré, they were class-mates in many studies, and speedily became close and devoted companions. About was one of the wittiest and most brilliant men in France. His precocity was as remarkable in its way as that of Doré, and Gustave frequently spoke of About's gaiety and spontaneous fun, which kept his school-mates in rare good humour, sending them off into fits of laughter on the slightest occasion. The intimacy was interrupted when About joined l'École Normale, and again in 1852, when he went to the French school at Athens. This was a Government appointment, having no very definite

object, except the hope that young Frenchmen having a taste for *belles-lettres*, and being free to choose their studies, would compose papers on the history or archæology of Greece. About remained two years in Athens, and realized the hopes of his family by sending a pamphlet to the Academy of Inscriptions, called, "L'Ile d'Égine." To everybody's surprise, this pamphlet was not a history of Greece, but a clever satire, and France soon rang with its author's name. Two years later he wrote his great work, "La Grèce Contemporaine," which has been translated into many tongues, and has attained universal popularity. This book is a marvel of shrewd observation and clever writing. Edmond About then became the fashion, his novels being in great demand at every library in Paris.

A Parisian journal, speaking recently of E. About and his forthcoming admission to the French Academy, said, "His style is pure and delightful; his *verve* carries everything before it, and his wit, besides being inexhaustible, has the rare merit of being absolutely spontaneous. It is no more effort for About to be funny than it is for him to breathe. One would think that the vein might become exhausted; but, no, the more he draws upon it the more it yields, and we may safely look forward to another age where the only spirits of pure and sparkling humour shall be drawn from 'About's Fountain.'" Alas! About stopped on the threshold of the Academy, and whilst I was correcting these notes Paris was doing honour to her illustrious dead.

Doré delighted in him, and often referred in conversation to the killingly-funny stories he used to tell to the boys at school. No one doubted but that he invented them on the spot; but however strictly their veracity might be questioned, their wit never could be. He and Doré were devoted friends for a long time, and nothing could have exceeded the felicity of their companionship; which, especially in the early years of their acquaintanceship, left little to be desired.

H. Taine, or Hippolyte Adolphe Taine, the second of

Doré's distinguished college companions, was of very nearly the same age as About. He was born on the 28th of April, 1828, at Vouziers, in the Ardennes, and finished his studies in Paris, presumably where he had begun them, at the Lycée Charlemagne. In 1853 two magnificent essays, respectively entitled "De Personis Platonicis" and "Essai sur les Fables de Lafontaine," were rewarded by the diploma of "Docteur des Lettres." Taine has a brilliant intellect, which he has cultivated to the highest degree. He is not without wit, but his style is as far removed from that of About as the north from the south pole. The one is all effervescing lightness, superficial, but as congenial as froth to champagne; the other specially gifted by nature to reason solidly and explain his reasonings in a pure, but somewhat ponderous style. Taine out-distanced his companions in the race for fame, however, as in 1854 his great work "Essai sur Tite-Live," was crowned by the French Academy, that immortal goal so ardently dreamed of and desired by all French men of letters. It is not often that a young *littérateur* of twenty-six finds himself thus honoured. The turn of Taine's mind is clearly indicated by his works, which are all more or less serious, classical, and scientific. In 1856 he published "Les Philosophes Français du dix-neuvième Siècle;" in 1857, "Essais de Critique et d'Histoire;" "L'Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise" in 1864, and various other well-known works. In this century, when originality is at a premium, Taine may certainly claim to have invented a decidedly new and original method of judging of a people's literature from a scientific standpoint, to wit, that there are three things to bear in mind when writing the literature of any people: the race to which a nation belongs, its geographical position and stage of civilization in literary growth, and lastly, the period to which all these appertain. Taine has, without doubt, propounded the psychological question with regard to all literature. He has written many later works, but none so curious or original as his "History of English Literature." In 1878 he was elected a member of the

SPAIN.

(Original Drawing. Published by Sampson Low and Co.)

Academy, preceding his contemporary About by seven years; and, although there could never have been any question of rivalry, he left both Doré and Paul Lacroix an immeasurable distance behind him in the favour of his compatriots, in the meantime the latter amused himself by signing his name "Bibliophile Jacob, Membre de toutes les Académies."

Doré's relations with Taine were always of the most cordial character. He admired Taine's powerful intellect, solid and genuine talent, while the latter accorded all honour to his old schoolmate's brilliant imagination and marvellous versatility of thought and pencil. I have heard that, while they were never what may be called intimate friends, they lived their lives, so to speak, in constant contemplation of one another's genius and steady advance before the world in their different rôles of successful artist and man of letters. Doré illustrated several of M. Taine's works, which are amongst the illustrator's finest efforts. The time passed in this labour was to Doré a period of mutual profit and pleasure, as it could not well have been otherwise. Taine was ever associated in Doré's mind with some of the happiest hours of his boyhood, those passed in the Lycée Charlemagne, when the present was bright with nascent hopes, and the future promised a smile in every turning of life's page. Until the last leaf was folded over, Doré cherished the same sentiments towards this life-long friend.

CHAPTER XIII.

DORÉ TAKES A SUMMER HOLIDAY.

GUSTAVE DORÉ was in the habit of taking a summer holiday every year. It was probably this slight respite from work, and change of scene and air which enabled him to keep on labouring as he did at such an inhuman rate from morn till night, month in and month out. He began to be very much sought after in society, and many a house in the noble Faubourg St. Germain was proud to open its doors to the talented young artist. Society amused, but scarcely interested him. He would go to half a dozen "at homes" during an evening, say a word or two to the host or hostess, and when some one wished to be introduced to "the rising young artist, M. Doré," he was nowhere to be found. Could that some one, however, have penetrated to the studio in the Rue Monsieur le Prince, he would probably have discovered Doré long after midnight, sitting by a little lamp and working away at his blocks, utterly indifferent to the world and its triumphs, and forgetful of everything but his inspirations and his art. Outside this latter Doré found his greatest happiness in listening to music. He was devoted to the Opera House in the Rue Lepelletier, and a regular attendant at the Old Opera House, where the master-

pieces of Meyerbeer, Rossini, Gluck, and Halévy were performed, at that time, in a superior manner. There was also "Les Italiens," the home of Italian opera, whither all Paris flocked to listen to such artists as Grisi, Mario, Lablache, Alboni, Viardot, Tamberlik, and many other brilliant stars in that brilliant musical firmament. Who does not remember and speak of *les beaux jours* of this charming theatre, when Rossini, Verdi, Bellini, and Donizetti reigned, whilst Cimarosa and Mozart were dutifully sandwiched in between more modern and sensational composers; when there was an Imperial box imperially filled; when the beauty, nobility, wealth, and fashion of gay Paris crowded the stalls, boxes, and upper circles with all that was brilliant and critical in that cultivated capital?

In the midst of this distinguished throng Doré often found himself, and probably no one present was a keener dilettante than he. Not alone did he understand and enjoy music, but he had developed a charming tenor voice, and sang with admirable taste and sentiment. It was a wonder how he managed it, but he rarely in those days missed a "first night" of any sort; certainly never one at the opera. Mr. B——, one of his intimate friends, said, "Gustave has two passions: his blocks and music. I think one strain of Rossini would always avail to interrupt his finest inspiration; and the overture to 'William Tell' would make him forget everything else, and send him into an ecstasy of delight."

Not content with singing, he continued to play the violin, as at Strasburg, and took a few lessons of the late M. Vaucorbeil, a distinguished performer, and one of the recent directors of the new National Opera House in Paris. Again arises the old question, "How did Doré find time to do so much?"

That was one of the queries no one ever attempted to answer. He not only made time to play a little for his own amusement, but to study in secret, achieving such rapid and marked progress that in a short time his master told him that he needed no more lessons, adding,

"The pupil has gone as far as the master can teach him; already he outstrips him." By this remark we may judge

A CRIPPLE OF PALESTINE. "CONTES DRÔLATIQUES."
(By permission of Chatto and Windus. Original Sketch.)

to some extent of his aptitude for the violin. Of course he lacked that technical perfection which practice and

experience alone can give; but he is said, even at that time, to have played everything with remarkable taste and beautiful smoothness of execution.

Music was one of his great consolers, and it was fortunate for him that he possessed this most reposeful of all tastes. Nothing so tires and wears the brain as working in a groove, and no two arts could be more directly opposed than those of painting and violin-playing.

At that time Doré did not perhaps fully appreciate how many resources he had within himself. He was so eager to work at his drawing that had he imagined for a moment that music as a recreation could ever cause him for an instant to forget his special art, he probably would have denied himself even this delightful pastime. It was an amusement to him chiefly because it was a change which permitted his brain to work awhile in another direction. Doré never did anything by halves; whatever he took up was pursued with violent energy and unflagging exertion until he considered that he had accomplished what he had undertaken to perform. His tenacity of purpose was as remarkable as his ambition was audacious.

It must not be supposed because he had begun his career with signal brilliancy that he experienced nothing but success to feed his mind upon. On the contrary, he had a great deal of up-hill work, and as many jealousies to contend with as a pretty woman has to encounter from her plainer sisters. It is not so easy in this world for any one to say with truth, "Veni, vidi, vici." Doré, however, said it, and meant to go on as he had begun. The public of Paris is a curious one, and its appreciation shows itself in the same way with respect to most things. No matter who the person or what his profession, if he please at first he is accepted at once, and the question of talent becomes a relative one to be considered subsequently. I do not know whether this peculiar facility of Parisian public appreciation is not more hurtful to its recipients than that of a less gracious people. It more resembles caprice than real judgment,

and he must be a very clever person, irrespective of his special talent, who can not only hold his own and stem the tide, but grow steadily in public favour, and manage to float with the current. Doré felt this with that sort of instinct which is the bane of highly strung and highly gifted natures, and the more success he had the greater became his mental preoccupation. He found, as what eminent artist has not, plenty of enthusiasts eager to place him on a pedestal, but whose enthusiasm died out when they were called upon to keep him there. His ambition was overpowering, and prompted him not alone to excel in his own special branch of art. He dreamed some day of being a Da Vinci and a Michel Angelo as well.

He had too frank, honest, and unsuspecting a nature to even think of concealing this triple aspiration. Flatterers may be base, but they are enormously clever, and always know just how to reach and when to touch the right spot. There was always just such a crowd of "well-meaning," "well-intentioned" harpies about Doré, many of whom were profoundly jealous of his success, and only anxious to avenge their own failures by filling his head with injudicious compliments, the effect of which was that when their backs were turned, and he did not find similar tribute of flattery pouring in from all directions, his peace of soul began to be undermined, and at twenty, after all his successes, he talked about being "unappreciated and misunderstood."

A happier lot was his, however, than that of most young artists in his position. After a harassing day, chiefly spent in the streets, when he had been talking with publishers and with flatterers, had been alternately wounded and complimented over and over again, he would arrive at the Rue St. Dominique in the semi-fretful, semi-nervous state which results from such mental and corporeal wear and tear, to find in a comfortable home the one creature in the world whom he loved, and who, as he well knew, thoroughly appreciated him, waiting to receive him with open arms, a heart full of love and ready to

offer the thousand and one consolations which only the ingenuity of a fond parent could devise; for who in all this world knows so well as a mother how to heal man's wounded self-love, or how to console his every little anguish and heart-ache?

Very different, indeed, was his fate to that of other artists of his day who had lived a joyless life in every sense of the word, to whom the comforts of home had been denied, who had never known parental guidance and protection, but had been compelled to struggle with poverty, contumely, and despair; whose aspirations and genius had been born, matured, and bred in the garret where they were destined to expire, unillumined by the smallest flash of mundane satisfaction or success.

It is very certain that at that time Gustave really appreciated some of his blessings. The happiest effect, however, of the mutual love between himself and his mother had for result that, instead of being led away by the thousand and one whims and vices which inevitably tempt a young artist in a great city, he loved his home, and was insensibly drawn towards those family influences which so happily developed later on into a love for domesticity towards simple recreations and enjoyments that his own fireside readily afforded. Destiny was very good to him, for unconsciously he was thus paving the way to the only real happiness he ever knew during his restless but eventful career.

After the Byron illustrations were finished and the work published, Doré took his usual vacation, going with his mother and brother to Switzerland. He was absent from Paris nearly two months, and, as he said afterwards, "fairly revelled in the glorious scenery of the Alps."

This love of mountains and mountainous country grew with him as did his love for his mother or his art. In Switzerland he was as free as the winds, utterly liberated from all the trammels which had begun to restrict his liberty in Paris. We may judge of the life he led in the mountains by an extract from a letter written by his mother to a friend in Paris, and dated "Chamounix, 20th

August." His freedom, intrepidity, and daring caused as much anxiety to her as they gave pleasure to him. She wrote as follows :—

"Gustave frightens me by his excursions amongst the glaciers. He came back from the 'garden,' however, very well, as did his brother. The guides say that they are exactly like so many chamois."

An outburst of high spirits is always followed by relapse or reaction. We may presume that even whilst bounding chamois-like amidst the glaciers he was not always in his happiest mood. Perhaps he was thinking of his great undertakings, and wondering whether or not they would turn out successful. There is really no mountain of hope high enough to take us away from the flat table-land of reality, when once we begin to doubt ourselves. That Gustave suffered from a depression of spirits was very evident, but probably this feeling was the outcome of his enormous mental and physical labour during the winter of 1852 and the spring of 1853. The state of his body and mind at that time may be gathered from the following sentence also written by Madame Doré from Chamounix :—

"Rabelais cheers him up a little. . . . He has just got to his twentieth block."

The words are few, but they speak volumes. Doré returned home through Alsatia, where we are told he "renewed many of the friendships of his youth."

Nothing of note happened there, with one exception, He was treated like an ordinary mortal, which seemed to him rather strange after his successes in Paris. He had pictured to himself the reception he would have in his old home, and by reason of his own wish to please, had probably exaggerated the sentiments he would inspire there. It is a very difficult thing to make the people with whom you have been brought up ever see anything out of the common in you. Perhaps there never was a truer adage than "familiarity breeds contempt." Certain it is that Gustave was received with affection, but without outward signs of honour. He was too young, too youth-

fully enthusiastic to quite appreciate the cordiality of his compatriots. It is a strange thing that the blows which stab deepest must always be struck by those we love most dearly. Doré could not have forgotten the proverb about the prophet not being honoured in his own country; yet instead of appreciating the smallest mark of remembrance shown to him by his compatriots, he ate his heart out because their recognition went no further than expressions of affection. He had been so proud to return to all those old friends an artist of pure metal, already stamped with the hall-mark of Parisian favour, that he never got over their saying nothing of his talents, brilliant position, or immediate prospects. He had been away four years, and did not realize how much it really was to his credit that, on returning to his own province after so protracted an absence, he found himself not totally forgotten and wholly ignored.

He came back to Paris with those first vivacious and prolific seeds of unhappiness sown in his breast. The blow struck so deeply that he never quite recovered from it. It was his first supreme disillusion. Thereafter he was never weary of reflecting that he was misunderstood and unappreciated by the friends of his youth and by many of his own country-folk.

However painfully he brooded over this grievance he none the less went on steadily with his work, and early in 1854 gave to the world the result of new labour and more profound thought and study than any one had theretofore supposed him capable of. He was rewarded by a success which should have gone far towards alleviating his humiliations, many of them imaginary, and all far inferior to the triumph which his real genius so suddenly wrought for him. Yet so deeply rooted was the souvenir of his old home-friends, that his first remark when he realized that he had really made a hit is said to have been, "I wonder what they will think of me now."

CHAPTER XIV.

DORÉ ILLUSTRATES BYRON.

AFTER the publication of the illustrated Byron, which came out in cheap numbers at the price of twopence each, Doré (as he has mentioned in his notes) went to work upon a set of drawings to illustrate an edition of Rabelais, produced in the form of the popular "Album pour Rire" series, sold in Paris at twenty centimes per copy.[1]

[1] It seemed impossible to learn anything of the illustrated Byron beyond the fact that it was printed in the Bry edition, in small volumes, at four sous each, and on such cheap paper that probably not one of the blocks is now extant. It is moreover impossible at present to procure a copy of this work. One was bought for the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris; but after repeated search for it I was obliged to abandon my quest. Dr. Michel, Doré's nephew by marriage, assured me that the work was in the Bibliothèque, but that he knew of no other copies in existence. The Byron illustrations are of major importance, in the sense that they were the first really serious sketches done by Doré when he was yet only known as a caricaturist. Dr. Michel assures me that they combine some of the most exquisite gems of thought and inspiration, for Doré, with the world at large, was a Byron worshipper.

* Thanks to M. Thierry, the head curator of the Bibliothèque Nationale, after protracted search the long-sought-for edition has been found. The drawings are fully identified as being Doré's, but, strange

At the very name of Rabelais a host of memories rush over us. Who has not heard of that learned and masterful satirist, the very incorporation of wit and wisdom, humour and fancy, whose genius has handed down to us one of the greatest books the world has ever known? One can imagine the lad Rabelais playing tricks in his father's house at Chinon; his destination to the priesthood and education to that end, begun with the Benedictines and finished at Fontenoy le Comte; then an ordained priest, studying the "profane languages of Greek and Latin;" his wondrous *bonhomie;* his drinking in village wine-shops and supping with uproarious companions at midnight; his transfer from monastery to monastery; his vagabondage and strange vagaries; his friends and enemies; the persecution he suffered because he would persist in studying Greek; the story of his friendship with the Seigneur du Bellay; his drunken marauding in the streets; the public confiscation of his cherished classics; his desertion by comrades and protection by Popes and Kings; his employment as a sort of domestic at the house of Geoffroi d'Estissac; his career as a doctor of medicine and curé in the little village of Sonday; his falling in with a worshipper of learned men, Jean du Bellay, who from that time forward became his friend and protector. Rabelais as a sort of upper servant in a noble family—Rabelais as a mendicant, storming in the Du Bellay kitchen because the food given to him was neither succulent nor rich, and seizing the viands and wines destined for the master of the house, who, hearing the disturbance, came in and recognized "the most delicate wit and most erudite personage in the republic of letters"—Rabelais renouncing the curacy of Sonday in order to study and practise medicine, and plunging into botany with a view to learn all about plants and their medicinal qualities—Rabelais at Mont-

to say, none of them bear his name. The only palpable reason for this omission would be that Byron having been Doré's first serious illustrated work, he hesitated signing the illustrations until their success or non-success should have been publicly assured.—Feb. 20th, 1885.

pellier practising medicine and studying astronomy, nominated a Doctor of the University, but leaving the town before he had even taken up his degree—his trip to Lyons and visit to the Eternal City, where he fell in with the Bishop of Ceramith, who taught him Arabic—Rabelais back again in France, and after a thousand extraordinary adventures writing his wonderful book the history of Gargantua and Pantagruel; the innumerable obstacles cast in his way; his final triumph in achieving the publication of his great work; his retirement to Meudon, where he spent his days in "peace and tranquillity," only to run away therefrom and die in a little old house in the Rue des Jardins in Paris, on April 9th, 1553; in short, the one and only Rabelais, whose masterpiece of wit and humour really records some of his chief adventures, notably under the pseudonym of Friar John of the Funnels. No more remarkable or exceptional phenomenon stands revealed to us by the literary and political history of the sixteenth century than François Rabelais, who redeemed all his vices—for the most part those of the ecclesiastics he satirized—by the prodigal splendour of his genius and learning, and by writing the most fantastic, grotesque, extravagant, and inimitable work of imagination and humour of his own or any other age.

M. Paul Lacroix thus concludes his life of Rabelais:—

"Rabelais dead, his gospel, as he called it—'*the* book,' as it was styled by Cardinal du Bellay—became the breviary of the most serious, and at the same time most frivolous of readers. Dr. Copus and the poet Passerat *consecrated part of their lives to commenting* upon it, and *perhaps to understanding it.* The romance of Gargantua and Pantagruel was more admired and more popular than had been the romance of 'The Rose' two centuries previously. In it, as in an encyclopædia, all the moral and physical sciences of the sixteenth century were to be found. It was flavoured, so to speak, with the very elixir of human reason. If Rabelais has grown old, as far as regards his diction—he who affected a literary style

already antiquated in his own times—his ideas and opinions will remain eternally young by reason of their intrinsic truth. Rabelais, the greatest genius of his epoch, did not only create this work of fiction, so comic, so profound, so vast, and so sublime, which will outlive even the French language; he was also the intellectual progenitor of Molière, La Fontaine, Lesage, and Paul Louis Courier."

The history of Gargantua and Pantagruel is well-nigh exhaustive of human thought, and a veritable treasure-house of wisdom and erudition. Its freedom of language has long since been forgiven by Frenchmen, and indeed by *literati* of all nations; and it is by no means strange that a person of Doré's extreme appreciativeness for anything comic should have been inspired by an eager ambition to illustrate the works of François Rabelais.

Doré was just twenty years of age when he began the undertaking. That he should have succeeded in carrying out so vast an enterprise is little short of marvellous, for he could but have spent a very small portion of his life in studying this stupendous "magnum opus." His comprehension of it, therefore, can only be accounted for by assuming that he was blessed by one of those sudden inspirations of genius which every God-gifted artist experiences at some moment of his lifetime, but which few have the felicitous faculty of turning to such good account. The fact is that Doré so perfectly comprehended Rabelais that he knew, as it were by instinct, just what to touch and what to let alone. He demonstrated that he had divined the curé of Meudon's philosophical and allegorical problems by leaving them to their own mystic beauty, instead of even attempting to illustrate them. Seldom does ambition know so well how to curb itself judiciously. That he did so says as much for his intelligence as for his draughtsmanship, and for his good taste as for both.

Had Doré never thereafter taken pencil in hand, his extraordinary illustrations of Rabelais would alone have stamped him a genius.

He has modestly said, "It was the first thing from my pen which created a sensation and caused me to be signalized through the daily press to the world's notice."

As a matter of fact, when it appeared, Paris rang with his praise. From the first sketch, in which Gargantua is shown unrolling his scroll before the pigmies, to the last, where "Au bout estoit descript le pays d'Egypt, avecques le Nil et ses crocodiles, cercopithèques, ibides," &c., the book is a succession of realistic, vivid, and superb drawings. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of Doré's work is the series of portraits which he made from—imagination. Picture to yourself the surprise and delight of the Parisians who knew Rabelais by heart, and who were thoroughly familiar with the characters in his marvellous book, upon suddenly coming face to face with them—as real as any of the well-known characters of history, and a thousand-fold funnier. Then, too, the admirable sketches of localities, "Ce cabaret fameux où l'on montait de la basse ville par autant de dégrès qu'il y a de jours en l'an;" the dinner on the grass, where all danced pesle-mesle to the sound of flageolets—Gargantua going to mass; his arrival at Paris with his gigantic stud, and the excitement he caused there, when, as Rabelais says,—

"Il fût vue de tout le monde en grande admiration, car le peuple de Paris est tant sot, tant badault et tant inepte de nature, qu'un basteleur, un porteur de rogatons, un mulet avecques ses cymbales, un veilleux au milieu d'un carrefour, assemblera plus de gens que ne feroit un bon prescheur évangélique. Et tant molestement le poursuivirent, qu'il fût contrainct soi réposer sur les tours de l'écclise Nôtre Dame."

And again—Gargantua visiting the Château de Vède, and how he demolished it; his further adventures with his noble companions, Tripet, Hastiveau, and Tocquedillon, and their end; the death of his wife and the birth of his son Pantagruel.

One of the most vigorous drawings in the collection is a sketch of Gargantua weeping over the death of Badebec.

He is portrayed with his enormous face framed in a square black window, his gigantic hands clinging to its ledge, his features distorted by anguish, the tears oozing out of his closed eyes, and dropping between his fingers down upon the heads of the passing multitude, in the form of great oblong pearls, whilst the bereaved monarch sobs out his piteous lamentation :—

"Ma tant bonne femme est morte qui était la plus ceci, la plus celà, qui fût au monde . . . . et soudain il pleurait comme une vache."

I can hardly do better than quote Paul Lacroix again with respect to the illustrated edition of Rabelais and its success.

"I cannot describe to you the excitement it caused," he said to me. "Wherever I went, Rabelais rang in my ears. The names of Doré and Rabelais were the topics of the day throughout Paris, and no one talked about anything else but this wonderful book and its more wonderful illustrations. People would not believe that their author was a mere boy, and many pooh-poohed the notion even to my very face. I assured them that it was Doré, the fact being that it could have been no one else. Not only were the drawings remarkable, but any one could see at a glance that they did not show to advantage, or even adequately display their intrinsic merits. In the first place, many of them had been spoiled by inefficient workmen, for a large number of engravers had been employed upon this work; and in the next, it was printed on such cheap paper that many of the most delicate effects were absolutely stultified. Gustave fairly stormed with rage when he saw them as they turned out, and thought of them as he had drawn them. It was not alone the drawing which proved so successful, but the fine conceptions, and the phenomenal imagination he revealed in carrying those conceptions out. These specialities testified to the wealth of his creative and imaginative power, which was far beyond that of any artist of his day, old or young. What mattered how badly the work was engraved, or how coarse the paper

upon which it was printed? These drawbacks were impotent to disguise the brilliancy of his genius, which burst upon Paris like a meteor.

"He had told me that he was reading Rabelais, and was enchanted with the works of that easy-going priest. But I did not dream that he would so soon set to work to illustrate my edition of them. Of course I was delighted when we were at it together, for I believed in him, and wanted him to have every possible chance of distinguishing himself.

"No one's delight could have been keener than mine when I saw in black and white all those extraordinary personages—Gargantua, Pantagruel, Panurge, Epistemon, Triboulet, Friar John of the Funnels, and the whole grotesque crew that we had all pictured to ourselves so often in imagination. Doré had lodged them in towers and caves, and had made masterly sketches of mediæval palaces and mediæval hovels; but the principal thing was that the people were all there in life-like array, and when I saw them I laughed as I had never laughed before throughout my life.

"It was so clever of him to have realized exactly what was fit for illustration. Of course many of the philosophical passages he never even dreamed of touching, or, at least, never attempted to depict them, which said a great deal for his tact and judiciousness.

"He was very much elated by his success. He had made Rabelais eternal; I think it was quite natural that he should be excited about it, and that his head should be just a little bit turned by such a splendid recognition of his talent. So many editions of the book were printed that many of the blocks were fairly worn out. It is deeply to be regretted that little should remain of so admirable a work but a few copies here and there, and the memory of one of the most colossal triumphs ever achieved by a lad of Gustave Doré's years."

Rabelais was brought out in England by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, and achieved a grand success. It is issued in capital form, and contains all of the large

cartoons, besides most of the smaller original drawings. Those blocks which were worn out in the Bry cheap editions were replaced by Doré for Messrs. Chatto and Windus, and it is said that their perfection even outrivalled that of the first sketches. Rabelais' popularity is still unabated in England, and the cuts we give are from the originals in Messrs. Chatto and Windus's edition of the work.

CHAPTER XV.

A NEW SIGNATURE.

THE title of his "Rabelais" is thus registered in Doré's journal: "'The Works of François Rabelais, containing the Lives of Gargantua and Pantagruel, preceded by a Historical Notice of the Life and Works of Rabelais,' by P. Lacroix, bibliophile. Illustrations by Gustave Doré. Paris: J. Bry, 27, Rue Guénegaut. 1854. One volume, 4to. Sixteen drawings without the text, two hundred drawings with the text."

It will be seen that, although Doré began his Rabelais in 1853, it was not published until the early part of 1854. I have the book before me, and notice a peculiarity in one of the first drawings. Instead of the usual signature, "G. Doré." it bears that of "Doré, D.," probably meaning Doré, *dessinateur*. Whether he did this purposely or not is not known, but it is certain that he never signed his drawings in that way on any other occasion. Who may tell what was passing in his mind when he deliberately indicated the one word of all others that he most hated, the one designation which under no circumstances could he ever endure to have bestowed upon him? Whenever

he was, even inadvertently, called draughtsman, he would fire up and hasten to explain that he was not a draughtsman, but an artist. He certainly was the latter in inspiration at any time, and after so great a success as followed his Rabelais, might be forgiven were he to consider himself anything and everything that was extraordinary and above the average calibre of human nature.

Doré continues in his notes:—

"The success of this book induced several publishers to make researches in the literature of the past for subjects which would readily lend themselves to the same style of drawing; that is to say, to the illustration of mediæval buffooneries (*du moyen âge bouffon*). It was thus that I came to illustrate the following romances of chivalry: 'L'Histoire du Chevalier Jaufre,' 'La belle Brunissende,' 'Fier-à-bras d'Alexandre,' 'The Legend of the Wandering Jew,' and, finally, the 'Contes Drôlatiques' of Balzac.

"Several publishers were disposed to order many other works of the same category, but I feared that a too copious production of that class of illustrations would give the world the idea that I was a specialist in that school, and that opinion was the one of all others that I particularly wished to avoid. So I positively refused to execute illustrations of Boccaccio, Brantôme, Montaigne, 'Les cent Nouvelles,' &c.

"The war against Russia had just broken out when I conceived the notion of founding a journal in which I could give daily, so to speak, the bulletin of the passes at arms of the English and French soldiers, and I called this weekly collection 'Le Musée Anglais-Français.'

"This double journal was printed in the two languages —French and English, and was in the hands of every one on both sides of the Channel who applauded our glorious alliance. Of all my works this was the one by exception, the first number of which made the greatest sensation. This collection of sketches naturally came to an end with the Crimean war."

I must interrupt the notes here in order to speak of the book called "La Sainte Russie," thus mentioned in

Doré's catalogue: "Histoire Dramatique Pittoresque et Caricaturale de la Sainte Russie, d'après les Chroniqueurs

WHY IT WAS CALLED PANTAGRUELION, AND THE VIRTUES THEREOF.
(Rabelais, G. Doré. Original Sketch. By permission of Chatto and Windus.)

et l'Historiens, Nestor, Nikam, et Kharamsin. Paris: J. Bry. 1854. 207 pages, 500 dessins."

One may judge somewhat of the amount of Doré's labours on reading the last words of the above note, "five hundred drawings." To say that it was colossal barely describes it. Imagine the brain-work, not to speak of the physical toil performed by his fingers, which wielded the pencil so rapidly and indefatigably.

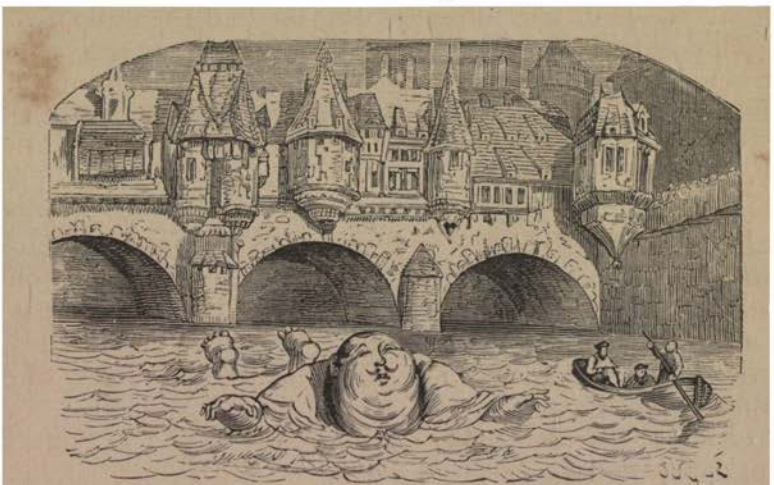
A contemporary observed that "to watch him designing hs sketches was enough to make one dizzy; his fingers absolutely flew over the surface of the block, and every time he took up a fresh one it seemed to be finished before one had time to realize what he had been about.

This extraordinary quickness of execution was outstripped by that of his imagination, always miles ahead of any possible mechanical work. It seems all but incredible that any artist should have been able to accomplish so much in so short a space of time. A convincing proof of his extraordinary duplex faculty of lightning-like conception and scarcely less rapid execution was that he never in those days made a sketch twice over. Some he rarely glanced at, but threw the blocks aside as soon as they were finished, sure that his faithful pencil had exactly reproduced his fancies and conceptions.

To describe the success achieved by "La Sainte Russie" would be but to go over the old ground of his Rabelais triumphs. Certain it is, that had anything been wanting to add to his fame, that something would have been supplied by this last feat, which so rapidly succeeded the most brilliant series of imaginative sketches the nineteenth century had ever seen. As they appeared upon the very heels of Rabelais, public amazement almost rose to incredulity. Yet there could be no doubt that he, and he alone, had drawn every one of the sketches, for, as M. Lacroix had said, "There was no other artist in Paris who could in any way approach him in imagination, whilst his style was so distinctly original and yet so versatile, that it was impossible to imitate it. No one could ever be prepared for what he was going to do, as one thing after another was showered upon the public

with such prodigality of thought and freshness of design that one-half the world was dumb-founded and the other well-nigh petrified with astonishment."

Doré's partisans became as numerous as the sands on the sea-shore. His name was on the lips of every Parisian, and the daily press began to speak of him as the genius of the Academy, a second Raphael of design. This year he took his usual summer vacation, and went again to Switzerland. While sojourning among the Alps, Madame Doré wrote the following letter to M. Lacroix :—



"HE DID SWIM IN DEEP WATERS."
(Rabelais. By kind permission of Chatto and Windus.)

"Gustave is mad with joy and confidence in the future. He regards disappointments with scorn. He absolutely refuses to return home through Alsatia, and heartily despises those compatriots of his who did not receive him any too well last time. I take supreme pleasure in contemplating his dreams of the future."

We are to suppose that he successfully continued his excursions, as, after speaking of indifferent things she adds :—

"The guides have conceived an absolute affection for him."

Further on, speaking of the good advice he had received, she writes :—

" He is immensly proud of the interest you take in him, and that will doubtless direct him in the right way without his even suspecting it."

It will be seen by this that it was by no means an easy task to proffer advice to Gustave Doré, or to " direct " him. He was not spoiled by prosperity, but he could not help feeling what all the world saw, namely, that he was exceptionally gifted, and that the future belonged to him. He had but to command it. One must make allowances for his youth and impressionable nature. Wherever he went he was received with acclamations and open arms. Everybody had heard of the young genius Doré; everybody wanted to see him; in a word, he became the rage. Women spoiled him and men envied him; people wanted to know how he looked, how he behaved, and how he spoke, even what he ate and drank. It was like the excitement that follows in the wake of a high C tenor or a fashionable prima donna. Doré had made one bound into popularity, not through any trick or caprice of the public, but by the rare and legitimate means of superhuman effort, added to super-splendid natural talent. He had fairly earned his laurels, and must not be blamed if he conspicuously wore them, albeit less with the dignity of a man than with the delight of a spoiled child. There is always a charm in novelty, and such an one as this could not but have been particularly delightful to him.

His gaiety must have been contagious, for in none of Madame Doré's letters dated at that time does she speak of any ill-humour in the party, which, be it understood, was composed of herself and three sons, with an occasional friend.

There was something very sweet in the affection prevailing in this family, and in the filial devotion of the sons' general attitude towards their mother. She was never in the way; on the contrary, no excursion was complete without her. It was " mother " here and " mother " there. The three boys seemed to vie with

each other as to which could pay her the most attention or render her the happiest. Gustave was her pet, and she could not disguise the fact. Although Ernest was the eldest, Gustave seemed to be the head of the family; and he certainly acted as cicerone when travelling, and laid down the law for all of them. There was no jealousy between them, for his brothers were only too happy to yield him the place of honour, and only too proud of his fame and talent. They gloried in the fact that he was their very own brother.

They must have been good-hearted lads with it all, for examples of brotherly affection are not so numerous nowadays but that we are sometimes tempted to believe that Cain has never quitted this terrestrial sphere, and that luckless Abel has but little better chance of holding his own than he had six thousand years ago.

Madame Doré wrote from Belgarde on the 7th of August, "During the bad weather Gustave plays for me" (*me fait de la musique*); so we may be sure that he had his faithful violin with him. She does not speak of his brothers; but presumably they were not far away. We may infer the harmony existing between them from the way in which they passed their time when out-door excursions were impossible even in Switzerland. Madame was reminded of home and the Rue St. Dominique, where Gustave used to play his violin during a whole evening at a stretch, accompanied by his brothers Ernest and Emile, both accomplished musicians.

That they went from place to place, sight-seeing in regular tourist fashion, is evident from the following extract, also dated from Belgarde, as well as that Gustave did not hesitate to order the party to "fold up their tents like the Arabs, and silently steal away." Madame Doré writes:—

"My ferocious Gustave has again made me change my itinerary. He conducts me once more to Chamounix, which place I specially wished to avoid. A friend from Bourg has told him that Interlaken is like an English garden."

In another letter she says :—

"In Cologne" (after having passed through Brussels) "Gustave works both with his fingers and his imagination. His album is full of sketches. We have seen everything; the churches of Cologne, Byzantine, Gothic, and so on."

There are three things to take note of in these few lines from his mother. First, that although he entertained the same affection for her as ever, he lacked his usual deference, subordinating her wishes to his own. Secondly, that however strongly he had taken a dislike to Alsatia, he still liked all his individual friends well enough to value their company and opinions. Thirdly, that his album was full of sketches. This is the very first time we have heard of his not yielding to his mother in all respects, and that she had made any mention of his taking sketches of any sort by the way. It must have been a new thing for him, or she would scarcely have thought it worth speaking about; and as she wrote it to M. Lacroix, it may be supposed that it not only *created interest*, but caused general astonishment amongst the members of the Doré family. In fact, it was so far from his usual habit that she might well have been surprised. The same year M. Daubrée joined them on their travels, not far from Chamounix, to judge by what he says :—

"We spent several days together, and I cannot tell you how Gustave seemed to enjoy it. The weather was fine, and we were out of doors all the time. He would sit for hours gazing at the scenes before him, drinking in their beauty with a certain sort of intoxication. He was so quiet that he seemed almost stupefied. To my amazement he never made so much as a single sketch, and I don't remember ever having seen him take a note-book from his pocket. I once asked him laughingly if he did not think enough of those scenes to try and reproduce them, and if he did, why he never made any sketches? He looked at me with an expression I shall never forget, and his response impressed me in spite of myself,—

DRAWING OF FAN MADE FOR MADAME ROSSINI. 1862.

(By permission of Rev. Frederick Harford.)

"'Think enough of them, my friend? Wait, and you shall see!'

"Of course, after that I never hinted any more at the idea of his making sketches; yet I secretly thought, and said again and again to myself, 'What a pity,' for we passed through country which was lovely beyond words, and I felt that he who had always done justice to mountain scenery might have had here a rare chance to study nature quietly and calmly. On the fourth day we went on to some neighbouring village, and were cooped in the house by inclement weather. Gustave did not show up during the whole day, and as I dined with some other friends I did not see him in the evening. The next morning, before the twelve o'clock breakfast, he invited me into his room with great gusto. You may imagine my surprise—I, who knew every inch of that country by heart, to see scattered about the room no less than twenty completed sketches, some in oil and some in water-colour, absolute faithful reproductions of the country we had been travelling through during the past few days. I know that he had not missed any well-known object, and I noticed that many little places which had been usually deemed unworthy of the artist's brush he had brought forth into prominence with incredible freshness and charm.

"We expressed our amazement, all of us, and I congratulated him heartily on his work. I cannot tell you how beautiful those hasty sketches seemed to me; and being in the country at the time I could the better appreciate their freshness and fidelity to nature. I do not exaggerate when I speak of their beauty, for they were life itself. He had painted them all from memory in a little room, shut up by himself, and working straight away throughout more than twenty-four hours. I do not believe that he had slept at all, and if he ate anything, it was a hurried mouthful snatched between whiles of working. His way of getting hold of an idea, sitting down to delineate it, and never stopping until his task was accomplished, was the most extraordinary thing in

the world. The way he had worked was quite insensate, and we scolded him heartily for it.

"He was so delighted to witness our surprise that I am sure he did not even feel tired. At any rate he evinced no sense of fatigue, and immediately proposed some long, tiresome excursion, which I remember we made directly after breakfast.

I again and again referred to what seemed to me a marvellous feat of memory and talent. He only repeated,—

"'Oh, that is nothing. I don't believe that you realized half I was able to do, M. Daubrée; but, happily, I know myself, and find nothing out of the common in remembering all those scenes. In fact, I should have been surprised had I forgotten them, which, as you see, was very unlikely."

"I still say," continued M. Daubrée, "that no one ever painted the Vosges as well as he, because he knew them up and down, and no one to my mind ever produced Swiss scenery in a manner at all comparable to his."

A characteristic incident marks the trip to the Netherlands. At one of the frontiers, near midnight, Doré could not find his passport. In vain he gave his name, Doré, to the stiff officer, but he would not let him pass. At last an isolated gleam of intelligence penetrated his dutiful and official obtuseness. At the full name, Gustave Doré, he smiled triumphantly, as much as to say, "I have you now." His real words were:—

"If you are Gustave Doré, it will be easy enough to prove it. Make me a sketch of—of anything you see at hand."

Continental travellers who grumble at having even to show their keys, will be lost in sympathy for the poor artist, obliged at such an unhallowed moment to evoke the muse; but he did it. Drawing a note-book from his pocket, he did not sketch the people about him, but, going to a window, looked out upon the street; and some persons standing at that moment in conversation uncon-

sciously served for models. In a few seconds he handed a perfect sketch of them to the officer, whose hat was in his hand whilst he allowed the artist and his party to proceed. A proper passport was made out for the Doré family, but the official kept the little sketch as a personal recollection of the famous artist. I take pleasure in repeating this incident as it is probably the only authentic case on record of the intelligence of a continental douanier. History will henceforth divide Solomon's laurels as that wise man would have divided the subject of one rare judgment.

CHAPTER XVI.

DORÉ'S RETURN TO PARIS.

I HAVE, perhaps, led rather too abruptly up to Gustave's experiments in painting, but I had no alternative, as it was necessary to speak of his various trips to Switzerland, and to exemplify the fact that he rarely made sketches. I confess that M. Daubrée's incident seems to smack of the impossible; but, bearing in mind Doré's phenomenal memory and headstrong way of never leaving any piece of work until he had finished it, one is compelled to admit that he might, by exercising a strain upon his powers, have executed the series of sketches in question within so marvellously brief a space of time. There can be no doubt that slowness of execution nips many fine ideas in the bud, and explains why so often a *coup de tête* results in a brilliant success.

Talent is one thing, and industry another. Gustave Doré was an indefatigable worker; and by never allowing his ideas to cool he was able to present them to the public with that spontaneity of effect which was one of his undeniable charms. So he really owed a great deal to his own laborious efforts and extraordinary power of concentration. The last is, as we all know, an acquired faculty, and there is no royal road to it, only the harassing and troublesome one of constant practice and incessant drudgery.

On his return to Paris Gustave resumed his illustrating work; but I think it must have been during the previous year that he began to paint. M. Lacroix told me of a series of pictures which were painted by Gustave "when he was still a child;" but I shall not attempt to deal with these in this place. It is possible, but not likely, that after the Dieppe experiment he began in secret to paint. The circumstance that M. Lacroix spoke of him as "a mere child," it must be always borne in mind, was due to his personal appearance, which was very boyish.

I have seen a capital photograph taken of him in 1853, and no one could have then judged him to be over sixteen or seventeen. He is represented sitting, leaning slightly forward, one hand leaning on the arm of his chair and the other slightly raised, holding a half-smoked cigar between his fingers. The face is very striking. His forehead was so high that, from actual measurement, the length was considerably greater from the tip of his nose to the upper part of his brow than from his nose downwards to the point of his chin. This struck me as an extraordinary peculiarity. His hair was long, brushed back from the temples, but grew with astonishing thickness. His eyes were deep, with hollows underneath them. There was an expression of dogged determination in them which told tales of his dominating characteristics, ambition and self-will. The cheeks were slightly drawn in, and the lips closed with a faint expression of assumption, which revealed much more experience of life than one should have imagined him to possess, judging by his other features. It said plainly enough, "I know myself." The face wore a look of proud self-reliance and independence of character. His body was very thin, and his garments hung loosely about his person. You may wonder that I have spoken so much in detail of an old daguerreotype, but the reason may be given in good Françoise's forcible if not elegant French. I was contemplating the portrait one day when she came up to me and laid her finger significantly on the glass. "Vous

regardez? n'est-ce pas?" she said, "je crois bien. C'est que c'est une bonne. À cet age-là, c'est lui—*lui-même craché*, il n'y a pas à dire."

About this time Gustave made the acquaintance of Théophile Gautier, one of the most renowned writers France has ever produced. I shall speak particularly of him later on for the same reason that I have spoken in detail of Messrs. Paul Lacroix, Edmond About, and Hyppolite Taine, as having been Doré's intimate friends, because of the influence which daily contact with such men might have possibly exercised upon the development of Gustave's natural character.

I must now return to M. Paul Lacroix and his account of Gustave Doré's "initiative in painting." He had evidently decided upon adopting oil-painting as a career, and since "The Grey Fisherman of Dieppe" had carefully fostered his ideas, and tested them by experiments in secret. M. Lacroix shall speak for himself:—

"Do not ask me anything about his beginning to paint. *Mon Dieu!* The more he did, the more he wanted to do, and this novel freak proved an astounding departure. I noticed when he returned from his last summer vacation" (1854), "that he had something new in his head, for he was very sprightly and quite on the *qui-vive* of excitement. He also began at that time to develop a characteristic which I regretted to observe in one so young, especially in a lad of his remarkable natural gifts. He conceived an early dislike for all artists, sculptors, draughtsmen, and people of that class. As to painters, Meissonier and Gérôme positively stuck in his throat. When he heard of the fabulous prices paid to those artists he wanted to tear his hair with rage. He never seemed to realize the fact that age and experience could make any difference to the achievements of great successes, and measured public appreciation by what he felt he had within him, never missing an opportunity to say that he alone was unappreciated. He nearly had a convulsion one day on hearing that Meissonier had received two hundred thousand francs for a single picture.

"'What!' he exclaimed,—'a thing like that! Now look at me. I can paint; I know I could paint better than Meissonier, at any rate. Have I ever been paid two hundred thousand francs for anything? No, and I never shall be. The fact is, that no one understands me. I shall live and die misunderstood, or never comprehended at all, which is worse.'

"I cannot tell you how it vexed me to hear him go on in this way. When he had one of these fits, it was useless to try to argue with or console him, and I used to say to myself, 'Why can't he be content? Why will he fill his head with ideas about painters which can only render him unhappy?' But he would persist in tormenting himself, and I trembled when I reflected what must be in store for him should he encourage this chronic discontent in preying upon him.

"I could not but marvel at the change that had taken place in him. His real nature was gay, sunshiny, and tender. He entertained sympathy for every one outside of his own profession, but never heard of any other artist's success without brooding over it jealously and unhappily. In those days his mother had a hard time with him, and I think only the profound love they bore each other filled up every other void in their lives. No matter how abrupt Gustave might be with others, his adoration for her had reached a point which made him indifferent to everything and everybody else. She thought with and for him, and he took her counsel anent all that concerned him. It was the most extraordinary reciprocity of affection that I have ever known. Determined as he was in his relations with others, he yielded in all respects towards her. I hoped and imagined that he would get over his unpleasant tendency to rail at artists and painters in general; but the next time I saw him after the hue and cry over the two hundred thousand francs paid to Meissonier, he began again at once to abuse that artist. Not only had he not forgotten the incident above alluded to, but I speedily realized that he had been brooding ever since over Meissonier's success; and I was prepared to tell

him plainly that I felt ashamed to see a lad of his talent developing such a disposition, and hoped he would try and overcome it. Do you think he came to me to complain? Not a bit of it.

"He calmly informed me that he was now about to paralyze the world.

"'I am going to paint a series of pictures,' he said, "representing the abominations of Paris, you know, with all the old streets, all the wretches and outcasts, and many other realistic things that I have been meditating upon for some days past. I don't care a fig for other artists, nor for what they do. You think I am jealous of Meissonier and others? You are mistaken; I am as far above such petty sentiments as I am above such petty people. You shall now see what I can do. Good-bye; for the present I am off to work.'

"I thought to myself, 'What on earth has he on hand now?' but before I could say a word he was really gone; and being myself very busy that day I had not time to reflect upon what he had told me, so I suppose it escaped my memory, as did many things which he had threatened to do. At any rate, I never thought any more about it, except to remember with pleasure the fact that his jealousy and discouragement had had the contrary effect upon him to that which it would have had on most people. It nerved him to new effort, and his pride came timely to his aid. You see what a strangely contradictory nature his was, and how he always managed to turn even his little unhappinesses to account.

"A short time afterwards I was invited to dine at his house, and he announced that I was to see his new work, 'Paris as it is.' As usual after dinner we went to the studio, and I have only to record here my amazement, which was just as great as it had been on every previous occasion when he had prepared a surprise for me. There was always a theatrical effect about everything he did, and he seemed in his element when he could stupefy his friends by some unexpected tour de force or superhuman effort and its visible result.

"On looking at the new work, 'Paris as it is,' I grew more and more astounded, for there were twelve colossal canvases, some of them more than half the height of the room. They were extraordinarily well executed, and as before, he had painted them in less time than it takes most artists to prepare their brushes and canvas. Here his effects were not derived from colour, but from the grouping of the personages and the drawings, which were beyond all praise. Of the twelve pictures each one was more horrible than the other —all were positively sickening in their realism. I could not bring myself to believe that he had imagined and painted such vivid scenes in so short a space of time. I paid him so many sincere compliments that he said laughingly,—

"'What do you think of Meissonier now?'

"It was not the same thing; but I had not the courage to say that there was still a difference between them.

"That same evening Théophile Gautier came to see the pictures, and pronounced them masterpieces.

"'But what shall we do with them,' he cried. 'Where on earth, in what hall, in what gallery could one place such loathsome productions? They are too indecent to be exhibited, but too real, too great to be left in oblivion. What is to be done with them? They reek with the filth of all that is lowest and vilest in the most abject slums of Paris. What can he do with them?'

"You see Gustave was still a boy, and besides what he had really seen, he had given full rein to his inspiration. These works, like everything he did, were efforts of memory and imagination. Théophile Gautier felt this as much as I, and we talked a long time about the probable destination of such a set of horrors. Gustave next day spoke of them to me thus:—

"'You need not fret,' he said, 'as to what to do with them. I know two Americans who will buy them to exhibit in America. I have already shown them to my Transatlantic buyers, and they will take them

at once at the price of one hundred and ten thousand francs.'

"I was delighted to hear this, and urged him to accept their offer forthwith. 'Gustave, my boy, you are in luck,' I said. 'Let me congratulate you; but lose no time Tell these men at once that the pictures are theirs.' He agreed to do so. Then we went and consulted his mother. Imagine what her answer was!

"Having told you something about Madame Doré's character, and the influence she exercised upon Gustave, you may judge of both by the following. He told her, as he had me, all about the pictures, and about the men who wished to buy them. She said at once: 'They have offered you a hundred and ten thousand francs? Then you should not accept the offer, for it means that they will pay more. Ask them a hundred and forty thousand. It is quite clear that people who can pay a hundred and ten thousand francs can always pay a hundred and forty thousand.'

"'But, dear madame,' I protested, "it is not at all clear, nor does it at all follow. I myself, or you either, might be able to pay the former sum and not the latter. These men seem honest enough, and they say positively that they cannot give more. It is not a bad price. Let them have the pictures for what they offer. (You see I wanted to get those paintings out of the country at any price.) Pray don't think it over, but decide upon selling them for that sum, and let me hear you say now that you agree to the bargain.

"'My friend,' she answered with curious ingenuousness, 'I have given you my opinion. Gustave is always being done by everybody he has to do with; only his mother appreciates him at his great value. He is easy-going, and would, like a fool, accept the first offer these men make to him. And you—you counsel him to prove that he thinks nothing of his own work by selling it to the first bidder, and at the price the latter proposes to give! It is simply ridiculous, and I will not hear of such a thing. Besides, as I said before, people who can pay a hundred

and ten thousand francs can just as well pay a hundred and forty thousand. If they refuse to give more they are only trying to get the better of Gustave. I have spoken, and that settles it—one hundred and forty thousand francs or nothing.'

"I cannot recall all she said, nor all the reasons, precedents and arguments she put forward; but she never yielded an inch, and was as obdurate as one can possibly imagine any woman to be; and that is saying a good deal. She went so far as to almost convince me that the offer of one hundred and ten thousand francs was an insult to her son. At last I took my leave, not at all easy in my mind, however, for something in the attitude and language of the would-be purchasers convinced me that they had spoken the truth. The next day Gustave saw them again, and demanded the sum his mother had instructed him to ask. They absolutely refused to give it, explaining the expenses of packing and shipping the pictures, besides the duty which would have to be paid on their arrival in New York, and the hundred little extras incident to the manipulation of such enormous canvases. In short, they professed to be extremely sorry, but could not give a farthing more than the amount of their first offer.

"You see, these pictures were destined for a travelling panorama or show of some sort; perhaps to be utilized in a circus, and announced by ringing of bells and beating of drums. But the principal thing about the transaction which charmed Gustave was the idea of the advertisement they would afford to his name, for he fancied that all America would rush to see this new work, of which he had already made an idol, and set up on an altar of his own imagining. He had seen himself made famous in a day; not as a draughtsman, but as a painter; and the height of his ambition seemed to have been reached. He spoke of how he was going to put to rout the whole world; and, as far as he himself was concerned, I know the idea of money never entered his head. Bear in mind that he was still only a boy, and remember that when he

raged about other artists receiving such large sums for their work, it was never the remuneration he cared about, but the grievance that he was not properly appreciated; a grievance which perpetually haunted his waking and sleeping thoughts.

"He listened, however, to every argument these men could advance, and then calmly refused to accept their first offer. His mother's words were ringing in his ears, and he deliberately sent the purchasers away. You see how much stronger his love for her was than even his own self-gratification or interest. He listened to her advice alone, and, as you see, stood in his own light by so doing.

"He told her naturally of their refusal. She was delighted to hear of it, and immediately consoled him by saying,—

"'They will come back. They were only trying on the old game. My poor Gustave, how little you really know the world! It was only a trick. I tell you they will come back; for I well know any one who can pay a hundred and ten thousand francs for pictures can always pay a hundred and forty thousand. They will come back.'

"But they never did. Gustave waited and waited, but in vain. There was no sign of the Americans who were to make him famous in the United States. This was another disappointment to him which he long brooded over, but in secret, for he never referred to it afterwards in any way. Madame Alexandrine felt a little sore about it at first, but did not hesitate afterwards to lavishly bestow upon the American dealers the epithets of *canailles*, wretches, miscreants, and so on. What became of those pictures no one ever knew. I think that Gustave, in his disappointment, destroyed them then and there. Théophile Gautier spoke to me about them later on, and I told him the whole story. Of course we marvelled much over their disappearance, and knowing positively that they had not been sold, there was only one of two conclusions to come to, viz. that he had made away with them himself, or

that the earth had swallowed them up. You will agree with me that the former was the most likely event of the two. But they were marvellous studies all the same, and to my mind he has never since done anything in the realistic style which can in any way compare with them."

CHAPTER XVII

DORÉ'S FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AS A PAINTER.

IN the summer of 1854, some have said 1853, but that date is too doubtful, Doré made a public appearance as a painter, and exhibited two pictures in the *Salon*, called "L'Enfant Rose et l'Enfant Chétif," and "La Famille de Saltimbanques." Both works were marked by originality of invention, and proved that Doré was a profound observer of human nature in two widely different forms. The former picture represents two mothers with their children, the one rich in health and prosperity, the other poor in everything, and of so miserable an aspect as to excite pity in the spectator. The glance she casts at the prosperous mother explains the picture.

The second canvas, "La Famille de Saltimbanques," depicts a family of poor itinerants, stranded, as it were, by the wayside, in a wretched state of penury. There are the blear-eyed father in bespangled tights, the attenuated mother in tarnished tinsel and tawdry finery, the hungry children wearing the hard, eager look imparted to childish faces by that heart-rending precocity which results from poverty, want, and the degrading influence of chronic vagabondage. And yet nature smiles sweetly from behind this mask of misfortune; for a babe reposes on its mother's breast in that calm and happy slumber which is infancy's inestimable prerogative. There is a pitiful lassitude in the child's pose; his limbs hang wearily, the little satin trunks are profusely wrinkled; the

"Him the Almighty power
Hurl'd headlong from the ethereal sky."
MILTON.

(By permission of Cassell and Co.)

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soiled tights and dirty bespangled shoes show but too plainly that he has done his share of the daily bread-earning; an owl chained to a table looks dismally but astutely on, the subtle expression of his great eyes seeming to protest against the awful life he is made to lead; whilst a poor dog, arrayed for the dance in a lace frilled garment, his curly tail anxiously peeping from beneath his shirt, has assumed an attitude of entreaty, his front paws scratching at his mistress's gown, with the head imploringly bent, as though he would say,—

"I have done my star tricks faithfully and well; pray, mistress, dear, take me up and pet me too!"

A handful of playing-cards, their face upwards, on the ground, show that the gipsy-woman has been interrupted in the midst of her fortune-telling in order to respond to a more natural demand, that of her tired child begging to be allowed to rest on its mother's breast.

This picture is indescribably pathetic and masterly in execution; yet it brought no recompense to Gustave Doré, nor was any notice taken of its author by the press. Paris did not seem to realize that Doré the illustrator was in earnest in appearing before the world in another character, especially as at that time the city was flooded with Bry's journals, which only cost two sous apiece, delivered at subscribers' houses, and of which Gautier sarcastically wrote:—

"How is it possible to believe in the merit of these multiplied works which reach you so regularly in your own house every morning in the form of a journal or pamphlet, especially when they are lively, witty, graphic embodiments of our customs and eccentricities, full of fire, force, and dash,; original alike in thought and execution, owing nothing to the antique; expressing our loves, tastes, caprices, and fads; the garments we wear, the types of grace and coquetry which please and flatter us, the circles wherein we pass our lives? How can we believe in their merit?"

It will be seen that Doré the painter had but little chance against Doré the illustrator. And yet he never

seriously thought of abandoning the one for the other. Painting was his dream, his idol, his hope for the future; whilst illustrating meant immediate fame and ready money.

At this time it will be remembered Madame Doré depended to a great extent upon Gustave. The house in the Rue St. Dominique was an expensive establishment, costing four hundred a year for rent alone. The only member of the family who earned much of anything was Gustave, and his mother's income was a slender one, even less in amount at that time than it had been immediately after M. Doré's death, for she had embarked in some unfortunate speculations which had straitened the family exchequer very considerably. Gustave earned a great deal, and spent his money lavishly. What he had belonged to his family, and his generosity stood the most trying of tests. He fretted somewhat at the irksomeness of his life, being thus obliged to devote himself to one speciality, when his talent and his inclination alike so strongly urged him on to realize a loftier ambition.

At this time he showed a great deal of self-denial, for he worked uncomplainingly at his blocks, and the only time he ever devoted to painting was stolen from sleep or the amusements which he permitted himself to indulge in now and then, not so much for diversion as to obtain some relaxation from his work, which his mother feared might impair his health. As for him, he scoffed at the idea of ever doing too much, and vaunted his constitution as something infallible. But good Madame Doré knew better, and a mother's watchful eye is not apt to be deceived. She divined his every thought, and made every circumstance of his daily life her exclusive study. He, for his part, would have been unhappy to think that his mother lacked any one of the little comforts she had been accustomed to during his father's lifetime; so he only toiled the more, in order that the household should be amply provided, and in the hope that she would mechanically get into the habit of not denying herself anything. However, there was little danger of extravagance

on her part, for she was a thrifty housewife, only lavish in her idolatry of her son Gustave.

It seems that she and old Françoise were both animated by intense jealousy as to who should excel the other in doing the most for him.

"Madame Doré sat up for him of nights," said the old nurse to me, "and went to his bedside the moment he awakened in the morning. She would scarcely allow me to do anything for him. But was he not my child as well as hers? She brought him into the world, but I brought him up in it; and yet only now and then was I able to do all that I wanted to do for him. Madame insisted on inspecting and repairing all his clothes, but *I* insisted on darning all his stockings; and even that pleasure she sometimes wished to deprive me of."

On the other hand M. Daubrée says of Madame Doré:—

"She was always scolding Françoise for working too hard. The old woman would do too much, and was on her feet from morning till night. She was always busy at something or other, and the only things belonging to Gustave that she did not dare to touch were his multitudinous blocks, which were sacred objects, and never felt the contact of either duster or feather-brush. 'Françoise,' Madame would say, 'rest yourself; you are getting old, and I can do all that is necessary in looking after this house. You seem to think it will not be properly kept in order for Gustave; as though his own mother were not competent to see to everything. The idea is monstrous.'"

Françoise smiled triumphantly as M. Daubrée told me this, and exclaimed,—

"Oh, yes; Madame thought she could do everything, and she meant well enough towards me; but I knew how Master Gustave liked things to be, and he always found that everything I did was quite right and necessary, naturally, even had I not attended to and cared for him all his life long; besides, Madame was the mistress of the house, and it was my place to look after everything. I only did my duty."

It will be seen that between the two loving women Gustave had every chance of being spoiled.

I must now return to the two pictures Doré exhibited in the Salon with so much pride and hopefulness. There is no notice of them extant in the possession of his family or friends. He was bitterly disappointed at their failure to create a sensation, or at least to elicit some notice from the press. He seems, however, to have buried his chagrin in his heart, and to have gone on steadily with his illustrating. This is one of the few instances on record of his having displayed patience and self-denial, for his was an impulsive nature, and if everything did not turn out exactly as he had anticipated, he complained to those around him of the wilful miscomprehension of his compatriots.

The fate of "L'Enfant Rose et l'Enfant Chétif" is not definitely known, nor is that of "La Famille des Saltimbanques." Goupil has a replica of the latter, but not the original painting. When M. Paul Lacroix saw the "Saltimbanques" he exclaimed,—

"That is one of his realistic set of pictures, 'Les Vilenies de Paris.' I thought I recognized that family of street performers. He has improved on the execution of the original, but never could have bettered its design. He certainly studied those poor creatures from nature. What misery! yet what art!" [1]

[1] Doré must have reproduced "La Famille de Saltimbanques" very often.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DORÉ DEPICTS WOODLAND SCENES.

DURING the autumn and winter of 1854 Doré was doubly occupied with painting and with illustrating books, magazines, journals, and the like. He gave himself no rest, and had as many as three different important works on hand at one and the same time, the principal one being Jules Gérard's "La Chasse au Lion." This was published in one volume, 12mo, with numerous drawings and a portrait of Gérard, the author, early in 1855, at the Librairie Nouvelle, and caused no less sensation than Doré's previous works. The sketches were executed in a different style to that associated theretofore with his name, and served admirably to display his versatility to the public. The animals and woodland scenes were absolutely glowing with life and beauty; in fact the book was a delight from beginning to end, and people began to perceive that Doré had in reality but one speciality—that of doing *everything* well. He found himself on the high tide of success, and everything he touched turned Aladdin-like in his hands to just what he wished it to be.

It may be interesting to know how he worked, and

especially how he dealt with his blocks. He never made a preliminary sketch on paper, but executed his drawings straight off upon the wood. He was very hard to please in the matter of blocks, and could never work upon inferior material. His wood had to be of the finest and whitest kind of box, and cost him a vast amount of money. The price of each medium-size block was eighty francs, and the price of the larger ones may be appraised by that ratio. He had great difficulty in always finding just what he wanted, and the enormous quantity of wood he used represented a small fortune in itself. He was well paid for his work, but the idea of economizing by using cheaper material never once entered his head. On the contrary, there was a sort of rough, dogged honesty about Gustave Doré which prompted him, no matter how unimportant in his eyes might be the job he had in hand, to execute it with the same care and perfection of design and material that he would have bestowed on a far more elaborate and remunerative piece of work. He invariably refused to scamp his drawings in any way, and if there was loss, it came out of his own pocket. "He ardently wished," as M. Lacroix has said, "to elevate the standard of wood-engraving to its highest attainable point," and in order to do so, he sternly resolved to impose his ideas, which had become convictions, upon the world. One of them was that nothing but the best could command the best; and in proof of this axiom he spared himself in no way, not only often losing money by his commissions, but giving himself up body and soul to the delectation of the public, and thus enforcing his opinion with undeniable generosity. He wished the world to see all that could be achieved in the draughtsman's art, and to this end he spared no pains, moral, physical, or financial. His actions conspicuously exemplified the sincerity of his convictions. He was obstinate, opinionated, determined, and indefatigable. Happily for him, about this time everything seemed to tend towards vindicating the correctness of his views. Wood-engraving began to acquire a popularity which finished

in a mania. Every author who wrote a book wanted Doré to illustrate it; every littérateur who had ever read a book wanted Doré to revivify it; every publisher who had ever published a book wanted to reproduce it with Doré's collaboration. The young artist hesitated at nothing, and was himself carried away by this mighty wave of success, which meant to him, besides fame and money, sleepless nights, restless days; in short, such a continuity of labour that the galley-slave, compared to Gustave Doré, might be said to live the life of a gentleman of leisure. One of his family said to me, à propos of his assiduity during the period in question,—

"I do not think that during a whole year Gustave slept on an average more than three hours of the twenty-four. The wonder is that he did not go mad, for really he went through enough to turn any one's brain. His life was one continual come and go of publishers, authors, journalists, and the like, and of excitement that never abated. We all expected that his health would give way, for it did not seem possible that any human being could conceive and accomplish so much within the limit of time that he allotted to himself. Yet he never complained of any physical ailment, not even a headache, but only worked and worked and worked."

M. Kratz lived in the Rue Jacob, very near the Rue Monsieur le Prince, where Doré had his principal studio. Doré passed his house to go to it, and was in the habit of calling upon M. Kratz in the morning at about eight, on his way to work. He would say, "Arthur, come and fetch me to-night for dinner at about seven. I shall be at work all day in the studio."

He arrived there about that hour daily for months at a stretch, and worked until about half-past twelve or one, when he would rush out to some neighbouring pot-house, swallow a few mouthfuls, usually standing, and then hurry back to his work. When M. Kratz arrived at seven Doré was still hard at it, and invariably grumbled because he must be interrupted in order to dine.

"It would have killed me to keep on like that," said

M. Kratz. "I don't know how he managed it. And please observe that this was not an occasional practice,

"THE LANDLORD OF THE THREE BARBELS."
(Original Drawing. By permission of Chatto and Windus. "Contes Drôlatiques.")

but his daily habit for years. I have often thought about him as I saw him there, and confess that I have never

known any other human being who slaved so persistently as he. He never seemed out of temper, was never ill, and rarely ailing. During those first years in Paris he performed miracles—that is all one can say. After our dinner, back he would go to work at his blocks by lamplight, and keep at them sometimes till day dawned. That is what I call a real downright hard-worker!"

The only way to strengthen the above evidence is to give in detail the names of the volumes Doré illustrated and the number of drawings he made in the course of the year 1855. First came the "Contes Drôlatiques," collected and given to the light of day by le Sieur de Balzac. Fifth edition, illustrated by Gustave Doré, with *four hundred and twenty-five* drawings. This work was published by the "Société Générale de la Libraire," in the Rue de Richelieu, and in *Le Journal pour Tous.*

"Le Notaire de Pingense," by Longfellow	1	drawing	(pages 8)
"Le Docteur Trifone," by Adrien Robert	1	„	(„ 65)
"Le Rossignol," by Anderson	1	„	(„ 141)
"Les Arrivages de Blé à Odessa," par X. Monnier	1	„	(„ 288)
"La Reine de Fer et la Reine de Soie," A. Neil	1	„	(„ 344)
"La Bosann de la Mort," par W. Carleton	5	„	(„ 347)
"L'Héritière Écossaise," par Mackenzie Daniels	21	„	(„ 390)
"Leny et Lory," par Alex. Neil	4	„	(„ 513)
"Les Agnés"	1	„	(„ 141)
"Un Ouragan en Russie pendant l'Hiver"	2	„	(„ 572)
"Noël"	1	„	(„ 598)
"Calendrier, 1856"	1	„	(„ 624)
"Un Mariage à Distance," par Phil-Andebaut	1	„	(„ 652)
"Le Président Brengels," par Sleesk	2	„	(„ 669)
"Le Carnival"	1	„	(„ 696)
"Un Roi dans la Camfine," par Mucklingen	2	„	(„ 745)
"Le Luthier du Tyrol," par Michiels	1	„	(„ 767)
"Longchamps"	1	„	(„ 866)
"Les Émotions de Polydore Marasquin," par Léon Gozlan	2	„	(„ 822)

"Voyage aux Eaux des Pyrénées," par H. Taine, illustrated by sixty-five vignettes; one vol. in 18. Hachette and Company.

The last-named series concludes the list of drawings

absolutely made in that year. You can readily imagine the magnitude and variety of Doré's labour by carefully running over the names of these different works, which themselves sufficiently indicate the amount of brain-work attendant on the treatment of such widely varied subjects.

I shall not attempt to criticize any of them in detail. Of course the drawings made for *Le Journal pour Tous* cannot be classed with more arduous works requiring literary research and humorous invention, such, for instance, as the "Contes Drôlatiques" of Balzac,[1] first published in London by Chatto and Windus.

To essay a description of this work's many shining merits would be equivalent to what has already been said in a previous chapter respecting Doré's illustrations of Rabelais, the effort of genius so boldly and triumphantly imitated by Honoré de Balzac. There was this difference, perhaps, between the conceptions of the two authors. Having once understood Rabelais, it was comparatively easy to construct "Les Contes Drôlatiques;" whilst a writer who should only have read "Les Contes Drôlatiques" would probably find himself very far from imagining "The Adventures of Gargantua and Pantagruel."

Rabelais is extremely risky reading, but profoundly instructive despite his licentiousness. "Les Contes Drôlatiques," on the other hand, are coarse and clever, but little more; whilst their wit, such as it is, bears so modern a stamp, that after reading through a great deal of elaborate indecency, one is not rewarded by having unearthed a single jewel of wisdom or philosophy.

Gustave Doré had a doubly hard task before him, that of making a second Rabelaisian book, like, and yet unlike, his first. It was here that his extraordinary inventiveness triumphed over every obstacle, for not a single drawing of the whole four hundred was lacking in

[1] The publication of "Les Contes Drôlatiques" has been since many years suppressed in England. The reasons of this peculiar suppression are not at all obvious, Rabelais enjoying public licence and recognition.

originality of conception; in a word, his imagination again proved itself to be as brilliant as it was fertile and versatile. Paris was amazed and enchanted. Such boldness, such vigour, such incessant and indefatigible productiveness in a lad of twenty-two, passed all comprehension.

These drawings caused a sensation more vehement, if possible, than the Rabelais furore; partly by reason of the recent death of the great novelist, then still fresh in the minds of the Parisians, and of the resuscitation, so to speak, of a work which had enjoyed great favour on its first introduction to public notice many years previously. However this might be, the rising popularity of the young Alsatian swept everything before it, and fanned the flame of his success, as the wind fans the prairie fires of the great West. Everything Doré undertook he carried out to perfection. There was but one verdict upon him and his works. He was the marvel of the day; and of the hundreds of thousands who read "Les Contes Drôlatiques," there was not one who, looking at the illustrations, did not say, "What a prodigy is Doré, and what an imagination he possesses! If he begins thus, where will he end?" He was unhesitatingly styled the first draughtsman of his epoch; by no means faint praise considering that it was accorded to him by the most severely critical public in Europe.

The "Voyage aux Pyrénées" was brought out in England by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., the English text by Henry Blackburn, and enjoyed great popularity. In short, it is one of the few standard works of the day, and deservedly so, for in it both author and illustrator are at their best; any one who has ever visited that country on reading Mr. Blackburn's description can imagine himself once more within sight of "The French Apennines" and if he have any doubt, it would be dispelled on seeing Doré's life-like sketches and cartoons of the old familiar and lovely places.

CHAPTER XIX.

DORÉ APPEARS A SECOND TIME AS A PAINTER.

I HAVE mentioned the works of the year 1854 and 1855 in their chronological order; and shall now speak of Gustave Doré, the painter, as it was in June, 1855, that he made his second appearance in that rôle before the Parisian public. During the winter of 1854 and spring of 1855 he had completed four pictures, called, "La Bataille de l'Alma," "Le Soir," "La Prairie," and "Rizzio." The first three were accepted at the Universal Exhibition, and became the subjects of general comment.

A friend of Doré's, speaking of his débût as a painter, said, "This new departure burst upon Paris like a bomb-shell. Few were able to realize that it was the illustrator Doré, a young man of three-and-twenty, who thus aspired to the twin laurels of painter and designer. The works in question were no less objects of curiosity than of interest, for people in general were unwilling to believe that any one man could have found time to accomplish so much."

The first-mentioned picture, "The Battle of the Alma," was the most important painting of the three, and provoked a vast amount of criticism. It would seem that previous to the opening of the exhibition there had been

some talk of Doré's appearance in this new character, and that public mention had been made of his pictures; Edmond About, for instance, had written about "Rizzio," *the* one which was refused by the jury of reception: "'Rizzio' should prove a grand success. I have not the slightest doubt of this, nor has my friend Théophile Gautier."

In those days Doré counted his partisans by thousands; but when the question arose of upholding his talent as a painter, he found that their number had dwindled so considerably that he could count them upon the fingers of one hand. Rarely, however, does any rising young artist possess warm friends in such influential critics as Messrs. E. About, T. Gautier, and Paul Dalloz, of the *Moniteur Universel.*

The second-named wrote as follows of the great picture, "La Bataille de l'Alma:"—"M. Gustave Doré, in his 'Bataille de l'Alma,' has taken himself out of the usual groove; he has made a battle of soldiers. His Zouaves climb the steep mountain sides with tumultuous impetuosity, scattering the ambushed Russians to the right and left. The ascending movement of this valiant cohort is very well rendered, reminding one of a torrent reversed and leaping back to its source. Individualities disappear in this whirlwind, and the eye fastens upon no single detail. The execution is much too rapid; it surpasses in quickness the most feverish and hurried of his sketches, and one may readily believe, while observing certain muddy obscurities, that the artist did not even take time to clean his brushes. However, this 'Battle of the Alma' is not a mediocre affair; in it are expressed life, force, and will. M. Gustave Doré possesses one of the *most marvellously artistic organizations* we have encountered. His illustration of Rabelais, 'Les Contes Drôlatiques,' and 'Les Légendes Populaires,' are masterpieces, in which the most powerful realism unites itself to a still rarer fancifulness of imagination. His studio is choked with immense canvases, sketched with a fury which surpasses that of Goya; here and there shadowy, here and there gorgeous

with a chaos of colour, sparkling works of the very first order; a head, a torso, a corslet, dashed off as they might have been sketched by Rubens, Tintoretto, or Velasquez. From this time forth, breaking through the clouds, shines a ray of genius. Yes, genius, a word we are none too prodigal of. Let it be well understood that we speak alone of the future of the painter; for the draughtsman has already won his proper rank."

Edmond About spoke of "Rizzio" again and regretted its absence from the exhibition; but in reference to the other pictures he wrote the following:—

"The little we have received from you proves that you know how to paint battles and landscapes, Zouaves and prairie flowers. Your plantation of poplars is beautiful in sentiment and grand in aspect; but it is perched so high that we would have to splice two ladders together, end to end, in order to be able to see anything of it. You have been carried to the clouds by your first bound, and your merit as a landscape painter is only visible with the aid of a telescope. Your 'Bataille de l'Alma' is an original work. All historical painters instal the general with his staff in the place of honour, whilst the soldiers, smoke, and dust are muddled up pell-mell together in the background.[1] As to you, you have conceived the generous and original idea of depicting a battle of soldiers. In the same spirit M. Michelet has written a history of France, relegating princes to the background, and giving the place of honour to the veritable heroes—the people. Your chasseurs à pied, riflemen, and Zouaves, fight with an admirable and splendid fury. You were born to depict desperate mêlée, hand-to-hand conflicts, and all the recklessness of courage. You yourself are the Zouave of painting. . . . . Your colour is frank, lively, startling, and, what is still less to be despised, entirely your own. You imitate neither Venetians, Flemings, nor Spaniards; but ere long the world will begin to imitate you."

These are the fairest examples of the criticisms which

[1] See René Delorme, étude G. Doré, 1880.

were passed on the young painter at his début. M. About's remark about seeing his merit with a telescope may have had, as did so many remarks by this brilliant wit, a decided double meaning. One positive deduction may be made

LITTLE PEGGY.

(Hood's Poems. Unpublished Drawing, by kindness of Dr. Michel. Original in Doré Gallery.)

from it, however, to wit, that Doré's pictures were very badly hung.

We have every reason to believe that "La Bataille de l'Alma" alone was tolerably well placed, and that "Le

Soir" and "La Prairie" were, as About said, very near the clouds. There is not the slightest doubt that many artists are at a great disadvantage in large exhibitions, simply because it is impossible to suit every one. The best position in every gallery is always accorded as a right to the exhibitors of established renown. The next best are apportioned to those of proximate celebrity, each in his turn, and it is a wonder that young artists ever get any chance at all of being hung "upon the line." It is a well-known fact that talent must yield the step to red-tape, and that youthful ambition must be sacrificed to the etiquette which protects precedence. There was really nothing surprising in the remark made by the Americans who, on looking round at a recent exhibition at "the Salon," observed that "most of the pictures there were painted by Mr. 'Hors Concours.'" However, if we are to believe at all in justice, every talent will eventually make itself felt in the world; and had Doré's pictures been put on the roof, there would still have been one ladder long enough to have reached them, and one climber resolute enough to have pointed them out to public attention.

The general public, however, saw only the three canvases displayed in the exhibition, whilst Doré's friends, Gautier and About, had in their minds all of those extraordinary paintings which encumbered the studio of the young artist, and revealed by a thousand touches the hand and genius of a master. That these were present to their memories is clearly indicated by the articles above quoted. The public, out of deference to two such authorities, affected credulity; but, as a public often will, resented the obligation to do so, and its resentment fell, not upon the critic, but upon the criticized.

Doré was early made to feel the lash of friendship's scourge, which to great men is sometimes as stinging as it is salutary. Théophile Gautier was the godfather who baptized him with the name of "Genius," but the Parisians did not feel bound to stand sponsors to him for that reason. Like a Prince born to a sterile crown, Doré

came into an empty title, unaccompanied by distinctions and emoluments.

The jury of the exhibition awarded him no medal, and the public no additional renown. His pictures were casually commented upon along with a thousand others. No one spoke of him as a painter, although the name of the illustrator of Rabelais and "Les Contes Drôlatiques" was upon every one's lips. When the exhibition came to an end the pictures went back to his studio, for no purchaser had as yet come forward, and dust accumulated upon the frames of "La Bataille de l'Alma," "Le Soir," and "La Prairie," long before any one appeared to realize that Doré painted pictures to sell. As to "Rizzio," it was almost as ill-fated as its namesake, and few in Paris ever knew what became of it, but it actually is in the Doré Gallery, Bond Street. In spite of Gautier's remark "that the artist seemed hardly to have taken time to wipe his brushes," Doré had bestowed an infinite amount of thought, time, and labour on the execution of these works. Still more, he had built up for himself hopes which were not only destined never to be realized, but which in their very inception received the cruelest of blows. His self-love was wounded often enough during that Exhibition of 1855 to have suffered mortal injury. In his earnest enthusiasm Doré thought, because he was a great draughtsman, that he was also a great painter, and imagined that the success he had achieved in one line would not only follow him in the other, but would be absolutely hurled at his head. He had said, "Aut Doré, aut nullus," so long to the Parisian public, that he fancied the latter would adopt that device without even a show of remonstrance. To say that he was mistaken is to say very little. He was bitterly disappointed, and sore to his heart's core over the tame reception his work had met with. He complained to many of his friends, and the words "injustice," "misunderstood," "ill-treated," found frequent iteration from his lips.

You will say that he was wrong; but it must be remembered that youthful success is a dangerous aliment

whereon to feed an impressionable and highly gifted nature. The youthful mind is little calculated to receive rebuffs, and the youthful temperament is in a less fitting state to accept them. Gustave Doré was a spoiled child, and acted as spoiled children do. He attributed every motive but the right one to this public lack of appreciation, and judging himself by his own ambition and creative talent, he fancied he was already a painter, and wilfully ate his heart out because the public refused to bow down before him, and acknowledge him to be what he was not then, no matter what he might become. Paris said that he showed in those first works the want that no amount of manual practice can give, namely, the lack of technique. This word, which applies itself to all arts, to all professions, I had almost said to all careers, typifies that brutal school wherein all painters must learn the alphabet of their future greatness. An artist without technique is a house without a foundation, a name written in sand. M. Lacroix was not so very old a man when he begged Gustave to study from models, in short, to learn his art as others had learned theirs: but even then he fully appreciated that no profession can be a legitimate success which has not been learned through legitimate means. If the contrary is to be the case, farewell for ever to apprenticeship of every kind, and to those long, exhausting hours of preparatory toil which harass youth and engender grey hairs at the age of twenty. If all the world may paint without ever having studied painting as an art, then not only were Raphael and Da Vinci fools, but so is every one else who believes as they did, and puts that belief to such severe and endless tests. It is true that this is an age of progress; but no one has ever known or heard of a human being claiming to be a great artist, who has not toiled step by step up every one of those rugged steeps which lead to the final goal of art.

As there are exceptions to every rule, so there are natures exceptionally gifted; and when one possesses, as did Gustave Doré, a prodigal wealth of talents, all the greater reason exists for cultivating such a nature in

the proper manner. No natural talent will carry forward a man of genius "by leaps and bounds" over the gulf that gapes between the first step of to will to that last of to be able. To attempt such feats is inexcusable in natures containing any element of greatness, and offers the same insult to honest art that a lottery or any game of hazard proffers to honest labour.

That Doré was one of a million he had clearly shown; but had he taken M. Lacroix's advice he would have been one of twenty millions. Considering how little he had studied, he had already done too much; the marvel is that all of his first pictures were accepted at once. But natural gifts are so distinct from false art, that he deceived no one except himself. On looking at his paintings, connoisseurs said at once, "He has it all in him, but he lacks school."

As this is not a treatise on art, I do not pretend to define that word "school." Every one fancies that he knows what it means, and what it meant years ago, when Doré exhibited those first paintings in the great universal Exhibition of '55.

Had he then realized the grave import of the charge made against his performances as a painter, he would undoubtedly have set to work in the right and only way to refute it. But not only was Doré sincere and honest in what he did, but his convictions were so deeply rooted, that he found it impossible to eradicate and cast them out with that facility which less gifted but less opinionated persons possess.

He had his own ideas about painting, and clung to them in the teeth of all opposition; moreover, at that time he had no wish to change his method, because he fully intended to bring the world over to his own way of thinking; and in order to do that he clung more firmly than ever to his settled convictions. He did not believe in the apprenticeship of art; he pooh-poohed the idea of models; he had obtained the most brilliant results from his own way of working; and he thought that the same system would apply to painting.

His way was already so far removed from ordinary ways that he may be forgiven for not being able to well define the difference between natural and acquired talent. It was not to avoid painstaking or hard work, because he toiled from morning till night, and from night till morning, sparing himself in no wise. It was merely the result of his ideas about art, of his intense confidence in himself, and of the conviction which was the natural outcome of his extraordinary successes and rapid popularity; of a misdirected ambition to do away with all rules of precedent, to found an art of his own for painting, as he had for illustrating—an art which should have no school, but simply be called "Doré."

No one can blame him for being ambitious; but every one denounced his mistaken ideas in regard to the art of painting. In one sense Doré was right in thinking that many people were leagued against him, for he certainly could not expect to carry everything before him in this career, as he had done in that of illustrating. He had many jealousies to contend with, and these, instead of being a living proof to him of his superior ability, preyed upon his spirits and made his life a misery to him. Doré was too inexperienced, too tired, and too overwrought to be above the pettinesses of his career. Had he willingly acknowledged any authority other than his own on art, he would have saved himself a lifetime of torment. Had he but taken a reasonable view of his own situation, he would have easily persuaded himself that painters, like the world itself, were not made in a day.

But Doré had strained and proved to the quick a naturally impetuous nature by terrible overwork; he had drained his imagination, had begun to draw upon his physical strength; he was living from day to day upon the capital of his youth and nervous vitality. It cannot be expected that any diet consumed upon such principles would prove either morally or materially beneficial. He speedily felt its result. As soon as the first excitement of the Exhibition was over he suffered from that reaction which occurs after excessive effort; and, after having burned the

candle at both ends for a whole year, he decided upon taking his usual summer vacation, and went with Madame Doré, his brothers and two friends, to Switzerland.

His mother has described some of his humours and fancies in letters written to M. Paul Lacroix, from which I extract a few lines here and there, to give some idea of the state of Gustave Doré's mind during his 1855 vacation. She wrote from Switzerland as follows :—

"I cannot tell you how very indelicately Monsieur B. has behaved with respect to his picture bargains with Gustave. It absolutely passes belief. Poor Gustave! He is mortally sad. It is enough to make him commit suicide that he, an artist beginning his career, should see himself so continually duped and played upon."

It may be inferred from this passage that Doré had at that time other works in hand, which he considered sufficiently complete to bring to public notice, and that, instead of undergoing any preparatory study, he entertained the fixed resolve to proceed exactly as he had begun. He seems, however, to have benefited both morally and physically by change of air and scene and enforced repose. His naturally buoyant nature could not long remain depressed by even the most poignant vexations. He travelled, as usual, in a desultory manner. Madame Doré wrote three weeks later from Ems :—

"My poor Gustave does not like to be alone ; so I conform with pleasure to all his whims, exigencies, and tastes. Really, I can but admire his exaltation . . . . but I am only the mother of an artist in embryo . . . . Seeing, as I do, countless castles in the air being constructed by his youthful imagination, I often ask myself if so many projects are possibly realizable by any man, whatever be his capacity for work and his force of will."

This message may be received as a proof that Doré had recovered his normal spirits, and had once more plunged himself into the boundless sea of hope. What his visions and projects were, he himself defines later

on in his notes, which I shall not give here, but in their chronological order; for many events took place during that summer which certainly deserve to be mentioned, as they throw into strong relief the richness and spontaneity of Doré's versatile nature.

CHAPTER XX.

A TRIP TO THE PYRENEES.

HAVING ventured with his family to Paris, Doré conceived the idea of a trip to the Pyrenees, in order to illustrate a book entitled "Un Voyage aux Pyrénées." For once in a way he combined business with pleasure during this memorable excursion.

Doré always had the good fortune to be accompanied in his wanderings either by relatives or friends ; and on this occasion he had two companions who certainly could not have been excelled in wit, culture, and devotion to him. The first was Théophile Gautier, who has already been several times mentioned ; the second, although new to us, was still an old friend of Doré, M. Paul Dalloz, a brilliant man of letters, and the editor of the *Moniteur Universel.*

M. Dalloz had formed a deep and affectionate friendship for Doré; one of those strong, keen attachments which grow with our growth and increase with our years. Dalloz, in a word, loved Doré as a brother, and by some strange freak of nature they so much resembled one another in personal appearance as to have been often taken one for the other. In Doré, Dalloz recognized a greater genius than that of any other man living, and thought

nothing on earth too good for his beloved friend. Dalloz seems to have been imbued with one of those beautiful and perfect amities which are the offspring of intense sympathy and perfect disinterestedness; one of those pure affections which take no account of time or place, sacrifice, accident, or absence; in short, of anything but the well-being of the cherished person so strangely and sweetly harboured in the innermost sanctuary of the heart; that vineyard where ripens the fruit of the only perfect human sentiment—true friendship.

Of this nature was M. Dalloz's regard for Gustave Doré. One day I paid a visit to the office of *Le Moniteur Universel* on purpose to talk with him about the great artist. As in the case of the late M. Lacroix (Bibliophile Jacob), I shall let M. Dalloz speak for himself, and in his own words, translated or paraphrased to the best of my ability, but necessarily losing somewhat of their original force and piquancy in the process of translation into our own language.

Mr. Dalloz prefaced his remarks by an outburst of eloquent praise of Doré. Both as man and artist he evidently had but one opinion of him; and, although he spoke with remarkable frankness, the sincere affection inspiring his statements was unmistakable, for his voice rang with genuine feeling, whilst his eyes betrayed the liveliest interest and emotion.

"Gustave Doré—ah! my dear Gustave!" he exclaimed. "He was indeed a genius! I have known him ever since he first came to Paris in 1847, so you may judge whether or no I had time and opportunity enough to study, understand, and appreciate him. Our friendship was only once interrupted, and that for a single year. We quarrelled over one of his paintings, which was not worthy of him, nor of his talent. I did not like it, and I told him so; besides, I presumed on our old friendship, and criticized him very severely. He took my remarks to heart in a way I never could have believed possible. In short, we parted in angry silence, and by some chance did not meet again for a long time. I cannot tell you how

ORIGINAL DRAWING.

(Doré's "Spain." Sampson Low and Co.)

grieved I was. I said to myself, 'Is it possible that a man of his intelligence and experience can so utterly misconstrue the advice of a friend? as though in criticizing him, I could have had any other object in view but his own interest!' In those days I was young and hot-blooded, and, knowing the honesty of my love for him, I felt doubly hurt at the way in which he had received my comments. But I was too proud to make the first overtures towards reconciliation.

"A year elapsed when, as I was walking up the Champs Elysées one day, a fiacre passed me so close that I could have touched it. In it sat Gustave Doré. Our eyes met; he gave me one regretful look, signalled his driver to stop, jumped out of the cab, and rushed up to me with tears in his eyes, exclaiming,—

"'Embrace me quickly. I forgive you your harsh criticism. We are both idiots. Should a friendship like ours, of years' standing, be broken up by half-an-hour's bad humour and half as much plain truth-telling?'

"I need not say how overjoyed I was, nor how promptly I made it up with him. His eyes were wet as he spoke to me. Dear old Gustave! From that time forth we never had a word, and I cannot tell you all we were to each other.

"I remember so many incidents of his life that it is difficult to know where to begin their narration. It was an existence so full of work and excitement that it is a wonder he ever lived through it. Happily for him, his was a nature teeming with gaiety; when he was not harassed and worried, he could see fun in anything and everything. We almost always spent our summer holidays together. At this moment I recall to mind our journey to the Pyrenees, to Biarritz, and through Spain. You may remember that the whole imperial court was then at Biarritz, including Napoleon III., with his beautiful young Empress, who gave a series of fêtes and splendid entertainments. I think it was in 1855—at any rate it was about that time, and I remember this particular excursion for many reasons. First of all we had such fun. Théo-

phile Gautier, Gustave, and myself were together, as full of spirits and mischief as school-boys out on a holiday. Gustave, who, as you know, was possessed by a mania for all sorts of circus tricks, kept us in a continual ferment over his wondrous contortions and evolutions. I fully expected to carry him maimed back to Paris. Happily, no such catastrophe occurred to mar the pleasure of our trip.

"It *was* gay at Biarritz, and besides the social fêtes, there were to be two bull-fights. Doré was crazy to see one, nor was I less anxious to do so than he. He did nothing but talk about them from the time when he first heard of them until they came off. The first took place in the presence of the court, and was a very shabby affair, so badly managed that our sympathies, to a man, were with the bulls, whilst the espada seemed to us a wretch of the deepest dye. That evening I dined with Théophile Gautier and Gustave, and during dinner Doré began his lamentations. The vaunted bull-fight was a delusion and a snare; it was inhuman! The torreadors were brutes; the show was not worth seeing; in fact, it never had amounted to anything, and so on. One would have thought from his indignation that the whole spectacle had been got up expressly on his account, and that his personal honour had been pledged to its success. Théophile Gautier was in very high spirits, and begged Gustave to stop talking nonsense. You may imagine how noisily he had given vent to his feelings, when I tell you that we had scarcely begun our dinner when Gautier yelled out,—

"'Keep quiet, you young calf! stop your bleating, or I will dress your hair with this soup-tureen. You know nothing about it. Wait until to-morrow!"

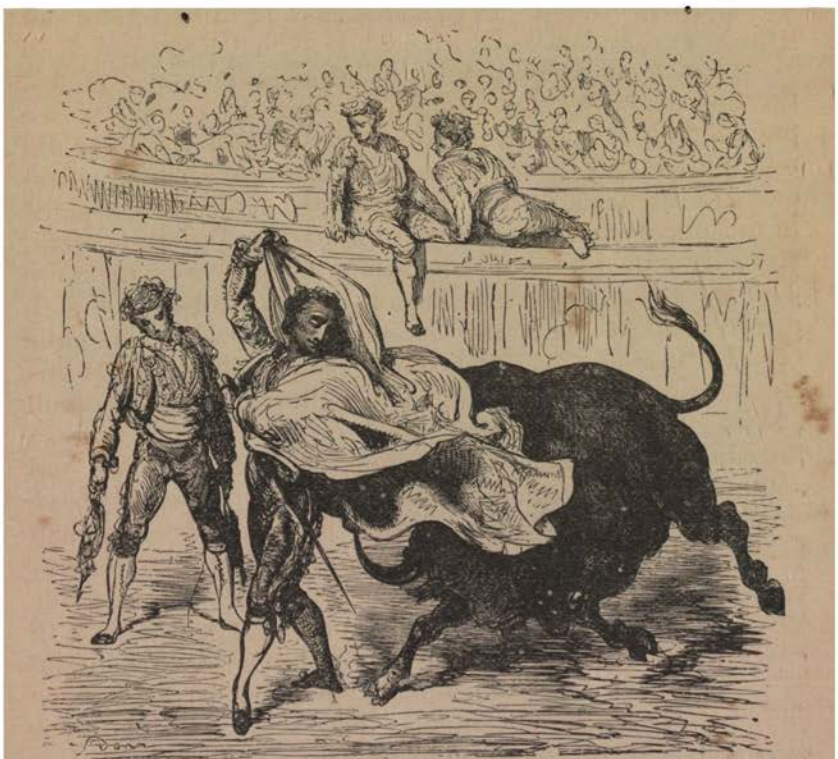
"All through the dinner Gautier entertained us with one flash of wit after another; but, would you believe it? that idiot Gustave could not get over his disappointment! He was so impressionable that he still felt the failure of the bull-fight as if it had reflected discredit upon himself. He even went so far as to say,—

"'I had made up my mind all day long to be so much

amused that I can't get over it. You yourself (to Gautier) told me it was such fun.'

"'Good heavens!' replied Gautier, 'will you let us dine in peace or not? Are you a baby or are you a man? So it is fun. Wait until to-morrow, I tell you!'

"It was impossible to withstand Gautier's delightful



SPAIN.
(Published by Sampson Low and Co., London.)

humour for any length of time. He was so good-hearted with all his brilliancy and wit that before dessert was finished Master Gustave condescended to come to himself and to drop the subject of bull-fights. Perhaps he realized how much Gautier thought of him; and indeed, the double effort that the poet made to be agreeable was a proof that he really wished to allay Gustave's disap-

pointment, of which certainly he had to some extent been the cause. He had filled our heads with visions of bull-fights for days and days before, and when Gautier tried to describe anything, you may imagine what his description would be like. However, to finish about our bull-fight.

"The next day we went again to the Correo, and the *coup-d'œil* was really a grand one. The empress, then in superb beauty, was there with the court as before, and the whole amphitheatre displayed one mass of upturned faces. The performance, too, was in every respect brilliant. The last bull on the list was blind of one eye, and struck out sideways with his horns, which greatly embarrassed his adversary, the matador. I shall never forget that man. His name was Domingues. As he was about to strike the bull, that purblind brute swerved aside, and dug his horns into Domingues' thigh. The whole audience rose yelling to its feet, and the wounded espada ran out of the arena. As we were standing just at the entrance, we saw him tie up his thigh, with two strong silk handkerchiefs; then, with a reckless look in his eyes, out he came again and walked up to the bull. The excitement was intense, and Gustave's face was colourless with emotion. A banderillero waved his flag, and Domingues, as the bull charged him, planted his sword to the very hilt in the neck, between its shoulders. The fierce beast dropped dead as though smitten by lightning. I cannot describe the excitement we were in as Domingues stepped forward to salute their Majesties, and then rushed blindly towards the entrance of the arena. Gautier, Gustave, and myself followed at his heels. He was a sight to see; staggering from side to side, his gorgeous costume all be-splashed and bespattered with blood. He did not get very far, however. After a few steps forward, he threw up his arms and fell swooning back in the track of his own gore. Of course, you have heard of bull-fights, and how these emotional scenes repeat themselves thereat; but even Gautier gave the palm to this one over all the others he had hitherto witnessed. They were carrying Domingues out of the arena, when Gautier tapped Gustave on the shoulder, saying,—

SPAIN.

(Original Sketch. Published by Sampson Low and Co., 1859.)

"'What do you think of a real bull-fight now, my boy?'

"'Good God!' replied Gustave; "what a scene! what courage! what a man and what a beast! I could not forget it were I to live for a thousand years!'

"And I don't think that any one of us ever forgot what we had seen that day. I, however, remember it particularly for another reason, as it was then that we held a discussion on art with Gautier, lasting two hours. Gautier insisted that there was only one perfect thing in the world—a beautiful woman; that all statues, paintings, and so-called works of art, even the most admirable conceptions of ideal beauty, were mere dross when compared with a real masterpiece of Nature's own fashioning. Gustave and I, in order to draw Gautier out, upheld a contrary view. Gustave cited many world-famous classical personages, and said, 'Nonsense! There is nothing in the real world so beautiful as in the imaginary. I have never seen a woman so lovely as the perfect forms born in the painter's brain, or carved by the sculptor's chisel.'

"The more he talked, the more vigorously Gautier maintained his theory. I really agreed with him, and I believe that Gustave did so in his heart; but he pretended not to, and was as obstinate in sticking to his opinion as Gautier was in clinging to his. I have heard the great poet and stylist speak many a time and oft, but never so eloquently as on the occasion referred to. We always recalled that day afterwards by referring to it as 'the day on which Gautier had his great discussion on art with Gustave.'

"We went from Biarritz into Spain. I remember a little place, Urrugne, where we had great fun. It was in this town that Gautier composed a charming and curious poem.[1] He told us that he 'improvised it then and

[1] The poem in question is in the collection of Gautier's complete works, vol. ii. p. 97, and is called "L'Horloge." It could not have been improvised in 1855, as it is part of the collection of 1838, published in 1841. The poem begins thus:—

"Vulnerat omnes, ultima necat."

La voiture fit halte à l'église d'Urrugne,
Nom rauque, dont le son à la rime répugne
Mais qui n'en est pas moins un village charmant,
Sur un sol montagneux perché bizarrement, &c., &c.

there;' and as we came in sight of the old church he stopped and recited it. You know the lines, perhaps, beginning 'La voiture fit halte.' I forget them now, having so many things to think of. It was in that very town that we had the greatest fun of all. We went to an ancient livery stable, bargained for and dragged out one of the royal coaches, harnessed the best horses we could find to it, then started off and drove through the town. Doré and myself sat like two grooms on the dickey, while Gautier drove the coach. He was very stout, you know, and I think I can hear him now, puffing and blowing away on the box. It was such hot weather; the sunlight poured down upon us as it does in the dog-days, and we were none of us too comfortable. But we had begun our spree, and fully intended to see it through. We had shut up the coach; and as we gave ourselves tremendous airs of importance in a few moments we were followed by an enormous crowd, yelling out, 'Who is in the royal carriage? Make way for the distinguished visitors to Urrugne!' I wish you could have seen Gautier on that box seat! His pompousness would have convulsed a dying man with laughter, and he drove along at a rattling pace. As to Gustave and myself, we had to hold our sides in the endeavour to suppress our merriment. You see we had to maintain our gravity and display a decorous demeanour towards the public. Gautier enjoyed the affair as much as either of us. We went all over the town, and finally drew up with great pomp at the principal hotel of the place. The crowd of bystanders was so great that we could scarcely pull up without running over some one; and I shall not readily forget the different expressions of the eager faces upturned to ours, as Gautier stopped his horses. Gustave jumped down and I followed him. He made some acrobatic kind of salutation to the crowd, then opened the coach door, and hurried into the hotel, bowing to the right and left as he did so. Gautier was not so quick, as he had to consign his horses to an hostler. We went into the hotel, and the crowd waited patiently for the distinguished guests to alight. Need I say they waited

in vain? At last some of the more curious, summoning up their courage, ventured to peer into the coach. A howl of rage broke from them on finding it empty. The bulk of the crowd, however, took our practical joke very good-humouredly, laughing loudly with effusive gestures and ejaculations of delight. As for ourselves, I thought we should have died of laughing. Doré could not command his voice, and Théophile Gautier's chair shook under him until we feared it would break down. As you know, Gautier was not exactly a feather weight.

"Gustave was enchanted with the success of his joke, for you will already have divined that he was the originator of the whole escapade. Gautier had fallen in with it and enjoyed it as heartily as I myself. Gustave spent the time until dinner in his favourite pastime of walking about on his hands, jumping over chairs and tables, and turning summersaults until we were dizzy. As we sat down he rubbed his palms together with infinite contentment. You see, he was as simple as a child. The slightest success in any of his undertakings would make him radiant with gratification for twenty-four hours at a stretch. As to Gautier, I never remember to have seen him in such a fascinating vein of humour. The very least I can say is that we all three behaved like children, and enjoyed ourselves with boyish fashion and light-heartedness.

"It was on our return from the trip to Spain that one evening at Gautier's house, a lady said to Gustave in the course of conversation about Andalusia and the sights we had seen,—

"'Now, M. Doré, I suppose you are going to give us some Velasquezes?'

"'I regret to say, madame, that I am not,' replied Gustave, bowing with stately ceremony. 'On the contrary, I am going to give you some more Dorés.'"

CHAPTER XXI.

DORÉ ILLUSTRATES NEW WORKS.

DORÉ went on steadily with his illustrations as soon as his vacations had terminated, and began the year 1856 with his first work of the season, "Fierabras d'Alexandrie, Légende Nationale traduite par Mary Lafon," published at the Librairie Nouvelle, in one vol. 8vo, 123 drawings. He quickly followed it with "Mémoires d'un Jeune Cadet, par Victor Percival," illustrated with forty-eight drawings. The third work of 1856 was "La Légende du Juif Errant," drawings by Doré, poem with prologue and epilogue by Pierre Dupont, preface and bibliographic notice by Paul Lacroix, with a ballad by Béranger, set to music by G. Doré. This was published by Michel Lévy in one volume grand in f°.

To speak of each of these works in detail would be but to repeat the old story of Doré's successes as an illustrator. He was nobly revenged for the lukewarm reception given to his paintings during the previous year by the unexampled popularity achieved by the "Wandering Jew." Delorme speaks of it as a special departure in a new style of drawing.

"The Wandering Jew," he says, "was an event in the life of the artist who produced it. Here he has inaugurated a more ample manner, a style of drawing wherein tonalities betray a painter's hand. These designs were

his first large compositions in black and white, and in them we see some astonishing interpretations of Nature—mountains, valleys, oceans; a whole world encompassed in one eagle-like glance. The Wandering Jew floats onward like a feather impelled by the breath of an irresistible hurricane from city to desert, from desert to city. His fabled footsteps dip lightly into the limpid dew of the prairies, as well as into the bloody slime of fearful battle-fields. Gustave Doré has raised himself to the apex of the highest possible poetical conceptions. He takes possession of the domain of legends, and there reigns an absolute master."

It would be difficult to accord higher praise; and yet Doré attained even loftier altitudes.

To return to his notes, which I left at the close of the description contained in them of his last trip to Switzerland, and Madame Doré's letter, referring to his many new projects. He writes :—

"I conceived at this epoch (1855) the plan of those large folio editions, of which Dante ("Vision of Hell") was the first volume published.

"My idea was then, and always has been since, to produce in a uniform style an edition of all the masterpieces in literature of the best authors, epic, comic, and tragic. But the publishers to whom I submitted this project did not consider my plan a practical one. They tried to prove to me that it was not at a time when the business of booksellers and publishers had extreme cheapness for its basis, that they could venture to offer to the public, works which must cost at least one hundred francs per volume. They insisted that I had not the slightest chance of success in creating this counter current; whilst I, for my part, reasoned from an entirely opposite point of view, basing my arguments and hopes upon the fact that, in every age when art or industry has exhibited a tendency to languish, there have always remained a few hundred individuals who have protested against so pernicious a state of affairs, and have been ready and willing to pay a handsome price for any

careful and well-published work which should be brought out.

"My arguments, alas! were unavailing; and to prove my words, I was obliged to publish at *my own expense* the first of these books, which happened to be the 'Inferno' of Dante.

"The success, and more especially the sale, of this work fully justified my forecast; and thenceforth my publishers recognized the possibility of producing a grand collection of illustrated books in folio. Of this projected series seven volumes have appeared up to the present time" (Doré wrote these notes in 1865): "and should my plans be carefully followed out, this collection should comprise about thirty volumes, the names of which I give you in the following list. I venture to think that it may not be wholly uninteresting to know by anticipation the work I have mapped out for the next *ten years*."

Doré here subjoins the list in question, which begins with the Dante, then completed. It is not surprising that his mother wondered if so many projects could be realizable by any man, no matter what his brain-power or strength of will might be.

Dante (L'Inferno)	Done.
Il Purgatorio	To do.
Il Paradiso	"
Les Contes de Perrault . . .	Done.
Don Quixote	"
L'Imitation de Jésus-Christ . . .	To be done.
La Vie des Saints	——[1]
Homer—The Iliad and Odyssey . .	To do.
Virgil—The Georgics and Æneid . .	"
Ovid's Metamorphoses . . .	"
Æschylus' Tragedies . . .	"
Horace's Works	"
Anacreon	"
Lucan's Pharsalia	"
Ariosto's Orlando Furioso . . .	"
Tasso's Gerusalemme Liberata . .	"
Ossian	"

[1] This line probably indicates that Doré had these works on hand at the time of writing.

Pages de l'Edda	To do.
The Nibelungen-Lied	„
The Romancero	„
The Arabian Nights	„
Molière	Done.
La Fontaine	To do.
Racine	„
Corneille	„
Milton	„
Byron	Done.
Spenser	To do.
Shakespeare	„
Goldsmith (The Vicar of Wakefield)	„
Faust (Goethe)	„
Schiller's Plays	„
Hoffman's Tales	„
Lamartine (Premières Méditations)	„
Plutarch's Lives	„
Boccaccio	„
Montaigne	„

"Here I stop, because I am no longer writing biographical notes, but drawing largely on the future. However, should you need any other special information, I shall be happy to send it by return of post.

"Yours, GUSTAVE DORÉ.
"Par A. DORÉ.

"P.S.—I am neither a husband nor a father, a national guard nor a Freemason.—G. D."

It will be borne in mind that Doré prepared these notes for some one who was about to write a sketch of his life in the year 1865. I have before me the original draft, given to me by the distinguished young doctor, Joseph Michel, who married Doré's niece, a daughter of his elder brother Ernest.[2] The draft is in Madame Doré's handwriting, for Gustave, who hated penmanship, dictated it to his mother, who transmitted it word for word; so its authenticity is indisputable. I have given the notes in full, and will deal with them more particularly later on.

The vastness of Doré's plans may be better imagined than described. He was only three-and-twenty when he conceived this grand project, and the names of the works

[2] Lately deceased.

he intended to illustrate sufficiently indicate the elevated tone of his ambition. It will be observed that he confined his plans to no individual style, and to the authors of no country in particular, which shows that he had only the interests of art at heart. One thing may be noticed in the brief account which he has given of his life. He never once made use of the word "painting," and scrupulously avoided any mention of his preference for that branch of pictorial art. This omission shows but too plainly that he felt sore on the subject, and did not even deign to speak openly of an ambition which his compatriots refused to sanction.

Let us now turn our attention to his illustrations of Dante's "Inferno," generally acknowledged to be his greatest work.

CHAPTER XXII.

DANTE'S INFERNO.

DURING the autumn of 1855 Doré began his study of Dante; for, contrary to his custom, he did not attempt this great enterprise without careful and elaborate preparation. He was a fairly good Latin scholar, but could neither read nor speak Italian; so he was obliged to read Dante in translation. The rendering he illustrated is probably the one he studied. It was by Pier Angelo Fiorentino, accompanied by the original text in Italian. This translation is not even written in blank verse, but in plain-sailing prose, which circumstance probably constitutes its greatest merit. It is an explanation of Dante, and, although an admirable work, is as inadequate to reproduce the original beauty of this great classic as the average rhymster of to-day is incomparable to the author of the "Divina Commedia."

My object here, however, is neither to criticize nor to eulogize the work of Pier Fiorentino, but merely to point out the opportunities it afforded to Doré of thoroughly comprehending Dante's immortal epic. Had not Doré had some knowledge of Latin, I do not think Fiorentino's version would have sufficed for his purpose. Any translation of the "Inferno" appears so tame when contrasted with the original, that it seems almost imprac-

ticable to render in another tongue the exact meaning of that sublime poem. As to reproducing anything like the beauty of Dante's language, that may be pronounced an utter impossibility. The same disability applies to Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Shelley, and other poets whose richness of word-painting rivals even their philosophic thought and poetic conception.

Doré had to work doubly hard in order to make himself master of Dante's actual meaning. No matter by what process, or through what means, the fact remains that he did succeed, and that most completely.

Longfellow has said that the art of translating is an "intuitive one." Fluency, and command of language and pencil are unavailing if the translator do not possess that innate although indescribable sympathy with the author, which the French words en rapport so perfectly describe. Without this he can never by any artificial or mechanical phraseology, diction, or trick of style succeed in portraying the exact sentiments of the author whose works he is translating. There are mechanical excellences which are the outcome of habit, not of intuition, and that is one reason why translations, even by the most profound scholars, apt writers, and noble painters are doomed to remain but worthy efforts in the noble direction of introducing foreign masterpieces in literature and art to native intellects.

Doré possessed in an eminent degree the intuitive gifts of comprehending and immediately putting himself in sympathy with his authors. This is the only possible explanation of his complete success in so many and such varied efforts; for between Rabelais and Dante yawns an apparently unbridgeable chasm. Doré, however, being neither a man of letters nor a great scholar, has of all living or dead artists, alone been able to translate the ideas of Dante. In saying that Doré's work is the most perfect translation of Dante I have spoken advisedly. Of other translators or illustrators of the "Divina Commedia," Botticelli is well known, and between his idea and work, and the idea and work of Gustave Doré stretches a wide

gulf. The question of merit or preference is a deep one. I could only enter into the latter consideration, and say that I prefer Doré's "Inferno." The supposed greatest illustrations of Dante, Michel Angelo's, were destined never to be given to the world. It will be remembered that Michel Angelo absolutely did illustrate a great portion of Dante. The edition used was the celebrated Landino, Florence, 1492, a large folio with Landino's Commentary. It is a known fact that upon the wide margin of the leaves of this book Michel Angelo with pen and ink designed a great number of elaborate sketches. Alas! for the world in general, this book was lost! The copy in question belonged to Antonio Montanti, a Florentine sculptor and architect. Montanti was appointed an architect at St. Peter's; he removed to Rome, shipped all of his effects, artistic and otherwise, at Leghorn, per Civita Vecchia, and amongst them was the Landino illustrated by Michel Angelo. On the voyage the vessel foundered at sea, and all of Montanti's wealth went to the bottom; perhaps the rarest of this treasure was the Dante "translated" by the world-famous genius Buonarotti.

Under these circumstances one can scarcely compare Doré's work with that of the great sculptor; but certainly we may speak of Botticelli's illustrations of Dante, which all the world may see and judge. The greatest authorities in France and Italy have advisedly awarded the highest place to Gustave Doré's Dante. This is no small triumph. For a young man to cause the world to forget Botticelli, and only to think of Michel Angelo and what might have been, was to say that the star which reigned in Alsatia at Doré's birth was the one which has ever shone over all lands and climes when inspiration comes from heaven, and genius freights the air with the nascent breath of immortality.

On taking up his "Inferno," and turning page after page of this series of illustrations, one is struck, not so much by Dante's invention as by Doré's. It is not permissible, perhaps, to speak of the two in any manner of comparison, yet one cannot help being impressed by the strange

coincidence that two such phenomenal imaginations should have been brought, so to speak, into direct contact,

What Doré has missed in art he has made up in comprehension; for he has gone far beyond the limited rules of science into the boundless region of inspiration and genius. His Dante is allowed, not alone by France and Italy, but by the world at large, to be a masterpiece of intelligent thought and ingenious execution.

Dumas *fils* said of him,—

"Doré ajoute à ses connaissances littéraires la connaissance *approfondie* de tous les auteurs qu'il illustrait; *exemples*, le Dante, la Bible, les Croisades, &c., &c."

Alexandre Dumas was not in the habit of speaking so positively unless he fully believed what he said. No greater praise can be bestowed upon Gustave Doré.

Doré began "L'Inferno" at three-and-twenty; and, although it was not published until some years later, the fault was none of his, as his work was completed in little more than a year.

One reason of the delay he has himself given. No publisher would accept his "Inferno." After waiting until patience ceased to be a virtue, he brought it out at his own expense, as he states in his notes. The cost of the blocks alone was no small item in his outlay, for they stood him in over three guineas apiece, and there were seventy-three illustrations, not including a head of Dante facing the frontispiece. This sum, added to the engraver's fees, and expense of paper, printing, binding, &c., made up a somewhat formidable total for any young artist to risk upon the production of an initiative work, the result of which was morally as well as financially most uncertain.

In Doré's catalogue "L'Inferno" figures amongst the works of 1857, and I shall therefore still speak of it as belonging to that year's collection, although it was not brought out until 1860.

Its success has already been alluded to, and although the result was in every way more brilliant than even Doré's

sanguine hopes had led him to expect, he felt that something was still lacking in the way of public appreciation. What that something was I shall leave M. Dalloz to explain a little later on.

Doré's family and immediate friends did not hesitate to place his illustrations of the "Inferno" at the head of all the works he had hitherto executed or attempted.

One morning in the Rue St. Dominique, I was looking at some of Dore's works, and particularly noticed a grand canvas alive with flame and lurid lights, dealing with the same subject as drawing No. 30 of the "Inferno" series, illustrating these words:—

"Guardòmmi un poco; e poi, quasi sdegnoso,
Mi dimandò: Chi fù gli maggior tui."
Inferno, Canto X., 41—42.

The person represented is Farinata degli Uberti, in the act of rising from his fiery sepulchre to question Dante and Virgil.

Lieut.-Colonel Emile Doré, the artist's younger brother, once saw me looking at the proof. He pointed to it saying,—

"Dante is the greatest thing he ever did. He was not five-and-twenty when he finished it. It was his favourite work; indeed he was so fond of it that he reproduced some of the drawings over and over again in oil and in water-colour."

In the drawing above alluded to (No. 30) which represents Farinata rising from his tomb, Doré exhibited a power of dealing with chiaro-oscuro akin to that of Rembrandt. To those who have seen the marvellous "Lesson in Anatomy" in the great Rembrandt Gallery in Holland, I may say that the foreshortening of the figure in the Farinata drawing can only be compared to that of the "Lesson in Anatomy."

Farinata himself and the lurid flames which partially envelop Dante and Virgil are painted with such vigour that they seem to light up the very walls with a brilliant flame, and their glow is reflected on the faces of the two

poets with extraordinary realism. I find amongst my notes some extracts from two criticisms by Théophile Gautier, written for the *Moniteur Universel*, which as literary works alone deserve reproduction here; with the explanation, perhaps superfluous, that the critic is speaking, not the friend.

These articles appeared in the Paris *Moniteur Universel* on the 30th of July and 1st of August, 1861. They have a double value as art criticisms and as literary essays of no mean merit. M. Gautier says,—

"No artist could be better qualified than M. Gustave Doré to illustrate Dante. Besides his talent for composition and drawing, he possesses that visionary eye of which poets speak, which knows how to detect the secret and curious aspects of Nature. He sees things by their quaintest, most fantastic, and mysterious angle. His vertiginous pencil, as if in sport, creates those imperceptible deviations which impart a spectral appearance to man and a human aspect to a tree, make the latter's roots resemble the hideous writhings of snakes, and plants assume the alarming contortions of the mandrake; whilst clouds take ambiguous forms and changing colours, in which Polonius, bent upon pleasing Hamlet, complacently discovers a camel, a weasel, or a whale; waters glitter with the gloomy sheen of steel, or are fretted with frothy wrinkles, and mountains display those face irregularities which imagination sculptures in bold relief.

"That which strikes us on the first glance at the Dantesque illustrations of Gustave Doré is the locality of the scenes he depicts, which have nothing in common with the aspect of our sublunary world. The artist has invented the climate of hell, subterranean mountains and landscapes; a murky atmosphere upon which no sun has ever shone, lighted up by the reflection of a central fire; thick streams resembling torrents of lava, and, in the cold circle, an infernal Spitzberg more utterly frozen than congealed quicksilver, the ice of which burns

one's fingers like red-hot iron. This supernatural climate he keeps up with incredibly logical rigour and verisimilitude of detail.

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"The vignette of Paolo and Francesça, reading together the story of Lancelot, would make a delicious miniature for a romance of chivalry. In the following engraving we see the meeting between Dante and Farinata. We do not believe that M. Gustave Doré, who, however, has made many beautiful drawings during his career, has ever heretofore risen to such a magical height of sublimity. The ponderous granite slab is flung back. Farinata's bust is illuminated from below He rests his neck against the tombstone, upon which his opaque shadow stretches away in formidable wise. This shadow of a shadow has something about it so fantastically lugubrious that it makes your flesh crawl with shudders like those described by Job. One feels oneself in the other world. Clutching the edge of his sepulchre with his fingers, the Accursed One gazes proudly at Dante, and launches at him the disdainful words, 'And who were *thy* ancestors?' ('Chi fui gli maggior tui?')

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"To find anything analogous to the effect produced by this really sublime composition, we must go back to Rembrandt's 'Resurrection of Lazarus.' M. Gustave Doré's drawing would hold its own side by side with this masterpiece; his block is worthy to vie with even that magical etching.

"At last a ray of real daylight begins to pierce the shadows. The immense journey is terminated, and the painter is no wearier than the poet. This herculean labour has been mere play to M. Doré. Already he is preparing "Don Quixote," the "Nibelungen" and "Perrault's Tales." He has equipped an army of engravers for his own service, which he drills and instructs, and to which he can entrust his drawings, sure that they will be reproduced with style, intelligence, and fidelity.

"THÉOPHILE GAUTIER."

L'Enfer de Dante Alighieri,

avec les dessins de Gustave Doré.

(Extraits de deux articles de Théophile Gautier, parus dans le *Moniteur Universel* de 30 juillet et 1 août, 1861.)

"Nul artiste mieux que M. Gustave Doré ne pouvait illustrer le Dante. Outre son talent de composition et de dessin, il possède cet œil visionnaire dont parle le poëte, qui sait dégager le côté secret et singulier de la nature. Il voit les choses par leur angle bizarre, fantastique et mystérieux. Son crayon vertigineux crée en se jouant ces déviations insensibles qui donnent à l'homme l'effroi du spectre, à l'arbre l'apparence humaine, aux racines le tortillement hideux des serpents, aux plantes les bifurcations inquiétantes de la mandragore, aux nuages les formes ambiguës et changeantes où Polonius découvre complaisamment au gré d'Hamlet un chameau, une belette, une baleine, aux eaux de sinistres miroitements d'acier ou des transparences pleines de replis squammeux, aux montagnes des anfractuosités que l'imagination sculpte en vagues bas-reliefs. Ce qui frappe au premier coup d'œil dans les illustrations dantesques de Gustave Doré, c'est le milieu où se passent les scènes qu'il dessine et qui n'a aucun rapport avec les aspects de notre monde sublunaire.

"L'artiste a inventé le climat de l'enfer, les montagnes souterraines, les paysages inférieurs, l'atmosphère brune où jamais soleil n'a lui et qu'éclairent des réverbérations du feu central, les fleuves épais, semblables à des courants de lave, et pour le cercle du froid, un Spitzberg infernal, plus gelé que celui où la mercure se fige et dont la glace brûle les mains comme du fer rouge. Ce climat surnaturel, il le maintient avec une rigueur de logique et une vraisemblance de détails incroyable.

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"La vignette de Francesca et Paolo lisant ensemble Lancelot ferait une délicieuse miniature pour un roman de chevalerie.

"Dans la planche suivante on voit la rencontre de Dante et de Farinata. Nous ne croyons pas que M. Gustave Doré, qui pourtant a fait de bien beaux dessins dans sa vie, se soit jamais élevé à cette hauteur magique. . . . . La lourde dalle de granit est rejetée en arrière. Farinata, vu à mi-corps, éclairé en dessous, appuie sa nuque contre la pierre tombale, sur laquelle son ombre opaque se prolonge formidablement. Cette ombre d'une ombre a quelquechose de fantastiquement lugubre, qui vous fait passer sur la chair ce frisson dont parle Job. On se sent dans l'autre monde. Crispant les doigts sur le bord de la fosse, le damné regarde Dante d'un air superbe, et lui jette ces paroles dédaigneuses : 'Quels furent tes ancêtres ?'

"Pour trouver quelque analogie comme effet à cette composition vraiment sublime, il faut remonter jusqu'à la Résurrection de Lazare par Rembrandt. Le dessin de M. Gustave Doré se soutiendrait à côté de ce chef-d'œuvre et son bois pourrait lutter avec la magique eau-forte.

"Enfin une lueur de vrai jour commence à percer les ténèbres.

"Il est terminé l'immense voyage, et le peintre n'est pas plus fatigué

que le poëte. Ce labeur herculéen n'a été qu'un jeu pour lui ! Déjà il prépare Don Quichotte, les Contes de Perrault; il défraye à lui seul une armée de graveurs, qu'il forme, qu'il instruit, à qui l'artiste peut confier le dessin, sûr de le voir reproduit avec style, esprit et fidélité."

"THÉOPHILE GAUTIER."

The following reminiscence must have a place here, as it bears particularly upon the greatest work of Doré's life, and I can recall to mind no more characteristic incident in his whole career.

Gustave Doré possessed the power of self-concentration to a supreme degree. One would imagine that he would never have dared to sit down to such a work as Dante for the purpose of illustrating it, without having books of reference at hand.

One morning, however, about nine o'clock, while his friend, M. Kratz, was still in bed, the latter heard a rap at his door, and a few seconds later Doré's head peered into the room. Saying, "May I come in?" he walked in with a large portfolio under his arm. His friend was surprised to see him, and thought something unusual must have happened; for of late years Doré had worked at home in the mornings. To M. Kratz's questions Doré replied, "Nothing particular has occurred. I only thought I would drop in on you this morning. Do I disturb you? May I work here?" With these words he seated himself at a desk drawn up before the window, at which M. Kratz usually wrote, and began humming a few bars of music. Then opening his portfolio, he took out a large and perfectly clean block of wood. When he had settled himself to his satisfaction he commenced drawing very rapidly, all the time keeping up a continual conversation with his friend. M. Kratz, who was slightly indisposed, remained in bed for some time, and watched Gustave at his work. He did not wish to interrupt the draughtsman, but in spite of himself a remark escaped him every now and anon, and when he was not talking Doré would ask some question leading to discussion. Between them, indeed, a desultory conversation was kept up for an hour or so, Doré smoking constantly, and only finishing

one cigar to light and consume another. He gradually relapsed into silence, whilst his fingers kept flying over the block, and he seemed completely absorbed by his work. M. Kratz in the meantime had arisen and dressed, and had been several times in and out of the room. Doré seemed utterly oblivious of his presence, and M. Kratz thought that he had altogether forgotten him, when suddenly Gustave asked him something about a mutual friend. M. Kratz answered him, and no further remarks were made for the moment. An hour later Madame Pilloud, Kratz's housekeeper, came in and laid the cloth for breakfast. She had evidently received instructions to prepare it in the bedroom, so as not to disturb the artist, who was still busy with his block, the surface of which displayed a well-nigh finished drawing. When the table had been laden with a smoking breakfast, M. Kratz deemed it opportune to speak to his enthralled guest.

"Well, Gustave," he said, "is it not about time that you stopped for a moment? Breakfast is ready."

Doré started, laid down his pencil, and stared about him with an air of puzzled and helpless surprise.

"You! What—are you there, old boy?" he stammered. "Naturally; how stupid I am! Breakfast—? Already? Why, what time is it? Late? Why did not you say so? Here I have taken possession of your room and desk all this time. I am sure you have wanted to come here."

He arose lazily as he spoke, and glanced at the table, but made no movement as if to sit down thereat. He had been spiritually far away in another world, and was still in a semi-stupified state of transition. How could he leap with one bound from the realms of the ideal, into the domain of the material—eating and drinking? Yet he did so.

"I think I will breakfast with you," he said shortly; and they drew up to the table. His friend knew him too well to question him about his work. If you really wished to please Doré, it was necessary to carefully abstain from

asking him what he was doing. He always wanted to be the first to speak of a thing so as to surprise his friends agreeably; throughout the meal, however, he said not a word about his drawing, but talked, as was his wont, in a brilliant, quick, erratic fashion, passing from one subject to another with almost pathetic indifference. One could see that his brain was easing itself of weighty matters by a safety valve of continuous but almost meaningless chatter. He breakfasted hastily, swallowing his food without the slightest idea of what he was eating, washed it down with a glass of his favourite champagne, and without a word of apology, went back to his table, and was instantly re-engrossed in his drawing.

He sat for some little time busy as before, having obviously taken up his train of thought exactly where he had dropped it. The outer world did not exist for Gustave Doré whilst he was at his work. His pencil exercised so magnetic a fascination upon him, that but to take it up was to immediately submit himself to the spell of his art. He isolated himself completely from all earthly sights and sounds, and possessed the rare faculty of following his imagination into those enchanted regions where the corporeal sense of being is dissolved into the ether of an infinite and inspired soul. Palace, hovel, boulevard, greensward, mountain, and cavern, were all one and the same to Gustave Doré; for he was never of them; he lived in himself; his art was his kingdom, his imagination, his world. You might have been talking with him on a matter of the gravest importance, and, without a word of warning or excuse, he would suddenly walk up to a table or a chimney-piece, if he happened to catch sight of a pencil or scrap of paper, and, standing, would sketch off whatever idea had been running in his head, usually something as widely different from the subject of your conversation as sunshine from shadow. He would finish his sketch, and either push it away from him, or put it in his pocket; then back he would return to you, and take up the conversation where he had broken it off, just as if nothing had happened in the

interim. This surprised and puzzled strangers, who thought it odd, to say the least of it; but with a shrug of the shoulders and a perplexed sort of stare they would come to the conclusion that he was a genius, and that geniuses were privileged to be eccentric in their behaviour.

I well remember one evening party at his house, when there was dancing in the studio, and he, seated in one corner at his table, was diligently drawing away at one of his sketches for the "Dante." He would work for a few moments, utterly unconscious of the music, merriment, and flying feet around him; and, the dance ended, he would jump up with wild enthusiasm, seize his violin, and break out into so maddening a polka that its strains would set every heart beating and every foot marking time upon the floor. When the young folks had danced until they were exhausted, he would gravely put down his violin and return to his work, walking towards his table with the preoccupied air of one already a thousand miles away from the scene. This he did several times in the course of the evening; and no one paid the slightest attention to either him or his work.

On the particular occasion referred to, when Doré was at M. Kratz's house, he seemed farther away from the world than usual. It is not strange that he had been indifferent to the presence of his friend, to the savoury odour of good Madame Pilloud's soup, which he was so fond of, to the champagne or the chit-chat of his host; for he was with Dante and Virgil on a great plain overlooking a starry world, the stillness of which was unbroken by any sound. He was reading with Francesca and Paolo, roaming with Beatrice and Dante, or listening to the voice of Farinata as he spoke from his flame-swathed open tomb, "Chi fù gli maggior tui?"

Before another hour had passed away, he arose with a deep sigh of relief:—

"Here, what do you think of this, Arthur?" he asked, showing his friend the newly-drawn sketch, and adding carelessly, as if he were speaking of the simplest thing in

the world, "It is one of my Dante drawings, and as it is finished I shall take it at once to Hachette. Good-bye; I am off. Shall we dine together? I have had such a charming morning. Thanks, old fellow; you are sure I have not disturbed you?" and so saying he walked away with his portfolio under his arm.

I shall conclude my remarks on his Dante in the words of M. Dalloz:—

"Nothing," he says, "can exceed the carefulness and beauty of Gustave's work. He was Dante mad when he executed it, and every spare moment was spent at his 'Inferno.' I think you know that he never did anything greater; and when the book was finally brought before the public his triumph was complete. No one, not even his enemies, could refuse to admit that it was a masterpiece in every respect, and all that he had previously done seemed mere dross in comparison to it. It is quite true that nothing he had theretofore drawn had ever been so exquisitely finished, in the artistic sense of the word, and it was easy to see that he had brought each drawing to the highest degree of perfection of which he was capable. There was but one sentiment expressed on all sides, namely, that Gustave was a genius. The daily papers absolutely teemed with complimentary notices of his new work; even the Rabelais furore, which we had thought so surpassing, was outdone. Gustave had every right to expect some definite recognition of his achievements from his country, but none came. Think of all he had done besides his paintings, of all the authors he had illustrated, and you will agree with me that he was not presumptuous in hoping to be decorated, and I shall never forget how unhappy it made him that he was not a member of the Legion of Honour. I have a letter of his amongst my papers which is that of a man denuded of every hope and pleasure in life, of a wretch on the very verge of distraction and suicide, all because he had not the right to wear a little scrap of red ribbon in his button-hole. One day I went to his house; Madame Doré was there with her fierce dark eyes and

turban, looking, as usual, like an inspired Mauresque prophetess. As soon as I came in she seized me by the shoulders and nearly shook all the breath out of my body.

"'Are you a friend or are you not?' she exclaimed. 'Do you not see us mortified, humiliated, crushed, in despair? myself on the verge of distraction, the whole house turned upside down? Gustave no longer eats, drinks, nor sleeps. Is he, the greatest artist of his time, to be so worried and cast down, all for a miserable decoration that people not fit to tie his shoe-laces have had for a smile, some of them not even caring for it? He is not appreciated by his ungrateful country. Shame to Paris! A crying shame to France! Do you not see that he suffers, that I suffer, and that the entire household is in despair?'

"And so she went on. As soon as I could get my breath, I began to expostulate with her, and said that I would see what could be done. She had taken me by surprise, for how could I imagine any such state of affairs? Gustave had often spoken to me about the ingratitude of his fellow-countrymen, and had frequently said,—

"'I don't care a rap for the Cross; but for the principle of the thing I do care. It mortifies me to think that I am nobody in my own country. I should be so proud to be considered somebody in France, which I love so dearly. Of course it is not the Cross itself, but the principle of the thing.'

"These words flashed through my mind while Madame Doré was going on, and I could see plainly what was the matter. Gustave had been so despondent and broken down since the Dante success that I had attributed his depression to over-work. But with this double strain on his nerves, fancying that he was not appreciated because he was not decorated, and being, moreover, really exhausted by excess of brain-work, I did not wonder at the state he was in.

"I promised Madame Doré to bestir myself at once. Accordingly I left her then and there, and went to call upon the Minister of Public Instruction, M. B——. I

asked him if Gustave Doré's name was included in the list of persons selected for decoration. He hemmed and hawed, finally replying, that they had thought about it, but that Doré was so young, and there were so many candidates for distinction, &c., &c. Of course he had a dozen reasons ready; but eventually he asked me for some particulars about Doré, and promised that he would think the matter over. He seemed so well disposed that I left him, craving his permission to return in a quarter of an hour, and tore off to Gustave's house. Entering his studio, I vociferated, 'Give me a copy of all your works?' and without further explanation carried off enough to fill my carriage. Again I invaded the Minister's room, a lackey following me staggering under the weight of two armfuls of books.

"'What are these?' exclaimed M. B——, aghast, pointing to the pile of volumes.

"'Some of the works of a young man of eight and twenty,' I replied, 'and this is not a quarter of all that Gustave Doré has done.'

"The Minister took up one and scanned it closely, then another, and another, turning over page after page. Time passed; presently he picked up the 'Inferno' of Dante, and went through it to the end without speaking a word. Then he opened it again, laid his hand impressively on one of the illustrations, and said,—

"'Not a word more! Let this speak for him. His own talent says more than could a multitude of friends. For Gustave Doré not to belong to the Legion of Honour would be an insult to himself and an injustice to the country that gave him birth.'

"Ah! that was well said. I returned to Doré with the copies of his works.

"'Here, you great baby,' I said, embracing him, 'take your books; laugh, sing, eat, drink, sleep, and lament no longer. You will have the Cross of the Legion of Honour, not through any influence of mine, but through your own real talent and labour.' Then I told him all that had taken place in the Minister's cabinet.

"He strained me to his breast; and Madame Doré was so happy that she seemed to light the whole place up with her sparkling eyes. Dear lady, her gaiety proved contagious; we had such a merry dinner afterwards, and passed one of those happy evenings that I shall ever cherish among my fondest souvenirs of Doré. I never knew before that the Cross of the Legion of Honour possessed such wonderful healing qualities."

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

"WHILST we are speaking of Dante, continued M. Dalloz, "I may as well say something about a trip that we took through the Tyrol during the summer before the work was finished. We were accompanied by a great friend of Gustave, as merry a man as ever lived. Gustave, too, was in exuberant spirits. He fairly revelled in the beauties of this wonderful country. At that time, however, everything seemed beautiful to him, for he was full of his schemes about illustrating great authors, and was unusually confident in the one he had then on hand. As in Spain, however, he was up to his tricks, for he could not long remain serious over anything during holiday-time. One day, as we were approaching a little village, he suddenly conceived the idea of changing the course of a tiny torrent which issued from the mountain-side. We were tramping it, and nothing would do but we must stop and put his idea into immediate execution.

"We spent the whole of the afternoon lugging about great stones, and piling them one on the top of the other in order to divert the mountain-stream from its natural bed. The more we worked at it the more deeply interested we became in our childish scheme. Night came on, and

our task was almost completed, when several peasants, attracted by the continual noise of rolling stones, and thinking that we must be mad, came stealthily upon us, and tried to stop us. Gustave at once doubled his fists

SOUVENIR OF THE TYROL.

and pitched into the nearest man with a vengeance. You may imagine how strong he was when I tell you that he polished off those lusty peasants one after another until they cried out for mercy. Then we all made friends and became extremely hilarious, as soon as we had succeeded

in making them understand that we were only amusing ourselves. Finally, we were invited to the village to drink with them, and take part in a merry-making they happened to have on hand. It was some fête-day, I forget which, and Gustave, who was the mainspring of our movements, insisted upon our accepting the invitation.

"It was great fun. Those unsophisticated villagers must have been most favourably impressed by our faces, for we were dressed abominably, and looked like road-side beggars. After dinner we joined the rustic party, which was held in a sort of public parlour, or ancient dancing-hall, in the local inn. Doré, seeing some musical bumpkin playing the violin, snatched the instrument from him and began to play some wild dance, whilst I took possession of an old spinet in the corner; and then we began our real music. I never played so much or so energetically before in all my life, whilst Doré's fiddling was so full of spirit that the people got quite beside themselves with excitement. Finally, an old woman came up and told him in great confidence that she knew of a wonderful violin, as old as the hills, hidden away in a mountain-cave, and offered to go with some one to fetch it. That was enough for Gustave. Nothing would do but he must have it. So the peasant started off with a friend, and the whole company anxiously awaited the arrival of the marvellous violin. It was nearly midnight when she brought it in, and Gustave, once he had laid hands upon it, never let it go all night long. Such a dance then ensued as would have amazed most civilized people, and we kept up our spree until daybreak. I do not remember ever to have spent such a night before in my lifetime; and although I knew Gustave of old, and had seen him enjoy a great many improvised soirées, I don't think he had ever been more thoroughly happy, or had shown himself off to greater advantage.

"The violin was indeed a marvellous one, and he wanted to buy it and take it away with him. If I remember

aright the old woman refused to sell it, or even to bargain for it; and it is probably still lying hidden in its cave, awaiting some passer-by to drag it forth to light. But I fancy it will never again give any one as much pleasure as it gave us on that occasion, when Gustave kept the peasants dancing to its music till daylight.

"From that village we went on to Verona. Gustave was enchanted with the city, and we spent our time sight-seeing from dawn until dark. As usual, he was constantly up to some trick or practical joke. One day, after visiting many interesting places, we went to see the tomb of Romeo and Juliet. Instead of being inspired by a tender melancholy, depressed, or even sentimentally impressed, he was overcome by the desire to enact the part of a poverty-stricken street acrobat. He slouched his hat over his eyes, buttoned his coat up to the chin, and began to go through some of those evolutions for which he was as famous as any well-known circus performer. Soon a great crowd collected round him, and when he had finished his performance he went round with the hat, *secundum artem*. He was so irresistibly droll, and entertained his public so divertingly, that they persisted in begging him to go on, and clamoured for more star tricks.

"But we were getting hungry, however, and I saw that he could not hold out much longer. In one feat he persevered, namely, in handing round his hat; and when we broke away from the crowd there were still some children who refused to quit his heels. At last we effected our escape, and Doré counted his earnings with the delight of a child. Would you believe it? there was enough to pay for a dinner, and a very good one too. He was considerably out of breath afterwards, I can tell you; but I don't think he had ever dined at the Café Anglais with keener relish than he did that afternoon in Verona. Afterwards we went all over Italy, and, although seemingly making his trip one unbroken holiday, he studied continuously—in his way. I shall say nothing more of that, because the proof that he did study lies in his Dante,

which is above all praise and criticism, and shows so thorough a knowledge of Italy and Italian literature, that one can easily understand how exhaustively its author had become acquainted with the classic peninsula. Indeed, that country was to him one long delight."

CHAPTER XXIV.

DORÉ AND DALLOZ AT VENICE.

FROM Verona they went on to Venice. If Doré had been charmed with the city of the Scaligers and the Capulets, what must have been his delight on seeing the Queen of the Adriatic, "throned on her hundred isles"!

He was so intensely fascinated by Venice that he seemed to think it enough to be there, without going through the regular routine of sight-seeing. The weather was very hot; but, instead of stopping at home as all Italians do during the greater part of the day, he was out in the streets from morning till night, lying about on benches or curb-stones as the fancy seized him. All he seemed to care about was to lie quite still, and drink in the architectural beauties which surrounded him. He would say to M. Dalloz,—

"Don't speak to me; go about sight-seeing, do anything you like; only leave me in the streets in peace to enjoy Venice in my own way. Remember, Venice is here, all around us, with its palaces, streets, canals, and lagoons; this is *my* Venice. I can see museums and pictures anywhere; go, and leave me to myself!"

One day he stopped for hours in a little corner of the Piazza San Marco, comfortably installed against the side of a house. Sometimes he would lie stretched out at full

length, his chin resting on his palms; or, again, he would sit bolt upright, leaning against the curb-stone, his head thrown back, his eyes rapturously gazing on and eagerly absorbing the beauty of the scene. The Venetians do not usually lie about the streets as Gustave Doré did, and, with the exception of a few idlers and curious contadini, the great French artist found himself the most persistent of loiterers in the most indolent of cities. One day he had been recumbent as usual in the Piazza San Marco, and had been greatly disturbed by several restless loungers like himself, denizens of the curb-stone. M. Dalloz went backwards and forwards past him for some time, and finally sat down beside Gustave, whom he found in a very irritable temper. At that moment a man close by, who had been keeping him company in "star-gazing," briskly arose and walked off.

"Look at him," said Doré indignantly. "There he goes; he has been round and about already a dozen times. Why can't he keep still? Why will no one in this square be quiet? One fellow looks at an object for a moment, and then off he goes to gaze at another, and then at another. I can't understand such rushing about. These people! Good heavens! nothing interests them for more than a moment at a time!"

"My dear friend," replied M. Dalloz, "you cannot expect people who live in a town to lie all day about the streets as you do, looking up at the churches and palaces which they have seen every day of their lives since they came into the world. Of course it is all very wonderful, but Venice has not the zest of novelty to the Venetians that it has to you."

"Nonsense; as though it were a question of novelty! If I were to pass my whole lifetime here, I should spend it as I do now. I cannot believe that any one could ever tire of looking at this city."

"The city; yes," rejoined M. Dalloz; "but you don't go about much, and you don't look at the paintings."

Doré shrugged his shoulders:—

"Ah, bah! paintings; Italian masters; some of them are not bad, but I can live without them—without most of them, at any rate. Besides, I can see paintings anywhere; but I can't see this;" and he pointed to the inimitable and fascinating spectacle spread out before him.

M. Dalloz gave up trying to reason with him. One of his whims had laid hold of him, and the whole world could not move Doré when he had made up his mind to anything. M. Dalloz, however, went about with a friend seeing pictures and interiors, palaces and churches, and did not pay the slightest attention to Gustave. One day, however, he begged him to go with him to the Fine Arts Academy, but to no purpose.

"I shall stop at home," said Doré, "I don't feel equal to visiting galleries. I am tired of even the sight of an inch of painted canvas. Go without me; I shall stop at home and write letters. I have a headache, too. Pray go without me."

In vain Dalloz importuned him to accompany him; Doré was obdurate. So his friend set off alone, but happily picked up an old acquaintance in the piazza, and the two went together sight-seeing.

It was late in the afternoon when they reached the Academy, and after looking at some of the most celebrated pictures of Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, and others, M. Dalloz and his friend turned into a little side-room, where they caught sight of a man sitting rapt and absorbed in front of a beautiful Bordone. The man gazed at the picture intensely, then moved his chair a little farther back, raised his hand to the side of his head, and gazed again with his whole soul in his eyes, and an expression of the profoundest ecstasy on his face. Something in the man's attitude, in the pose of the hand pressing against his cheek, in the look riveted on the picture, immediately attracted M. Dalloz's attention. At a glance he recognized Gustave Doré. Instead of going up to him,

he stopped short, and also prevented his friend from advancing.

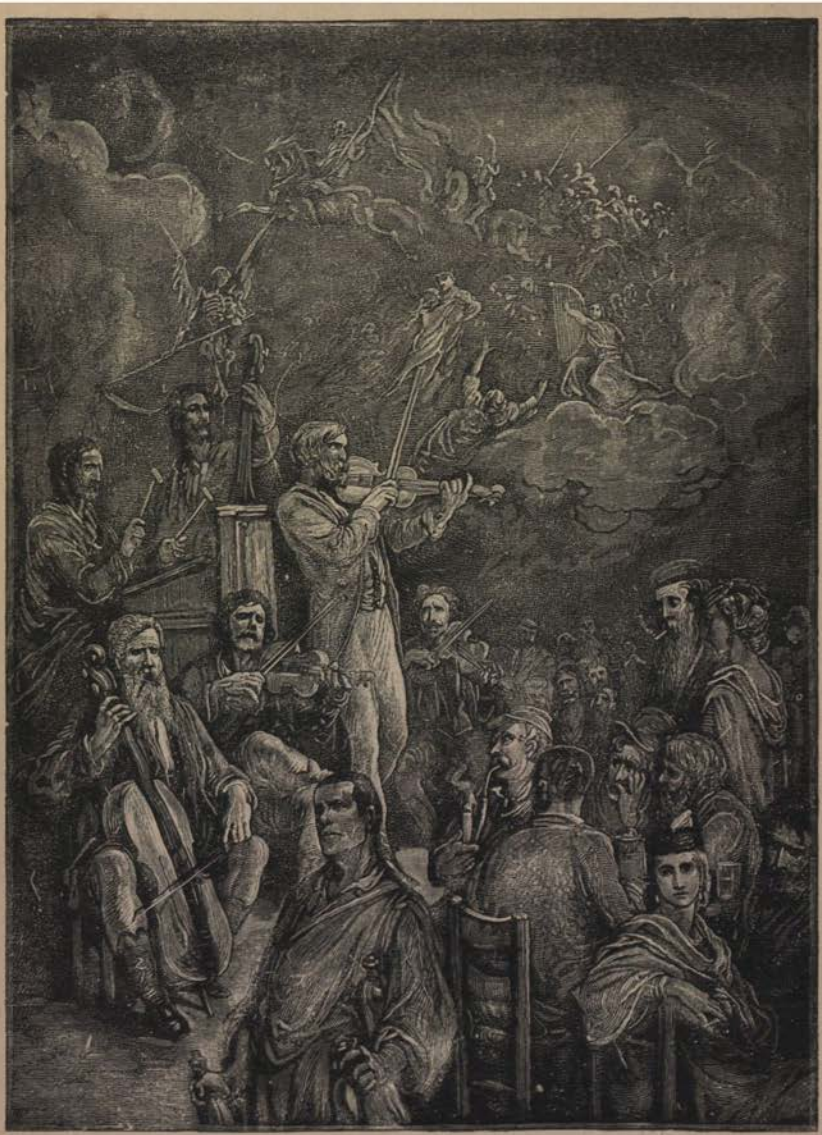
"Hush!" he whispered, raising his finger to his lips. "Don't let us disturb him. It is Gustave Doré, who refused to come with me to-day to look at the Italian masters. You see how entirely wrapped up in contemplation he is, oblivious of all save the picture before him. Wait until we get back to the hotel; I shall chaff him handsomely about his newly-acquired taste for Italian masters. It will be a splendid revenge."

Dalloz and his friend passed into another apartment, which happened to be unusually crowded; and, looking round, they espied Doré stealthily elbowing his way out, and glancing furtively around him to see if any one was about who might recognize him. He finally assured himself to the contrary; and, tossing his head with the old familiar movement which said, "I am sure of my affair," he disappeared. M. Dalloz returned to the hotel an hour later, where he found Doré looking the picture of boredom, with his hands in his pockets, staring out of the window. He turned round as his friend entered the room, his countenance wearing a curious expression of mingled lassitude and defiance, but never proffered a word. Then Dalloz spoke,—

"Well, you see I am back at last. I have indeed had a day of it. And you, Gustave, what have you done? Have you been out? What a lovely day it has been. It was a pity to stop indoors."

Thus he rattled on for a few seconds, seating himself, polishing his eye-glass, and making himself generally comfortable. Perhaps his cheery voice and cheerier manner jarred on the artist, who cleared his throat once or twice, and finally answered,—

"N-n-no. I have had a headache." Then he passed his hand across his brow, and continued: "I did not care to go out. I have not felt at my ease on account of the heat—the, the—weather; there is so much here to see, and—and in a word, I have had a headache."



SCENE IN THE TYROL.

(Drawing in Doré Gallery. By permission of Messrs. Fairless and Beeforth.)

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Dalloz looked at him, and said carelessly, "You don't even ask where I have been?"

"Yes, certainly—you—well! where have you been?"

"I? well, I have been with a friend to one of my favourite haunts, the Academy of Fine Arts."

"Ah!"

"Yes; and I must say that I enjoyed it. You should have been with us. We saw some great works—some grand works."

"Ah! Italian masters, of course." Then he began to hum a snatch of Rossini, and walked straight up to Dalloz, his eyes interrogatively scanning every movement of the latter's features.

"Yes; naturally, Italian masters," continued M. Dalloz; "and you haven't been out? That is strange!"

"What is strange?"

"It is strange, Gustave; of course I am mistaken," M. Dalloz looked at him without a smile as he spoke, "but I saw some one in one of the rooms whom I could have sworn was you—your very self—intent upon a picture."

"Ah! which picture?" Doré asked, turning carelessly towards the window and taking up his Rossinian refrain where he had left it off.

"If I am not mistaken," replied M. Dalloz, "it was a Bordone; the grand and beautiful 'Marriage of the Doge with the Adriatic.' You know, the one in which he throws the ring—"

Gustave turned sharply round, and shook his finger in his friend's face, exclaiming,—

"Wretch! You saw me. Never mind; *c'est rudement bien fait!* Heavens! what would I have not given to have been the author of such a picture? If I had only painted it! *c'est rudement bien fait.* What a picture!"

After that Doré was less prone to rave against the Italian masters. Any one acquainted with his character can readily understand the sudden despondencies which

beset him, even in the moments of his greatest pleasure, and how his sweets were always mixed with bitterness, when he contemplated the works of the great masters, and said to himself, "I shall never be classed amongst them."

It is not strange that the Bordone appealed particularly to his sympathy and faculty of appreciation. Of all the branches of pictorial art, the one Doré best understood was that of grouping masses of living human beings together, an instinct he possessed in common with the great Bordone. There was a genuine touch of nature in his quick appreciation of the famous master, while the world in general languished over a Titian or a Tintoretto. Amidst all that wealth of sublime inspiration, Doré, the "gamin de génie," by a marvellous intuition, picked out the master whose speciality he comprehended best, and of whom he always spoke with marked deference in after years.

I shall now give a succinct summary of the works illustrated by Gustave Doré, with a few incidental comments. In each and every succeeding volume he repeated the triumphs achieved by his Rabelais and Dante, consequently his fame became world-wide, and his fortune grew with his fame. The sums he received for illustrating books have never been equalled by the earnings of any other artist in his special branch of the profession. I have heard of the exorbitant sums paid to various English draughtsmen, but I think none of them were ever remunerated for their work so highly as Doré. He earned so much money at one time that it was said "his blocks were worth a hundred times their weight in gold." This was between the years 1850 and 1870. During those two decades he is believed to have earned nearly seven millions of francs (280,000*l.*).

M. Bordelin, a very clever, highly-distinguished colleague of Doré, and one of his most faithful friends, once said to me,—

"I have seen Gustave earn ten thousand francs (400*l.*) in

a single morning. He would have from fifteen to twenty blocks before him, and would pass from one to another with a rapidity and sureness of touch that were amazing. He rarely finished any drawing at a single sitting, but kept up a continual hither and thither, backwards and forwards, between them. One morning he made no fewer than twenty-one splendid designs, finishing the last on the stroke of twelve. He then thrust his pencils from him with a laugh, threw back his head with that peculiar gesture which always sent his hair waving with it, and said to me gaily, 'Not a bad morning's work, my friend. Here are enough bank-notes to keep a whole family for a year. Do you think I have earned the right to a good breakfast? Upon my word, I am hungry enough at any rate. Shall we go?'"

The largeness of Doré's earnings was not attributable to high prices charged by him for single illustrations. It was the colossal number of drawings he executed that so amazingly swelled his revenues. From Dante to an almanack; from a review to a comic journal, there was no kind of grist that did not come to his mill. Probably the world has never known a more indefatigable worker, or a more conscientious one. Nothing of his was ever slovenly or showed the least signs of haste or carelessness. As M. Lacroix said, "He worked as well for a penny paper that paid him ten francs as for a publisher who paid him a hundred thousand." This was one great secret of his success. Even his brother-artists unanimously credited him with the virtue of conscientiousness.

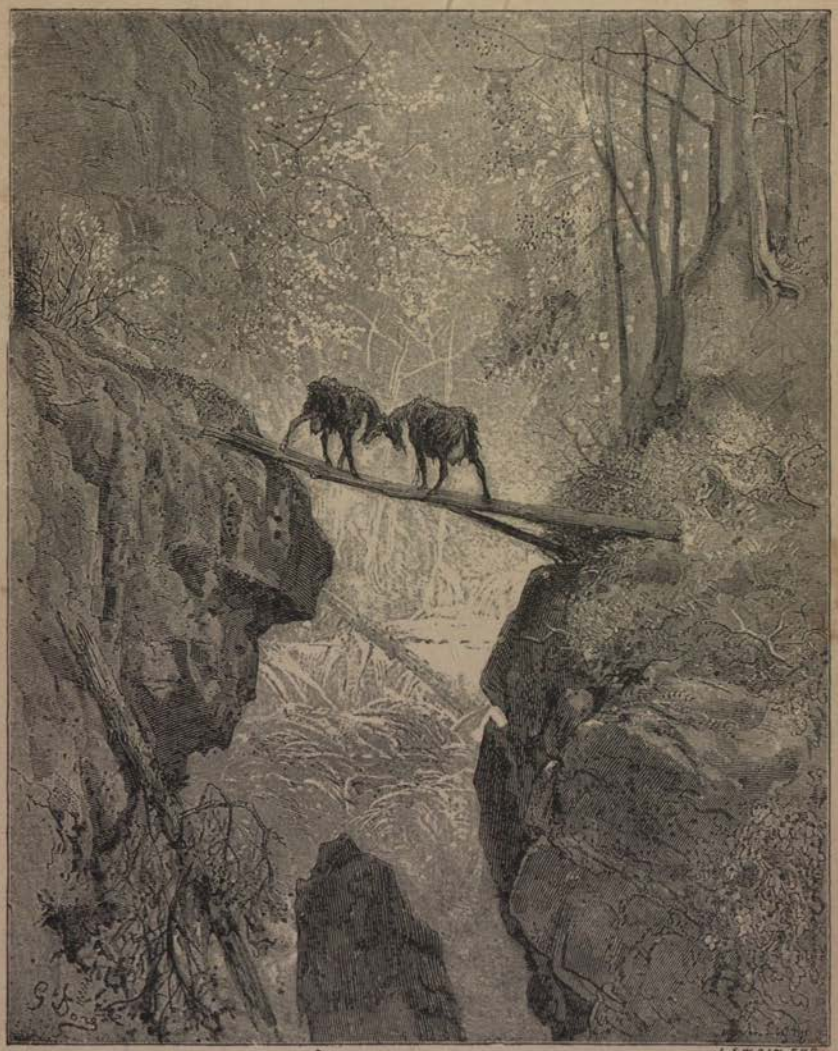
Although he earned fabulous sums for his work, he was never actuated by greed of gain. His ambition was to establish a monopoly of talent in his own person; and he never got over that craving for fame which prompted him to work until the pencil fell from his fingers. Sooner than see another name heralded to public notice he would have gone without eating, drinking, and sleeping, as indeed he often did for entire days. He was encouraged

in this aspiration by the genuine superiority of his genius and work. He need have feared no rivals, for no draughtsman of his epoch could come anywhere near him, and even had any other artist displayed special talent, he could never have attained any notice in the realm over which Doré reigned supreme. His popularity was so universal that few people admitted the claims to approbation of any other illustrator; and yet he himself was ever on the qui-vive of jealous excitement, and lived with the constant fear gnawing his vitals that any day some one might suddenly come to the front and eclipse him. The suddenness of his own rise was the cause of this constant preoccupation, which was a sentiment altogether beneath him. But he could no more overcome it than he could live without breathing. We are reminded of the well-known cantatrice, Madame L——, who had been singing in the chorus, until one day, the prima donna being taken ill, she took her part at a moment's notice. Thenceforth her name was famous; but she has never been known to give a similar chance to any one in the ranks. Well or ill, she never relinquishes her rôle of prima donna assoluta.

But if Doré earned money freely he spent it with prodigal liberality, and his hand was ever outstretched to help the needy, in or out of his profession. One day a workman fell from a scaffolding into the street, and sustained severe injuries. Next door was Doré's studio, who was just entering the latter when he witnessed the accident. The man uttered a loud cry, and then gasped out, "My poor wife! who will give her bread whilst I am in the hospital?" Doré had just been paid for a piece of work, and without a word emptied his pocket.

"Here are five hundred francs, my friend," he said, "if no other help comes to you, send to the address on this card. Courage, and better luck."

This is only one of many instances of his generosity, and keen sympathy with the unfortunate; but to return to his illustrations.



LA FONTAINE, FABLES.

(By permission of Cassell and Co.)

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In the autumn of 1857 he illustrated Ed. de La Bédollière's "Nouveau Paris, Histoire de ses 20 Arrondissements," 1 vol. in 4to, with 150 drawings, published by Barba. Also, "Aline, Journal d'un Jeune Homme," with one large page of illustrations, written by Valéry Vernier, and published by Dentu.

The next work was a translation from Mayne Reid, called "L'Habitation du Désert," 1 vol. in 16mo, published at Hachette's, by A. Le François, 60 drawings.[1]

"La Fille du Grand Chieftain," by Ann S. Stevens, 1 vol., 15 drawings.

"Flêche d'Or," M. V. Victor, 1 vol., 13 drawings.

"L'Ange des Frontières," by E. S. Ellis, 1 vol., 10 drawings.

"Les Vierges de la Forêt," by N. W. Buxted, 1 vol., 10 drawings.

The above were published one after the other during the years 1860 to 1862.

"The Tempest" (Shakespeare), published in London in 1860, 1 vol. in 4to.

"Les Figures du Temps," with biographical notice (Paris, 1861), 1 vol. in 12mo.

"Les Chansons d'Autrefois," by Plouvier and Vincent (Paris: Coulon and Pineau, 1861), in 12mo.

"Le Roi des Montagnes," by Ed. About, fifth edition, 1 vol. in 8vo (Hachette and Co., Paris; 1861), 157 drawings, with eleven not in the text.

"Les Mythologies du Rhin," by Saintine (Paris: Hachette, 1862), 1 vol. in 8vo, illustrated with 165 drawings; six more than required by the text.

"L'Espagne, Mœurs et Paysages," by Godard, Paris, 2 vols. in 8vo (Paris, 1862).

"Les États Unis et la Mexique," by Malted (Brun, Paris, 1862), 1 vol. in 4to.

[1] The above are American works (names of translators not given) and are at present in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris.

"Histoire aussi intéressante qu'invraisemblable de l'intrepide Capitaine Castagnette, neveu de l'Homme à la Tête de Bois," 1 vol. in 4to, illustrated by 43 woodcuts (Hachette, 1862).

"Aventures de Baron Münchausen," traduction nouvelle par Théophile Gautier fils, 1 vol. (London, 1866).

In 1863 Gustave began his season by M. Épiné's "Légende de Croquemitaine," 1 vol. in 4to, published by Hachette, illustrated by 177 woodcuts. This book was of such importance that an edition for private circulation was printed on vellum paper. It was also brought out in London in 1866.

His next work was "La Chasse au Lion et à la Panthère," by Gastineau, 1 vol. in 8vo, completely illustrated (Hachette and Co., 1863).

"Don Quixote de la Mancha," translation by Louis Viardot, 2 vols. in folio, was the great work of 1863 (Hachette and Co.), 370 drawings. London: Cassell and Co.

"Les Contes de Perrault," was begun in 1862, but not published until 1863, at Hetzels. This is the celebrated work which had a preface by S. P. State, and over 100 drawings. (Id., "Los Cuentos de Perrault," in Spanish, published by Ledouse, 1863.)

"De Paris en Afrique," by Gastineau (Paris, 1865), 1 vol. in 12mo, — drawings.

"L'Histoire d'une Minute," by A. Masse, 1 vol., 12mo (Paris, 1865).

Victor Hugo's "Travailleurs de la Mer," also in 1866, brought out by Sampson Low and Co., in London.

"Cressy and Poictiers," by E. Edgar (London, 1865), 1 vol. in 8vo, over 50 drawings.

"L'Épicurien," by Thomas Moore (French translation: Paris, 1865), in 8vo, freely illustrated.

"Falmy Realm" (London, 1865), in folio.

"Le Chevalier Beautemps," by Quatrelles; Preface, Alex. Dumas fils (Paris, 1865), grand in 8vo.

"Atala," by Châteaubriand (Hachette Edition, 1865), 2 vols., grand folio, 80 drawings.

1866 begins with Théophile Gautier's "Capitaine Fracasse," published by Charpentier, and illustrated with 60 large drawings, 1 vol. grand in 8vo.

"Histoire de la Guerre en Mexique," by G. La Bédollière (Paris, 1866), in 4to, — drawings.

Dante's "Il Purgatorio ed il Paradiso," Hachette and Co., 1867.

"Le Chemin des Écoliers," by Saintine (Hachette and Co.), 1 vol. in 8vo, — drawings (1866).

"La Sainte Bible," according to the Vulgate, new translation, 2 vols. grand in folio (1866), over 200 illustrations. Mame, publisher, Tours; Cassell and Co., England.

"Paradise Lost," by John Milton, edited by Cassell and Co. (London, 1866).

"La France et la Russie," by La Bédollière (Paris, 1867).

"Les Fables de Lafontaine," 2 vols. in folio (Hachette and Co.), 8 large and 250 small plates, 1867.

"Les Pays-bas et la Belgique" (Paris, 1867), in 8vo, fully illustrated.

Thomas Hood's Poems (London, 1870: Ward and Lock), 2 vols. in folio.

"The Song of the Ancient Mariner," Coleridge, grand in 4to (1870), 40 large and 3 small drawings.

New edition of Rabelais, 2 vols. in folio (Paris, 1873: Garnier). London: Chatto and Windus, 1873.

"London," by Louis Ernaut, 174 wood engravings, (Hachette and Co., 1876), 1 vol. in 4to.

"L'Espagne," by Baron Ch. Davilliers, illustrated with 309 engravings on wood (Hachette and Co., 1874), in 4to. London: Sampson Low and Co.

Michaud's "Histoire des Croisades," 1875 (Paris: Hachette and Co.).

"The Idyls of the King," Tennyson, 36 drawings, Hachette and Co. (London: Ward and Lock).

"Orlando Furioso" (Ariosto), in 1877, was the last great classic ever illustrated by the prolific artist. His mother was only partly right in thinking that her son's

plans were but castles in the air. He realized most of his grand projects, and had only one of them been carried out exactly as he wished, he would have achieved a triumph as lasting as the name of any author he illustrated.

CHAPTER XXV.

BLANCHARD JERROLD TO DORÉ.

ABOUT this time Gustave Doré was engaged to make original sketches for the *Illustrated London News*. I was about to make some mention of this fact, but have come across a book written by the late Blanchard Jerrold, being the life of George Cruikshank, dedicated to Gustave Doré. This dedication I give in full, as it is not only a pleasant remembrance of Doré by a friend, but is in some respects a faithful chronicle of a characteristic incident in Doré's life. It seems almost unnecessary to state that Gustave Doré was a warm and fervent admirer of Cruikshank's great talent, his fairy-like creativeness, delicate fancies, and inimitable pencil. The dedication is as follows:—

"DEDICATION.

"TO GUSTAVE DORÉ.

"MY DEAR DORÉ,—When some five and twenty years ago we were waiting together at Boulogne for the arrival of the Queen, who was on her way to Paris, we spent an evening at the hotel with the late Herbert Ingram, for whom we had undertaken—you to illustrate, and I to describe—the pageant for the *Illustrated London News*. It was a pleasant evening, closed by a long moonlight ramble on the sands. While we talked you filled a vast sheet of paper with a medley of fancies, squibs, caricatures, and

satires, in which public events were jumbled with private jokes; while the great folk, of whose doings we were the chroniclers, were marshalled in procession with our humble selves. I remember the astonishment expressed on Ingram's face when, as we were leaving for our walk and cigar, he glanced over your shoulder at the hosts with which you had peopled the broad page before you. It was a prodigious tour de force, so curious and complete an emanation of the humorous and satirical part of your genius, that I pardon Ingram for having decamped with it on the morrow morning before we were up.

"It is the remembrance of all that sheet contained which has led me to dedicate this record of our friend George Cruikshank's life and work to you. Poring over his etchings and wood-drawings, my mind has constantly reverted to your work of the Rabelais, 'Wandering Jew,' and 'Contes Drôlatiques' period; and I have perceived a strong affinity between one aspect of your genius and that of the 'inimitable George.'

"It is to the illustrious illustrator of Rabelais and of Dante that I dedicate these *disjecta membra* of a life of the illustrator of Grimm, of 'Oliver Twist,' and of Shakespeare's Falstaff.

"Accept it, my dear Doré, as a tribute to your genius, but also as a public acknowledgment of your sterling qualities as a friend, and of your rare gifts as an intellectual companion. BLANCHARD JERROLD.

"*New Year's Day*, 1882."[1]

Doré varied his holidays as much as possible, and during the summer of 1862 we find him at Baden-Baden, accompanied by his dear friends, M. Joanne, Paul Joanne, and Arthur Kratz.

"Doré had but just arrived," said M. Paul Joanne to me recently, "when he had the good luck to win ten thousand francs at roulette. He did not know what to do with the money. After discussing a dozen wild projects,

[1] "Life of George Cruikshank," by Blanchard Jerrold; Chatto and Windus, 1882. In this admirable work will be found a most clever drawing by Doré, called "The Gin Fiend."

"This wise man would lay at full length in a ditch or against a church wall, and think over public affairs."

(Original drawing. By permission of Chatto and Windus. "Contes Drôlatiques."

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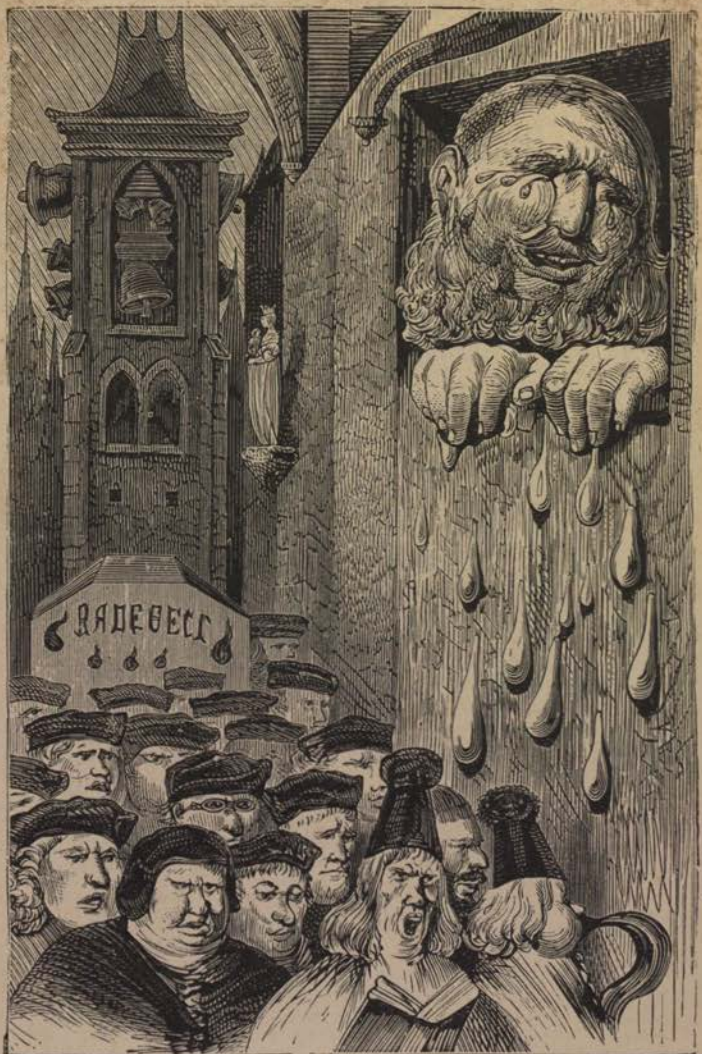

"ELLE EST MORTE MA TANT BONNE FEMME," ETC., ETC.
(Rabelais, G. Doré. Original drawing, by permission of Chatto and Windus.

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he decided upon founding a hospital with it. My father informed him that before putting that scheme into execution he would do well to stand us all a first-class breakfast, to take place on the morrow at the old château.

"He was only too charmed to take the hint; so we breakfasted with the Viardots on the terrace, and greatly enjoyed our al fresco meal. After dessert Doré walked on his hands on the parapet surmounting the ruins; a terrifying feat, but one which he accomplished to perfection."

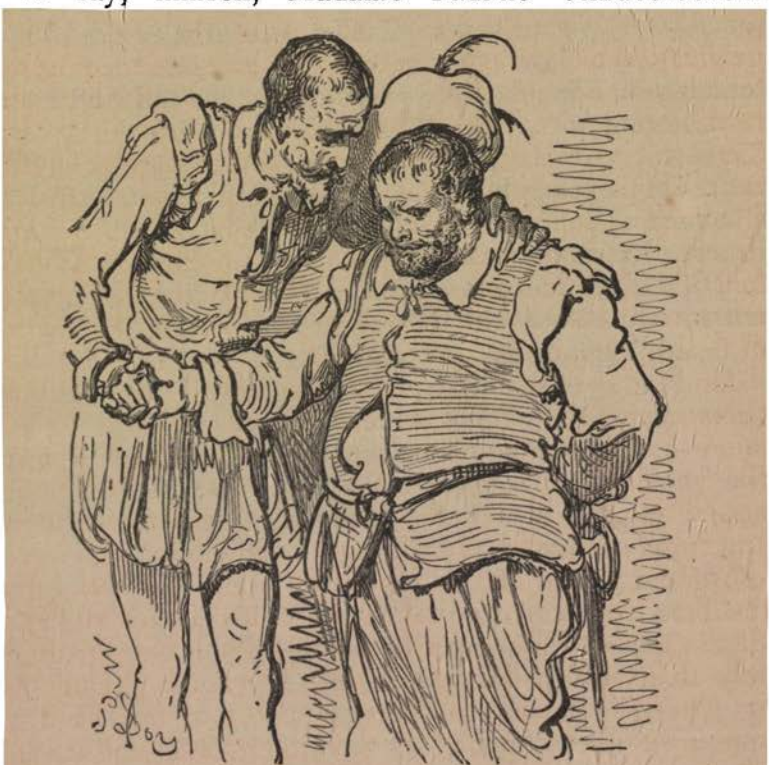
The following incident was narrated to me by M. Arthur Kratz, and certainly was not Doré's least happy souvenir of that charming watering-place.

It will be remembered that Baden-Baden boasts of ruins and caves which would have delighted Orpheus himself. When the breakfast was finished, Doré and his friends started on an exploring expedition about the old château. When they came to the famous fissure or cavern, Gustave Doré exclaimed, "Orpheus! this is the real spot;" whereupon he sat down and begged his friends to join him in the grand chorus sung to Orpheus just before his descent into the mouth of Tartarus. Madame Viardot at once saw that never before had she had any such scenery or accessories as these grand rocks and cliffs provided by the Master-hand. Forthwith she began to slowly descend the rocks, singing her part in "Orphée" the while. She wore a scarlet shawl, which gleamed like a bright flame in the dark entrance to the cavern. Stretching one arm out majestically, she raised her noble voice, which filled the air with melody, and reverberated from the depths of the cave with supernatural hollowness. Some strangers who were passing by heard the great artist, and rapturously exclaimed, "Only one woman in this world can sing and act like that, and she is Pauline Viardot."

Those who witnessed this impromptu impersonation of Orpheus say that never in her grandest days had Viardot looked so impressive or sung with such exalted inspira-

tion. Who would not wish to have been present on such an interesting occasion? It is a pity that Doré never sketched the scene in his own brilliant fashion.

By "the Viardots" is meant the family of the distinguished man of letters, M. Louis Viardot; that is to say, himself, Madame Pauline Viardot-Garcia



DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO PANZA.
(Original Drawing. By permission of Cassell and Co.)

(Malibran's sister), one of the most gifted women and sublime artists the world has ever known, with their children, then very young as you may imagine. Paul, the violinist, must have been a mere baby, and I do not fancy that he assisted at the breakfast, except, perhaps, in swaddling clothes. Doré often spoke in after-life of that sojourn at Baden as one of the most charming

episodes of his life. In order to have some idea of how agreeable it was, I shall speak a little in detail of his companions.

Besides being a great savant, M. Viardot was a man who made his knowledge agreeable to every one he knew. He was lively and courteous, and always had some happy remark ready; possessing, moreover, the rare gift of putting people at their ease, and never thrusting his learning upon any one's attention. His affability and readiness to enter into all plans proposed for the general amusement were quite remarkable, and he never fell into the error of vaunting that particular patent of wisdom which is usually stamped on the breast of the man of letters. He was very old when I was presented to him, and if I noticed those qualities then, how much greater must have been their charm when he was in the heyday of health, happiness, and renown!

Of Madame Viardot it is difficult to speak without overstepping the limits of moderation. She is to my mind the most marvellous woman I have ever known. She speaks several modern languages as perfectly as her native Spanish and French; she plays the piano divinely, and sings even now as only she or Malibran could ever sing; she paints and writes, the former so well that the best portraits ever taken of Malibran and Madame Garcia were executed by her hand; the latter so admirably that Georges Sand, her dear friend, once said, "I am glad that Pauline has not taken it into her head to appear before the public as a writer; for if she had, I should have to retire on my old laurels."

Madame Viardot is so universally acknowledged to be a great woman that I feel at liberty to speak freely of her. If she have a fault, it is this; she does not choose her victims, but tries to fascinate every one, old and young, man, woman, and child, who enters her circle or comes into her presence. To say that she tries, is also to say that she succeeds, for she never was known to fail in anything she undertook. Add to this the manners of a great lady and the simplicity that charac-

terizes the elect of Dame Nature's gifted children. Imagine a woman whose every movement is graceful and whose every expression of feature is charming, and you have before you a perfect portrait of Pauline Viardot.

It may be readily understood that a man of Doré's poetical and imaginative temperament could pass delightful hours with such a family as this.

He spent as usual, however, a great deal of his holiday in study. Indeed from morning till night he was poring over "Don Quixote" with M. Viardot, whose translation of that master-work he was going to illustrate.

Baden-Baden is one of those lovely, almost ideal spots which appeal strongly to the poetical element in one's nature. When Doré was there, at the time referred to above, its artificial attractions were also in full swing. Roulette was then in all its glory, and the gambling-tables presented a spectacle which happily to-day is only a souvenir of the past; for play at Monte Carlo cannot be compared with play as it was at Baden-Baden in its palmy days, when Doré immortalized it in one of the best pictures he ever painted, called "Le Tapis Vert," the original of which is at present in the Bond Street Doré Gallery. Most of the faces gathered round the table are likenesses, and the lady to the right, with the fine expressive face and questioning dark eyes, is Madame Pauline Viardot. The others have little to do with this history, so it would be superfluous to disturb their incognito.

It is not strange that here Gustave Doré should have dreamed out some of the most beautiful and realistic of his creations. His "Don Quixote" is a proof that he did so; for from its first to its last page it is a marvel of imagination, poetry, sentiment, and sarcasm. The work made noise enough to have disturbed Cervantes in his long silent tomb. People still speak of it only as "Doré's 'Don Quixote.'"

It was stopped once, while the artist was staying at Baden-Baden, by a painful interruption. For the first time in his life Doré fell seriously ill.

"He had an attack of bronchitis," M. Joanne told me, "which laid him up and made us all extremely anxious. For some time he was a very sick man indeed; but eventually he pulled through all right. I particularly remember the occasion, for as a rule Doré was never ill, and his indisposition consequently made a deep impression upon all of us. He kept his bed for some days, but was at his work again as soon as he could get about; a little pale, but as gay and cheery as ever."

Doré returned to Baden-Baden on the 1st of September, 1864, in company with his mother and his friend Kratz. On the 10th of the same month he went to visit his favourite summer haunts of St. Odile, Barr, and Hohenwald. This time he was joined by another old and dear friend, M. Pisan, the engraver, whose name appears opposite his own on so many magnificent cartoons. I am unable to say much about M. Pisan, never having had the good fortune to meet him. I know him, however, to have been a lifelong and devoted comrade of Doré's, and fancy that he must have been one of those "clever young artists" spoken of by M. Lacroix in his account of Doré's early days in Paris. At any rate he was one of his best and most faithful collaborators in later days, and deserves special mention here for his beautiful work and artistic feeling.

In December, 1864, Doré had the honour of spending ten days at Compiègne as a special guest of the Emperor Napoleon III. He was in goodly artistic company as well, the great Alexander Dumas being present, with Offenbach, Duprez and his daughter, and many other eminent personages belonging to the aristocracies of birth and art.

Speaking of Doré's visit to the Emperor, I once came across a curious and touching souvenir.[1] It is the photograph of a large party who acted in charades and tableaux vivants at Compiègne, and this was made during the visit of the artist to the Court. Doré arranged the

[1] At the Château de Folembray, the country seat of Madame la Baronne de Poilly.

tableaux vivants with signal success, and M. Viollet-le-Duc, the great architect, organized the comedies. I shall speak of the former only. One of the most beautiful was "The Queen of Sheba paying a visit to Solomon." The Queen was represented by the loveliest of all the Empress's ladies of honour; apart from her beauty, one of the most distinguished and spirituelle women of France, the Baroness de Poilly, *née* du Hallay Coétquin. The rôle of King Solomon was entrusted to Count de Niewerkerke, who was indeed a superb monarch. There are many to-day who remember that entertainment, and they say that the Queen of Sheba herself never could have outvied that other in fairness of form and splendour of apparel. Madame de Poilly's costume of oriental stuff, broidered with jewels that the Empress herself might have worn, reminded one of those vestures that clothed princesses of the Arabian Nights tales. This set off her beauty, as did Solomon's kingly robes Count Niewerkerke's distinction. Surely M. Doré had a brilliant personnel to work with!

The photograph I have mentioned above has a centre figure, whose features were well known, none other than those of the poor little Prince Imperial, who was then indeed a little prince. The Empress is there in all her loveliness, and to the left the Emperor, with a serious but not unsmiling countenance. Again, to the right, is Madame de Poilly, and here and there the other ladies and gentlemen of this royal party playing at theatre. I write of old days long gone by. The Emperor's cheery voice is no longer heard as then at breakfast saying, "And, ladies, what shall we do to amuse ourselves to day?" There are no more games to amuse the Imperial heir; no more five o'clock teas in the Empress's pretty boudoir. One smiled his last when France's doors closed upon him for ever, the other left his heart's blood and a nation's pride under a firmament where no portentous star out-glittered the fatal assegaie, the other hides her tears and her dread memories in an alien land. And the artist who grouped these royal players, he too is gone.

THE TOILERS OF THE SEA.

(Original Drawing made for London Edition. Sampson Low and Co.)

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When I looked at this old faded picture I thought how strange it would have been could they have looked upon their future, as the world now looks back on their past. How strange and yet how happy a fatality that life's vicissitudes have no foreshadowing mirror!

On the 4th of December of the same year Doré gave a great reception and ball in Paris, and finished the season in the midst of a crush of work, one continual round of excitement.

He was a frequent visitor at Compiègne, and in Paris was often one of the welcome select few in Madame de Poilly's salons. This lady, as patroness of arts and artists, still keeps up the old traditions of the Faubourg St. Germain, when the grand réunions of nobility, of talent, and of blood made France's name ring so famous in the days of the First Empire. She is one of the few who remind us that those days are not so far back after all, for when has genius confined its birth to any century since the world began?

Speaking of Compiègne, I have given the above data only from a little diary kept by M. Arthur Kratz, in which I find the following memoranda for the year 1865:—

"*February* 10. With Doré at Rossini's. Doré sang some delightful *jodels*. Alboni and Patti in a grand duet, accompanied by Rossini.

"*May* 7. At Doré's; amongst those present were About, Lambart, Najac, and Thiboust.

"*Saturday, June* 27. Dinner again at Rossini's with Doré.

"*Friday, September* 8. At Baden-Baden. Dinner with Madame Doré at the Zaehringer Hotel.

"*Sunday, November* 12. Dinner at Doré's; music by Saint Saëns.

"*Thursday, December* 14. Dinner with Gustave and *soirée* at Théophile Gautier's.

"*March* 29, 1866. Dinner and *soirée* at Doré's. Music in the evening. Gounod present, Garvert, Alboni, and Faure.

"*Sunday, April* 15—"

But I will stop here; for you shall learn more about this particular entry in another chapter, and I will finish this one with a few details of Doré's autumn work, none other than Victor Hugo's thrilling and well-known tale, "The Toilers of the Sea."

In the early winter of 1866 Doré brought out "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," in Paris, illustrated with three hundred sketches, and we may judge of its success by the following letter sent to Doré from the great poet, Victor Hugo:—

"Hautville House,
"18 X^bre, 1866.

"JEUNE ET PUISSANT MAÎTRE,—

"Je vous remercie. Ce matin, à travers une tempête digne d'elle, votre magnifique traduction des 'Travailleurs de la Mer,' m'est arrivée.

"Vous avez tout mis dans ce tableau, le naufrage, le navire, l'écueil, l'hydre, et l'homme. Votre pieuvre est épouvantable, et votre Gilliatt est grand. C'est la une belle page ajoutée à votre in-folio d'œuvres charmantes et terribles.

"Ce specimen splendide de mon livre exige le reste. Dieu, vous et l'éditeur le voulant, il est certain que cela sera. Je serai pour vous l'occasion d'un monument de plus.

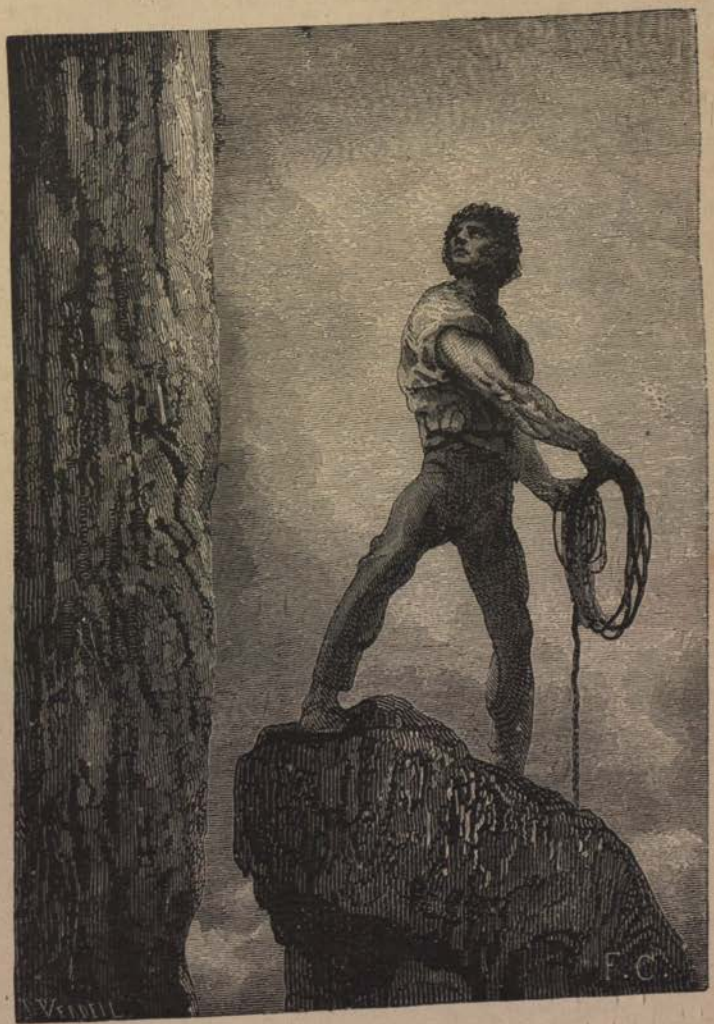
"Je vous envoie mes applaudissements et en remerciements mes effusions les plus cordiales.

"VICTOR HUGO."

"YOUNG AND POWERFUL MASTER,—

"This morning, in the midst of a tempest worthy of it, your magnificent *translation* of the 'Toilers of the Sea' came to my house.

"You have put everything in this picture, the wreck, the ship, the rock, the hydra, the mano. Your octopus is frightful, and your Gilliatt is grand. In this you have added a rare page to your charming and terrible in-folio volumes.



TOILERS OF THE SEA.

(Sampson Low and Co.)

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"This splendid specimen of my book exacts the rest. God, yourself, and the publisher willing, it is certain that we may accomplish that result. To you I shall furnish the opportunity to create another monument. I send you my laudations and thanks in the most cordial of effusions. VICTOR HUGO."

Doré was pleased to receive such a letter from Victor Hugo, for whom he had always cherished a warm and profound admiration. It will be remarked that the poet uses the word "translation" instead of illustration, which former may be taken in a sense of the highest possible compliment, coming, too, as it did from the author himself.

In 1867 the "Toilers of the Sea" was brought out in London by Sampson Low and Co. The work had here additional success, M. Doré having made the two drawings above referred to by V. Hugo specially for the English text, which was by W. Moy Thomas.

In spite of the poet's offer and wishes, Doré never again illustrated any work by Victor Hugo.

The success of the "Toilers of the Sea" is too well known to chronicle again here, and the English public fully endorsed the poet's opinion of Gustave Doré, who was paving a sure road to fame in England. It was in this year that Doré conceived and executed his greatest painting, "The Neophyte," the enlarged one of the same subject which is now on view in the Bond Street Gallery. Doré in black and white had few rivals, and this splendid work has all the grandeur of effect drawn from the skilful manipulation of sombre and white colouring. The sadness of the picture lends one more poetical touch to M. Doré's artistic charm, but I will speak again of this work in its order as it comes when I describe the pictures in the Bond Street Gallery.

About this time it will be remembered Doré's Bible was brought out by the great house of Mame and Co., in Tours, and the English publishing-house of Cassell and Co. made arrangements to produce the same in London. Mr. Galpin, of the above-named firm, went to Paris to

confer with Doré on the subject, and an acquaintance was made through the means of M. Best, one of the artist's old friends. The result was in every way an agreeable one, the acquaintanceship begun through business relations proving mutually felicitous to all concerned. The following year the Bible was magnificently brought out by Cassell, and was one of the sensations of the day. Doré's name was so well known now in England through his various works that his name formed the theme for sonnets, pen portraits, personal sketches, &c. I would have spoken in detail of the Bible, but through the kindness of Doré's dear friend, Mr. Galpin, I have been put in possession of a copy of the *Quiver*, which has an elaborate and exceedingly just historical notice of the great artist and his works, notably a mention of his Bible, its technical merits, and its reception at the hands of the British public. I extract the following:—

From the *Quiver* for Saturday, April 7th, 1866 (with portrait).

"GUSTAVE DORÉ.

"Who is Gustave Doré, of whom all the world is talking? His name catches the eye from afar, boldly placarded on colossal posters; his fame is trumpeted in all the leading journals of the day; his works are seen in almost every house, and figure conspicuously in every newsvendor's window—for Gustave Doré is an artist whose honour and whose pleasure it is to labour for that most generous and least capricious of patrons—the public. Gustave Doré is a great man, and a hard worker. The amount of labour which he has accomplished has something startling about it. He must have exhausted wood enough to have built a temple—a shrine for his own genius; besides covering acres of canvas with pictures full of vivacity, and glowing with colour. The illustrations to his last great work—a work now in course of publication in monthly parts—form an attractive exhibition in themselves. Doré has illustrated the Holy Bible, and the drawings are some of the most wonderful that have ever been executed by any artist, in any age. He has been inspired by his theme. 'The grandeur, the tenderness, the awe of the holy volume are unprofaned by clever conceits, by brilliant trickery, or by sombre nightmare fancies.' 'Doré's Bible,' says another critic, 'will be a monument—the culminating and vastest work of his life, as a work of illustration.' To this may be added another criticism to the same effect: 'In fertility of imagination, in local truth, in grandeur of treatment, and often in a subtle appreciation of the sacred text, that is evinced in a perfectly new handling of subjects that have been the study

of the greatest Christian artists, Gustave Doré must rank as *facile princeps.*"

"Illustrated literature is peculiar to our age. For some years past there has been a growing demand for books and periodicals, embellished with more or less attractive woodcuts or steel etchings. The engravings that were not only tolerated, but regarded as triumphs of art thirty years ago, would find no ready patronage now. Art education has done much with its schools of design; but cheap literature, well illustrated, has done more to introduce a just appreciation of correct drawing, effective grouping, and careful execution. Gustave Doré has contributed very largely to realize this consummation. As a colourist it is said he has no peer, as a wood-draughtsman there is no room for cavil. He stands alone. And to him this fact affords unspeakable satisfaction. He has worked for the people, he has sought the popularity which comes from being well known to all, and not to a small circle, however honourable or select; he has called up the smile and the tear by the humour and the pathos of his pencil, and he has lifted the hearts and souls of those who have gazed on his Bible pictures above themselves, and above the world, and made them to stand in the presence of apostles, prophets, and archangels."

* * * * *

"Gustave Doré is still a young man, having only just entered his thirty-fourth year. There is no parallel instance of one so young having achieved so much, or won so universal a reputation. How many artists, who have afterwards plucked honours, have been still in their pupilage at thirty-four, imitating the models set before them by authority, and dissipating their native genius in the vain effort at rivalling another's style! Doré is thoroughly original; his thoughts are as free as the air. His childhood was passed amid the rugged scenery of the Vosges; and the Arcadian landscapes so early familiarized to his eye, have never been forgotten. He can sketch from memory alone a landscape which he has once seen, and complete it with extraordinary fidelity."

* * * * *

"When a man shows himself skilful in any way, there are always those about him who would induce him to stick by his success, repeat himself, establish a speciality and guard it jealously. But this policy was repugnant to the ever-active and adventurous mind of Gustave Doré. He showed that he could illustrate mediæval romance as no other man could do, or ever had done, and he was satisfied. Nothing could induce him to condense himself, to reiterate illustrations of the same sort of subjects. The Crimean war was attracting a large share of public attention; Doré resolved on being the artist of the campaign. In conjunction with his old friend Philippon, he projected a journal of engravings, giving every month pictorial representations of the chief events of the war. It appeared under the title of *Musée Franco-Anglaise,* and was published simultaneously in England and France. To many who may read these lines, perhaps Doré's reputation dates

from the issue of this apparently ephemeral work. Other works followed in rapid succession. Gustave's pencil was never idle. The ardent desire of having the whole world for his judge, gave him the courage to abandon painting for months, and even years; for, as a painter, he was constantly restrained within a narrow circle of admirers. What! should he paint pictures to decorate ordinary rooms, or to be shut up in some deserted gallery, only occasionally opened to the inspection of a visitor? For fame such as this Doré had no relish; he yearned to speak with his pencil to the great mass of mankind. What signified to him the dimensions of the frame, or the colours with which his canvas was covered? None were found who dared dispute the talent of the colourist, who, with a little white and black pigment, produced marvels of light and transparency, and who upon a few inches of wood, described an immense horizon, and pictured multitudes of people! In the whole 230 tableaux with which Doré illustrates the Holy Scriptures, there is nothing to offend the most sensitive of Biblical critics. This is no small meed of praise. The old masters, with scarcely an exception—French, Italian, Spanish, Flemish, Dutch—misrepresent the sacred story. There is some glaring inconsistency, some palpable blunder, in the scene itself or in its accessories. Even with our extended knowledge of Oriental archæology and antiquities, it is only at rare intervals that we get anything like what we may suppose to be a faithful picture of the recorded event. The traditions of art have too often been made superior to the canon of Scripture. Not so with Gustave Doré. He is evidently well acquainted with the text he illustrates. He grasps its meaning; he is moved by the circumstances by which his characters were surrounded; he sees them 'in his mind's eye' as they were, and not as they are misrepresented on miles of canvas, or caricatured by Academy models. They are men and women, moved by the same passions, subject to the same infirmities, impressed by the same grandeur, cast down by the same sorrows, and elated by the same joys as ourselves. There is an intense vitality in his pictures, that gives to them a realism unapproached in the works of any other artist. His Eastern pictures are a-glow with Oriental splendour. His priests and soldiers are robed and harnessed in the costume of their age; the buildings are such as those common to the East in ancient times; and the trees and plants, the camel, oxen, sheep, all the lower animals, are such as we may find in Syria at this day. Without adopting a dry or harsh mannerism, without overloading his pictures with critical information, Doré becomes a valuable and suggestive commentator on the text. He has done much; he is still working hard; he aspires—and may success crown his aspiration—to do still more. His pictures to the Divine Comedy of Dante have already thousands of admirers. But—whatever else he has done, whatever more he may achieve—we can hope for nothing better in the way of intelligent and brilliant illustration than we find in his Scripture pictures; and it is our conviction that the verdict of posterity, as well as of contemporary critics, will give the highest place to Doré's Bible.

This was one of many admirable notices of Gustave Doré which the English press consecrated to him. The cuts I have made in the above were relative to the artist's boyhood, with which I have already acquainted you; and I may say here, the paragraphs omitted were faithful data of his early life and artistic career.

By kind permission of the Messrs. Cassell, I publish the following letter translated from Doré's French correspondence to the above house. It is one of the few documents on record, wherein Doré speaks of his Shakespearian design, the complete illustration of the masterbard's works. I give the letter in full. It speaks for itself, and cannot but add to the testimony which bespeaks the qualities of head, heart, conscience, and *knowledge of men* so eminently possessed by the clever French artist. To the Shakespeare, having occasion to refer to it later on, I forbear other reference here than M. Doré's characteristic letter. He wrote:—

"*Paris, March 23rd*, 1866.

"GENTLEMEN,—The rumours that you may have heard respecting the conclusion of any contract into which I have entered with some publisher to illustrate the works of Shakespeare are inexact. I suppose that this false news results from the numberless indiscretions of the Paris Press, and the imperfect acquaintance of journalists and others with the project about which I have conversed with them.

"I should have done nothing, and I shall do nothing, gentlemen, believe me, without first consulting you on the matter. I consider that you have a priority of claim upon me, and I am too pleased with the relation in which we stand to each other, not to keep you advised of all that passes and shall occur respecting the works of Shakespeare, of which I shall do all in my power to make you the publishers. As I must already have mentioned to you, gentlemen, the works of Shakespeare form so great an undertaking, that I have as yet been unable to definitely determine how long a time it would

occupy me. The matter besides involves many important questions. I should aim to study very deeply the historical pieces, of which I would wish to make pictures full of archæological truth, and the plays are so fraught with character, and are such complete delineations of the English nation, that to render justice to my subject it would be indispensable that I should for some time reside among you.

"My intention is that the Shakespeare—which I mean to make my masterpiece—should contain a large number of plates; that to the large plates separate from the text should be added many small illustrations embodied in the text, for example at the beginning and end of each act, in the sonnets, and even in the life of Shakespeare which will preface the text. In fine, my idea would be to announce the work with 1000 drawings—not too many for so vast a theme—moreover, the number 1000 is round and sonorous, would produce a fine effect as seen in advertisements and posters, and help the success of the work, which I anticipate will be without precedent. I feel convinced and have sincere faith that I shall in these illustrations out-distance by far all my previous efforts. The wealth and variety of my subject inspire me with this certainty.

"Believe me to be, yours, &c.,
"(Signed) GUSTAVE DORÉ."

Amongst other matter relating to Doré, I have come upon a little sonnet which it strikes me should find a place here. In speaking of the renown which Doré had acquired in England previous to his going to London, it will be seen that during two years his name was almost constantly before the British public. Two months previous to an entry *re* Doré in M. Kratz's note-book, the following was published in the London *Quiver*:—

"TO GUSTAVE DORÉ.
"Thou hast the subtle hand of older men—
Bold, noble, graphic, rapid in design,
With immortality in every line.
Thy power is wedded to the poet's pen,

LA FONTAINE, FABLES.

(By permission of Cassell and Co.)

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And on thy works we ponder in amaze.
It seems as though some artist from the dead,
Who long the vanguard of his brethren led,
Hath ris'n again, in these our latter days,
To vivify our art: Cervantes' wit,
And Dante's myriad forms of spirit-life,
With now sweet peace, then sanguinary strife,
And now sublimest scenes of Holy Writ:
These are thy monument, and these shall be
Fix'd as the earth's immutability!

"G. S."

From the *Quiver*, June 16th, 1866.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DORÉ BUILDS A NEW STUDIO.

I HAVE already spoken more than once of Doré's home, but feel that I may return to that subject without wearying any one, as it forms one of the most distinct features in the life of this brilliant man. His mother had been installed but a short time in the Rue St. Dominique when nothing would do for Gustave but he must build a studio there.

"The house was turned upside down until the studio was finished," old Françoise told me; "it cost a lot of money, and even more worry. But when it was really completed Gustave was as happy over it as if it had been the first and only one he had ever possessed; and it was the joy of the whole family ever after."

This studio wore the familiar aspect of a drawing-room. It contained a pianoforte and other instruments, piles of music, books, comfortable sofa and arm-chairs, card-tables and coffee-tables, musical boxes, statues, statuettes, plaster casts, and bronze medallions, water-colours, enormous paintings, photographs of Doré's works, chiefly of those which had been sold into foreign countries, and any number of curious objects. The works of art were all by Doré: everything of that class was from his own hand.

ELIJAH NOURISHED BY AN ANGEL.

(The Bible. By permission of Cassell and Co.)

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In the real drawing-room were gathered together vast numbers of things presented to the artist at one time or another. On the wall in one little corner, just over his own portrait, of which I have already spoken, hung a capital photograph of Rossini. That great composer looks as jolly as a sandboy, and the inscription at the foot seems to be twinkling in his eyes. Even his neck speaks of good-humour. He has tied a black stock around it in a loose fashion, and a pin sticks in it barely fast enough to hold on. His coat covers his body in one huge wrinkle, and from his position one might think that he was sitting in a balloon. The dedication of the photograph runs as follows:—

"Souvenir of tender friendship offered to Gustave Doré, who joins to his genius as a painter and draughtsman the talents of a distinguished violinist and a charming *tenorino*, if you please. G. ROSSINI.

"*Paris*, 29 *Aug.*, 1863."

Close by hangs the portrait which Gustave painted of his father. To the opposite wall is appended a somewhat faded photograph, that of an English clergyman, one of Gustave's oldest friends, Canon Harford, who had presented his likeness to Madame Doré with a dedication containing the following words, besides many expressions of friendship:—

"Offered in all humility to the lady who had the honour of bringing into the world the greatest genius of the nineteenth century."

This dedication particularly struck me as a sincere and grateful tribute of admiration to a deserving object of hero-worship. No one could more authoritatively than this gentleman attest to the real nature of the great French artist, whom he had known in many and varied circumstances of life, ever finding him more than equal to every task and every turn in the wheel of fortune.

On the mantelpiece in this room was the wonderful bronze clock designed by Doré, called "Le Oré," besides innumerable beautiful ornaments. One side of the adjoining room was partitioned off into stalls, which were

crammed full of Doré's original works, proofs, sketches, paintings and so on, by hundreds, or more likely thousands, all ranged and classified with great precision. The only thing unsympathetic in the room to me was a too lifelike steel engraving of Abraham Lincoln, which hung to the wall. It had been sent to Doré from New York by a friend. I notice this fact because it exemplifies what M. Daubrée once said of him:—

"Gustave never neglected the slightest thing given to him by a friend. Every present he had ever received in his life was sure to be found somewhere about his house, carefully stored away and as carefully cherished. His memory was so remarkable that the most insignificant trifle never escaped it. Once a friend from Strasburg sent him a little present. Donor and recipient did not meet for years afterwards; but the instant Doré saw him he thanked him for his kind souvenir. The friend in question had forgotten all about it; not so Doré."

The house from basement to roof-tree realized the ideal of the residence of a wealthy gentleman with bohemian but artistic tastes. And yet it was palatial; the odour of its former ducal days still lingered about its apartments, blended with an atmosphere of such modern comfort, gaiety and unrestraint, that but to cross the threshold was at once to feel at home, and think of the number of great people, since the Regent's days, who had crossed that threshold. Their name was legion. I remember a few, and set them down here at random:—Rossini, Patti, Alboni, Nilsson, Théophile Gautier (father and son); Daubrée (Member of the French Institute); Alexandre Dumas, senior, and Alexandre Dumas, junior; Lambert, Thibault, Edmond About, Taine, Rev. Frederick Harford; the painters Marchal, Frenat, Harpigny, Carolus Duran, Carrier, Belleuse (sculptor), Bourdin, Pisan, Bourdelin, Leleux, Paul Joanne and Paul Dalloz; Kratz, Pagans, the delightful Spanish teacher and singer; Nadaud, whom Doré always asked to sing the same song, "*Lorsque j'aimais;*" Liszt—the great Liszt, Pauline Viardot, Garcia, "the *Sculpteur musicale;*" Lacroix, the savant,

and Nadar, the "marvel," who has done everything and can do anything; Dr. Michel; Gounod, who sings as does nobody else in the world; Émile Courtois, Campbell Clarke, and—how many more besides?

SOUVENIR OF ITALY, 1863.

Imagine that studio when it was filled with this delightful society; Madame Doré in a chair of state, receiving her guests, and her boys, Gustave and Ernest, dispensing their cordial hospitality with unrivalled grace and cordiality. Madame Doré constantly wore her turban,

and dressed in a sort of semi-Mauresque, semi-Andalusian fashion. M. Lacroix said of her that she always looked like an accomplished gipsy, and was as much the life of any social gathering as Gustave himself. Indeed no one enjoyed those receptions more than did Madame Alexandrine, who invariably received as much attention from one and all of her guests as if she had still been a young and lovely woman, which was a great compliment to her intelligence and charm of manner.

The salon of Gustave Doré enjoyed a great and deserved renown. Madame Doré's receptions were held on Sunday evenings, and were always preceded by dinner-parties which are reckoned now-a-days among the historical events of Paris. I repeat, only imagine that studio when it was filled with this delightful society! I can see Madame Doré now, in a chair of state, receiving her guests with all the manner and stateliness of a French *grande* dame. Sometimes of late years she was aided by her young and lovely grand-daughter, Madeline, now the wife of Dr. Joseph Michel. The child of Ernest Doré, Madame Michel combines all the graces and talents of the Doré family; witty, spirituelle, beautiful, and accomplished, she seemed the unique inheritor of all Madame Pluchart's virtues and charms, and made a pretty picture in the old studio, where she was spoiled by grandmamma and her uncles Gustave and Émile.

Those famous entertainments, unrivalled in sumptuousness and splendour of accessory, were moreover piquantly flavoured by a bohemianism as appetizing as it was refined. On such occasions Gustave Doré became a boy again, as veritable an enfant terrible as ever existed. He threw care to the winds, and turned the house inside out in order to carry out any fancy which struck him as likely to amuse his guests. It must not be assumed that these dinners resembled one another, except with regard to rich viands, fine wines, unlimited fun and abundance of celebrities, all of which were never lacking; for it was his special study to devise some new entertainment or diversion for each dinner-party; and the resources of his

fertile brain were no less inexhaustible than astonishing. One remembers those dinners well; let other guests, however, rather than myself, bear witness to their manifold attractions, some of which, moreover, are indicated in documentary evidence emanating from Gustave Doré himself, as for instance, the following notes of invitation addressed by him to his dear friend Paul Joanne:—

"AMIABLE PAUL,—The day after to-morrow, Sunday evening, solemn representation of academical tableaux, plastic poses, representing subjects religious, historical, heroical, allegorical, frenetical, taken from the best authors. The troupe of artists, already composed of the best Parisian and Foreign talent, counts nevertheless on your intelligent aid. So I hope to see you without fail. Come early, so that there may be ample time to drape you in a manner worthy of your plastic genius. Will you tell your dear parents that if they will deign to honour me by bestowing one little look upon our modest artistical efforts, I shall be only too delighted to count them amongst our guests, and to introduce them to this new style of production of their servant and friend,

"GUSTAVE DORÉ."

"MY DEAR PAUL,—I have the honour to inform you that you are booked for the dinner of the 19th of December, and for a very good place. Any refusal on your part shall be considered a proof of extreme ill-will, and will bring about a painful coldness in our relations.

"Yours ever,

"GUSTAVE."

According to M. Joanne, the tableaux on the above occasions were shown between two screens lighted by magnesium, the great gas chandelier which lit up the studio being lowered for the time being. First were exhibited the poet drinking at a well of inspiration, Jacob's ladder without Jacob, and many well-known subjects, each one presented in the Doré style, and in such an original manner as to send the company off into shrieks of laughter. The incidental music was supplied

by the musical guests, and when occasion required Gustave played the violin, accompanied by his brother Ernest at the piano; the latter was a delightful man, accomplished musician and agreeable composer. "At the dinner," Paul Joanne *loquitur*, "the red wine was decanted in carafes which were really Swiss musical-boxes. Doré was continually begging his guests to drink, and then as soon as the flask was lifted and the music began to play, he would scream with delight to see the astonished look on people's faces. His sly way of handling those decanters was indeed amusing. The longer the mystery was kept up the better he was pleased. He was like a child with a new toy; but this particular fancy lasted longer than any one expected, for he never seemed to tire of it."

Another dear friend of Gustave, M. Bourdelin, gave me the following account of these receptions:—

"There were few illustrious persons in Europe who had not paid homage to the talents of Gustave Doré by visiting his studio. His dinners, recurring every Sunday, enjoyed a great reputation.

"On certain grand occasions Chevet brought in an army of cooks and assistants to his aid, and the guests were treated to new dishes invented and prepared in honour of Gustave's latest illustrations. Some of the names bestowed upon these dainties were certainly fantastic enough. For instance, '*Le gigot à l'étouffée*,' and a fine soup '*Souvenir de l'Alsace.*' Amongst old dishes familiar to memory was '*Le gâteau de Savoie*,' which found a frequent place at dessert, amongst the ices and '*les petits fours à la mode.*'

"Gustave presided at these dinners vis-à-vis to his mother, and amused himself like a child. One dinner I shall never forget. A friend from Alsace was the guest of the evening; wherefore, firmly established in the centre of the table was a gigantic *pâté de foie gras* from Strasburg. Gustave pronounced a pompous eulogy of this noble product of his native country. He explained how it was made; how it was the delight of

gourmands all over the world; how rare it was to find one done to a turn; how the luckless geese must be fattened to such and such a degree; how of all the Strasburg pies he had ever seen, this one, sent to them by a dear friend, was the most perfect and sublime, &c., &c. Thus he went on until his description of the truffles—the rare black ones from Périgord—proved so realistic that it made every one's mouth water, and we could scarcely bear to wait any longer the moment for devouring the *pâté*. When he had said all he possibly could say on the subject, he passed the huge pasty to his nearest neighbour, who took up his knife, fairly trembling with excitement; for to him was vouchsafed the honour of cutting it. M. X—— lifted up the crust, but imagine the horror of all present when a tiny bird flew out, followed by a guinea-pig no less frisky than its predecessor, nor less pleased to be at length set at liberty."

Doré delighted in these practical jokes, and happily his friends always knew how to take them. The dinners were always very gay, only two subjects of conversation being positively prohibited, viz., politics or the fine arts, especially painting. However, every one, of course, scrupulously avoided starting these topics, for in spite of old and tried friendship, these Scylla and Charybdis of small talk were regarded, and justly so, as rather dangerous to good-fellowship.

In spite of Doré's claret decanters, which played enchanting waltzes and polkas throughout the dinner, this schoolboy artist never was tempted to try any of the red wine so alluringly proffered at his festal board. He drank nothing but champagne—champagne of the finest, driest, and most expensive quality. Madame Alexandrine was both economical and orderly; to see a person commence his dinner with champagne was from her point of view presumptive evidence of a most damnable conclusion; and that her own son should set this example in her house cut her to the heart. In vain did she attempt to convert him to the use of Rhine wine, white or red Bordeaux, or anything but champagne, wherewith

to begin his repast. Her attempts all failed, or at the most they never got beyond the soup, when Gustave would call out in a clear, seductive voice, "And the champagne, mother dear; is it not time that we had it? Pray let it come on at once. We are all dying to drink your health." As he said this he reminded one of the artless children who wait until the drawing-room is full to ask mamma or papa for a penny.

Then of course there was no help for it. With one mournful look at her terrible child and a profound sigh, Madame Alexandrine would give the order; and so, for the fiftieth time, her moral and economical schemes fell through.

On one occasion the Parisian Postmaster-General was to be the guest of the evening. Doré worked the whole day long in order to prepare the table in this dignitary's honour, and the dining-room assumed the aspect of a scene in the interior of a post-office. Imagine the minister's surprise to have his napkin folded like an envelope, his pâtés served in the form of a billet-doux, his tarts enveloped in telegraph-forms, his ices in official pigeon-holes, and the whole room decorated in keeping with the position he so brilliantly filled.

On another occasion Gustave covered the table with great glass globes, surrounded by flower-gardens, and from each globe drew one of the Joanne guide-books. This, I need not say, was in honour of his dear friend, Paul Joanne, son of the inventor of these celebrated works. Doré read several descriptions aloud, and always parodied them so cleverly that some of his guests were under the impression that he was reading verbatim from the book.

"Once he caught even me," said Paul Joanne. "He read, 'This cathedral is beautiful, although Gothic;' and another time, 'We particularly recommend this hotel for the inodorousness of its servants.' I snatched at the book in alarm, which was quite enough to send him into fits of laughter, and to prove that his joke had not fallen flat.

"He finished the dinner with two speeches; one purported to be delivered in the purest English and the other in the most correct German. He was so perfect a mimic and imitated the sounds of the languages so well that for a long time we thought he was really in earnest, until he stuck fast at an English guttural and coloured deeply, so that we found out that he had been chaffing all the time. But he was always extremely funny, and I think I can still hear people laughing at his jokes. His merriment never flagged, and his invention seemed inexhaustible. How he could possibly conjure up such quaint ideas in his brain was an universal mystery."

Madame Doré was often reminded of Gustave having broken the chandelier the first time they all dined in the new home. This breakage of glass had indeed proved a good omen; never had an old saw been more forcibly and completely verified. Since that day she had seen at her table the greatest luminaries of France; her son elbowing prime ministers, and offering hospitality to princes and potentates; had listened to original wit as it fell from the mouths of poets and philosophers; had drunk to her fill of honours, respect, and pleasure; until the thought of their réunions filled her heart with a pardonable pride and with all a fond mother's vanity! Was it not all in honour of her son? Was he not the greatest painter and draughtsman in the world? Was he not the first sculptor, the most charming host, the wittiest man, the best brother, and, above all, the dearest son a mother ever had? Naturally, Paris itself, and the elect of the outside world flocked to see him, and his receptions were a fitting tribute to his genius, goodness, and popularity.

I think it would be easy for any one to picture to himself those réunions.

How easy to wake the echoes of all those voices of Doré's slumbering past! Liszt with his marvellous fingers bewitching the keys; Michotte, the Belgian, who drew tears from all who heard him; Patti with her golden throat; Nilsson with her syren voice, fair hair, and enchanting northern eyes; Alboni, the great and good-

hearted Marietta, whose delicious notes shamed those of the nightingale that sang to Juliet—dear Marietta, who, although sometimes short of breath, always had an abundant supply at her disposal when it was needed for Doré's receptions; Gounod, the most seductive charmer who ever subdued human hearts by his tuneful song; Pagans with his Boleros and Sevillanos, habañeras and serenatas, setting fans waving and eyes languishing with Andalusian fervour; Nadaud; and, not least melodious amongst the songster throng, Gustave himself with such a "tenorino charmant, s'il vous plaît;" Gautier's fine sword of wit eliciting responsive sparks from Dumas' keen intellectual blade; Dalloz narrating his wondrous holidays with Gustave; About touching on matrimony at home and abroad; Paul Lacroix lecturing and Taine philosophizing; Dr. Michel chatting with Bourdelin, Pisan, Leleux, and Kratz; Daubrée talking "Doré;" Carolus Duran, Hébert, Harpigny, Jundt, and those other kings of the brush here and there adding social laurels to their other coronals of evergreen; a jocund crowd, taken all in all, coming and going constantly, and proud to honour the young artist, their friend and fellow-worker, to imprint a kiss on his dear old mother's hand, and to lay an ample tribute of homage at her shapely feet.

Those were the good old days of Doré's reign, and of the celebrated salon in the Rue St. Dominique. Now the studio is silent and deserted; the violin no longer breathes its soul through its strings, the pictures are turned to the wall, and dust lies thick on every inanimate object.

"I do my best to keep things clean," says poor old Françoise; "but it is too much for my aged eyes. Then, too, there is no reason why I should, for they are all gone; only I am left; and some day some one else will be here in my place. C'est clair; c'est bien clair!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE GREAT FRENCH POET.

A SLIGHT description of M. Théophile Gautier may not be out of place in this memoir, as he was one of the firmest and truest friends Doré ever possessed, as well as the oldest, with the exception of Messrs. Kratz, Lacroix, and Dalloz.

T. Gautier was born at Tarbes in 1808, and was therefore old enough to have been Gustave's father. There were few subjects with which he was not acquainted, and I believe that history places him at the head of that list of brilliant authorities which enriched our Paris world of letters not so very long ago. He was unanimously pronounced to be the first critic of his time, not only in literature, but in the fine arts, and his opinions were as universally quoted as his books were read. His enormous erudition, vigorous intellect, keen but brilliant sarcasm, penetrating wit, and marvellous powers of observation, as well as his delightful literary style, peculiarly fitted him for the task of judging others, not less gifted, perhaps, than himself, but less prominently before the world. It was Théophile Gautier who spoke in such decided terms of the artist Whistler, that Paris one morning woke up to the fact that it had been a little harsh, and, perhaps, even unjust towards that painter. His frankness may be judged by the following remarks on one of the exhibitions at the Salon :—

"After leaving the Palais de l'Industrie I gave myself

the pleasure of going to the Exhibition at Le Salon des Rejetés. My compliments to you, gentlemen. You have discovered the real place wherein to put true works of art; for I find relegated thither the masterpiece which, to my mind, should have received the first medal at that other Salon. 'The Woman in White,' by a certain Whistler, for originality of thought and treatment, I unhesitatingly pronounce to be the first picture of this year's exhibition, and congratulate you on the rare judgment, which *buries* rather than encourages rising talent."

The witty author of "Mdlle. de Maupin" and "Fortunio" at least had the courage of his opinions. It was this same audacity, perhaps, which went so far towards ingratiating him with the public. He imposed his convictions so peremptorily on the world that they were usually accepted without hesitation as indisputable truths. His frankness of criticism was as relentlessly exercised upon his friends as upon persons indifferent to him. No one was so able, but few were more unwilling to pay compliments. This will be seen in his relations with Gustave Doré, for whom he had conceived a genuine and demonstrative affection.

Doré had been in Paris little over three years when he made the acquaintance of Théophile Gautier, through his friend M. Arthur Kratz. The exact date is not known; but, to correspond with M. Lacroix's story about "The Abominations of Paris," it should have been somewhere in the latter part of 1851, or in the early days of 1852. Doré's introduction to the leading French critic came about through Théophile Gautier having favourably noticed one of Doré's paintings long before the exhibition of 1853, when Doré first exhibited in the Paris Salon. One day M. Arthur Kratz was talking with Doré about an evening he had spent at Théophile Gautier's house.

"Apropos, Gustave," he said, "you ought to know Gautier. He is quite delightful, and I think would suit you to perfection. You would be sure to get on together; besides, Gautier is a man whom every one ought to know."

FLOWER GIRL.

(Doré Gallery. London, 1869. By permission of Messrs. Fairless and Beeforth.)

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Doré put his finger to his forehead as if he were trying to recollect something, and replied,—

"Théophile Gautier! Ah! I remember; you are quite right. He is a man to know; *besides, he always spoke well of me.* I think he is *my friend.* I have often thought I should like to know him. Pray ask his permission to present me to him as soon as possible. I am indeed anxious to meet him."

Thus it came about that the following Thursday evening, at Gautier's usual reception, Gustave Doré was presented to the great littérateur, and was received by him with warm and demonstrative cordiality, as well as a few well-chosen words of compliment, which went straight to Doré's heart. As M. Kratz had predicted, the artist and critic suited each other to perfection, and both instantaneously conceived a strong mutual liking. At the close of the evening, as Doré went home he said to M. Kratz,—

"Arthur, I thank you. You have done me a real service. I feel and know that as long as I live I shall like Théophile Gautier." And, indeed, from that time until the great critic's death Gustave Doré's life was intertwined with that of Gautier in a perfect and enduring friendship.

Even in those early days, when Doré's name was on the lips of every art connoisseur in Paris, public opinion was so much divided as to his claims to be called an artist that he was quick to remember any and every one who said a word in his favour. He was at that time still so much of a spoiled child that his art-judgment could not be taken seriously; but in choosing his friends he was often happily guided by an instinct far more trustworthy than his reasoning powers. But for this Doré would have led a life of still more pitiful delusion than was actually the case. He never reflected on the why or wherefore of any question regarding himself, and believed every unfavourable criticism to have been inspired by personal enmity to himself. He could never separate a man from his profession, and was sometimes singularly blind when his

best interests were concerned. This phase in Doré's character was a life-long regret to his friends, which, however, they might have spared themselves. Doré's supreme gifts would have been a source of unhappiness to nine hundred and ninety-nine human beings of a thousand, for their very fineness entailed a supersensitiveness in the disposition of their possessor which ordinary mortals could neither understand nor appreciate. Happily the world in general accepts a genius for what he is in the abstract, and in its ignorance spares him many a blow. On the other hand, only a person superlatively endowed can appreciate and elicit the superlative qualities of another gifted nature. Théophile Gautier was so great a man that he recognized the boy Doré's talents and potentialities, the resources of which were imperceptible to the outer world, but whose existence was suspected and revealed by certain signs plain to the mind of the skilled delver, as flecked veins betray the golden quartz in the ore, or tell-tale sand the diamond in the river's bed.

The ardour, contradiction, honesty, unreasonableness, enthusiasm, waywardness, boyishness, flightiness, affection, constancy, and obstinacy of this many-sided nature gleamed upon Gautier's acute comprehension with the clearness of the noonday sun. He gathered information from its every ray, and learned to love where at first he had only admired. After acquiring a perfect knowledge of Doré's character and capabilities, Gautier advisedly bestowed upon him the most apt designation the world will ever know him by, "Un gamin de génie."

When in Paris, Doré dined every Thursday evening at Gautier's house. Whether the party was large or small, the artist's face was never missing from the circle gathered round Gautier's table. The latter's death in 1873 set the seal of mortality upon one of the most beautiful friendships of modern times. Too much has been said and written of Théophile Gautier for me to dilate upon him in this place; but I cannot forbear from pointing out the contrast afforded by his nature to

that of Doré, by his Olympian calm to the impetuous element which reigned supreme in every fibre of the artist's being. They had two things in common, however, their love of the beautiful and a certain childishness of disposition which made Théophile Gautier frequently appear as much of a boy as Gustave Doré. In a description later on of their trip to Spain this side of Gautier's nature will have a new light thrown upon it, one which certainly reveals another charming phase in his fascinating character. What a pleasure it is in these days of affectation and falseness to find a great man who is not above being human; who without lowering himself one atom from his own greatness can still descend with naive and infantine dexterity to the level of ordinary mankind; who can remember that he, too, was once a child, and is happy to fling away the restraints of manhood in order to become a boy again! Such men were Théophile Gautier and Gustave Doré. Their works have surely not been the less valuable because their natures were so simple and transparently child-like.

Those Thursday evenings at Gautier's were curious blendings of seriousness and fun, reckless gaiety and simple recreations. Some of the favourite after-dinner amusements were private theatricals, acting charades, tableaux vivants, &c. Music, singing, and dancing also had their turn, but the favourite diversion was charades. It was a treat to see Gautier act and to hear him laugh. He entered into the spirit of every suggestion with as much ardour as the youngest person present; and when Doré was in one of his gayest humours the scenes that took place between these two beggared all description. Gautier said that he had never in his life known any one of Doré's quickness and power of repartee.

One evening after dinner the company was unusually numerous and strongly leavened with celebrities. One end of the *salon* was partitioned off to form a stage, only provided with a drop curtain and the usual accessories of drawing-room theatricals.

They were playing charades, and the soirée was well

advanced, when a new comer entered the room and sat down beside Gautier, who on this occasion was one of the audience. Gustave Doré was amongst the performers, and it was his turn to make up the charade. They were just in the act of dropping the curtain when he caught a glimpse of the new comer, who was none other than Hébert, the celebrated painter.

As soon as Doré saw him he turned to his companions:—

"Quick," he exclaimed, "I have the subject!" and forthwith began to arrange his people, utilizing the accessories at his disposal with amazing ingenuity and promptitude. In a few seconds all was ready, and, striking an attitude himself, he called out "Curtain." As the drop rose, every one present shouted aloud, "La Malaria!" "La Malaria!" This is the title of one of Hébert's greatest paintings, at present in the Gallery of the Luxembourg. Such was Doré's way of complimenting the artist, and nothing could have been more spontaneous or graceful. The audience exclaimed, "Bravo, Doré!" and for the moment he was, if possible, even a greater hero than Hébert himself. This is only one of many instances of Doré's presence of mind and quickness. Gautier said that he had never seen a handsomer compliment paid by one artist to another, and that, moreover, he had never known a man of such amazing readiness as Gustave Doré; not alone quick to conceive, but prompt to execute. Hébert received many honours in his lifetime, but none greater than was paid to him on that evening. Neither he nor his friends will ever forget Gustave Doré's delicacy of feeling and marvellous quickness of imagination. It may readily be understood that the charade in question was the chief success of the soirée; for after so happy a hit any other piece must have appeared tame by comparison.

Gustave Doré counted the hours spent in Gautier's house as some of the happiest of his life. Indeed, all the time he passed in the society of the poet was alike beneficial and pleasurable to both the friends. Théophile

Gautier was without doubt one of the greatest poets and finest gentlemen of France. Gustave Doré was certainly one of her greatest artistic geniuses; and, although a mere boy compared with Gautier, perfect harmony and sympathy prevailed between them. Not only was Gautier Doré's "guide, philosopher, and friend," but his attitude towards the younger man was always marked by the quintessence of delicacy, tact, and affection. In fact Gustave Doré never had such a friend as was Théophile Gautier. I say this advisedly, having in my mind many noble hearts which still beat with a quicker throb whenever the artist's name is mentioned. With two characters as widely divergent as the poles, these gifted men never had a quarrel, though they very rarely agreed, and used to discuss serious questions for hours together. Doré never modified his opinions; Gautier never changed his; and yet the subtle essence of a perfect understanding bound these two together by indissoluble ties of devoted and tender reciprocity.

Gautier was in a position rendering his friendship invaluable to Doré. The latter had many partisans; but they waxed colder when the artist most needed their protection and support. Théophile Gautier never changed towards him. From the very first he upheld Doré, proclaimed his phenomenal gifts to be an honour to his country, and vaunted his honesty and faithfulness towards the public whom he had so indefatigably served. In praising Doré's illustrations Gautier exhausted his rich vocabulary of laudatory epithet.

His criticisms on the "Dante" and "Don Quixote" were such enthusiastic eulogia that Paris began to think the poet was suffering from Dorémania; and when the artist exchanged his pencil for a brush Théophile Gautier was ready and waiting to herald this new talent, and to set the seal upon all he had previously uttered by designating Doré as a genius—"A word," he said, "we are none of us too lavish of." It is difficult to draw the line in this case between the friend and the critic; but it would be an insult to the memory of two great men not to attempt

to draw it, and I unhesitatingly say that this partisanship on Gautier's part was fealty in a purely artistic sense of the word. Admitted to be a man of the finest powers of observation and most correct judgment of his epoch, he really saw all that he said he saw in the artist's rich, although ill-balanced nature. But to his friendship for the artist we may attribute that steadfastness and constant courage of opinion which placed him at the head of Doré's protectors, and made him through life the dearest and most cherished of all Doré's champions.

How different from Edmond About, who after years of "devoted friendship" (*sic*), having written countless eulogies on Doré during two decades, was prompted by a personal quarrel to head a newspaper article with the words, "M. Gustave Doré, whose name we are ashamed to see at the head of a list of French artists," &c., &c.

I must again reiterate that I have laid stress upon Gautier's protection of Gustave Doré with no intention of reflecting upon those other true souls who were also never found wanting towards him. But there are degrees of comparison, and none will deny the poet's right to the superlative place in speaking of Doré's unflagging, unwearying and disinterested friends.

Gautier's amity was often put to the test, and never lapsed lukewarm. He spoke much and constantly in Doré's favour, and upheld him on every possible occasion. The more battles he had to fight for Doré the harder he fought them. He was as absolutely immovable as the rock of Gibraltar—a very tower of strength and protection to the artist. He disclaimed any partisanship on the ground of friendship, however, and was heard to say on many an occasion,—

"If my worst enemy had Doré's talent, in the cause of art and for the honour of my country I should be bound to uphold him. Doré is a genius, gifted with a glorious, rich, and spontaneous nature. I like the boy. I like his honesty, his naturalness, and his rare sympathetic disposition. But were he not a real gamin de génie I would forget his art and only speak of him as my friend Doré."

Gautier's extraordinary coolness and self-possession are aptly instanced in the following incident related to me by M. Dalloz. A great admirer of the poet one day was fortunate enough to obtain an introduction to Gautier,

LONDON SLUMS.
(Original Drawing, Doré, 1871. Unpublished.)

whom he sought at the latter's house in Paris. On the way he prepared the address with which he would greet the poet. He composed several fine speeches, and had finally settled upon one, when he arrived at Gautier's house, and was informed that the great writer was in the

country at an address whither the enthusiast started off to find him. He at last reached the house and rang the door-bell violently. After an interval of some moments, the door opened and disclosed Gautier himself standing on its threshold—Gautier, with his enormous, stately figure, his impassive, strongly-marked face lit up by majestic eyes, the whole head crowned by a profusion of long curling locks. The visitor looked at him, and experienced so much gratification at the realization of his hopes, that he was struck speechless with pleasure. Both men stared at each other for some moments, until the situation became unendurable, even to the poet, who, with the same imperturbable calm that had characterized his silence, looking compassionately at his dumb caller, finally said, "Articulez seulement quelques sons."

Doré's enemies had but little chance of making any impression on a wall of granite such as this; and Doré himself, with his fiery nature, was often cowed by the poet's grave imperturbability. When Gautier died, leaving behind him a sorrowful nation, a weeping family, and disconsolate friends, amongst these latter there was no heart which so copiously overflowed with grief as Doré's. When the last funeral rite had been performed he burst into violent fits of weeping, and could only reiterate, "I have lost one of my dearest and truest comrades. What can ever console me?"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

DORÉ'S PERSONAL CHARACTER.

I HAVE hitherto dealt in detail with Gustave Doré's talents and artistic achievements, but have said little of his personal character and real nature. It will be borne in mind that Doré, so to speak, had no youth. When other lads were thinking of football or cricket, the young Alsatian was delving in hard but classic soil, driving his mental ploughshare through Olympian fields. His juvenile shoulders were laden with responsibilities which stunted his boyishness and prematurely developed his manly character. It was said of him, "Doré is always a child;" but it would have been more correct to say, "he became too soon a man." The obstinacy referred to by M. Lacroix may have seemed to very many a disagreeable trait in his disposition, but it was none other than the precocious determination of a proud and supremely gifted lad to stick to his principles because he believed them to be the right ones. His ambition, self-reliance, volition, and perseverance would have appeared less pronounced in the man than they did in the boy. All these characteristics seemed exaggerated in Gustave Doré because they made themselves manifest too soon. The rest of his nature had not had time to develop to the proper balance, at least in the eyes of the world. His best qualities were never appreciated by an undiscriminating public. He

was always conspicuous, because of his talent; and, as is usual in the career of great people, his private life was to a considerable extent misunderstood by the world at large.

But there was pure, unalloyed and precious metal in the man's nature. What are ambition, self-reliance, volition and perseverance when offset by the greater qualities of honesty, kindness, generosity, and fidelity? Gustave Doré possessed these latter in a marked degree. Could you but have seen him in the bosom of his family, in his intimate relations with friends, in his dealings with mankind in general, you would have been irresistibly drawn towards him. Uprightness and sensibility were so strongly stamped on his every action that you would have said, as did all who knew him, "Gustave Doré is a noble fellow."

To his family he was all devotion; the most filial of sons, the most affectionate of brothers. To friends, or even mere acquaintances, his actions were characterized by the rarest delicacy. No one ever heard of Doré having done an ungentlemanly thing. Perhaps the richest veins in this complex nature were tenderness and genuine amiability. While his first thoughts naturally turned to his art, he had quick human sympathies, and no one ever appealed to him in vain.

If a friend were in trouble, he sought him with spontaneous kindliness, and his sympathy was never confined to idle words. If his friend were ill, he left every haunt of fashion and pleasure to sit by his bedside, cheer him up, and bring the sunshine of his lively humour into the sick-room. He was brimful of anecdote and repartee, and no one was ever better company than Gustave Doré. The hours he stole from his work to thus devote to those in trouble were not few; but he never broke faith with the public. He would sit longer at his blocks, and abridge his time for sleep, would deny himself personal comfort and pleasures; but he would be honest to his art and true to his employers.

If you appealed to Doré's heart, you struck a chord which vibrated harmoniously and sonorously throughout

the entire compass of kindly human feeling. It was this quality which made his friends adore him, those whom he had befriended worship him, and his family bow down before him.

A particular instance of his goodness crosses my mind. For many years he spent his New Year's Day at the foundling hospital, whither he carried presents of toys, money, and clothing to the poor little waifs whom fate had cast adrift on the fair but barren shore of Parisian life. He used to get up before break of day and take carriage load after carriage load of presents to all the children's asylums in his neighbourhood. He would distribute the toys himself, sit by the infants' tiny cots, and amuse them until from those accustomed haunts of suffering shouts of baby laughter arose. He told them Bible stories, and fairy legends, tales of angels and nymphs, of giants and pigmies; he helped them to eat their bonbons, set their skip-jacks in motion, wound up their locomotives and spun their tops for them. He entered into their joys and sorrows; in short he was one of them, and there was not a thought or feeling within the range of babyhood's fancy which did not awaken a responsive echo in his own breast.

When he was obliged at last to tear himself away he left behind him, besides a noble donation in money, memories of goodness and tenderness, which were more than all his gold—such hardly-earned gold, too, could the children but have known it, earned by those multiple talents which brought him more enemies than friends, more unhappiness than joy.

Few people understood this man's rare, loyal, and delicate nature. He would be seriously annoyed if he ever heard of any friend buying one of his works. You had but to look at a picture or sketch, and he would immediately say, "Do you like it? Pray take it, and keep it as a memento of our acquaintance."

Hence it is that so few of Doré's original drawings can be found. He was generous to an incredible degree, and gave away his happiest inspirations right and left.

On the other hand, he never presented any of his works to fancy fairs or bazaars, to be disposed of for charitable purposes. "Head your subscription with my name," he would say. "Set down whatever sum you please; but I cannot buy renown under false pretences." This rule he never deviated from, though by adhering to it he incurred the reproach of eccentricity, obstinacy, and disobligingness.

If Gustave Doré seemed proud, self-willed, and indifferent, remember that his art was the one absorbing sentiment of his nature, and every silent demand made upon it exercised a secret strain which might elevate or warp his character, but which the world at large could not appreciate. To his art Doré made every sacrifice.

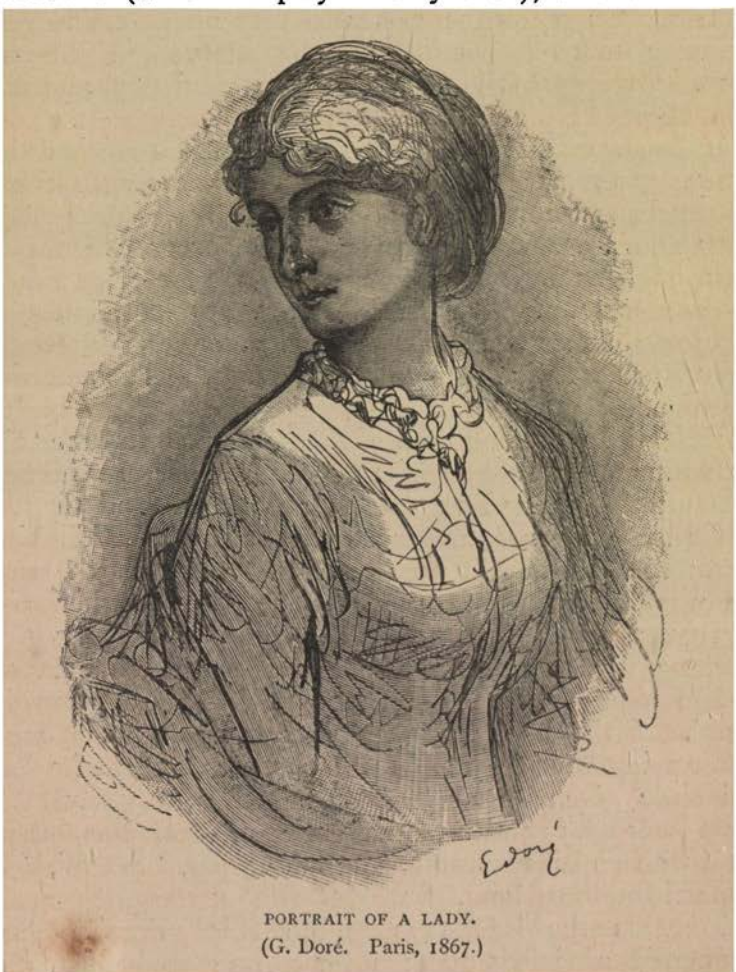
"Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more," has been the key-note to many a man's life; and we need not have been born on the banks of the Tiber to feel the force of this sentiment.

This artist has proven to the world that Nature has not forgotten just when, where, and how to send her sovereign emissaries upon earth. How many are worthy to sit at the feet of Minerva or Apollo? Gustave Doré was, although he found few in the world who really appreciated that fact.

Speaking of Doré's personal character, it occurs to me that I have discoursed of well-nigh everything concerning him but his love affairs. He was a great social lion, and very much sought after about town. No soirée was considered complete if he were not present, and the great ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain seemed to vie with each other as to which should pay him the most honour and attention. With all this flattery his head was not turned. The more repeatedly circumstances compelled him to frequent society, the more eagerly did he cling to his own home and to his little circle of dear friends.

Some time before the appearance of Danté's "Inferno" Doré built a studio in his house in the Rue St. Dominique, and gave up the one in Rue Monsieur le Prince. This

delighted his mother, for it kept him so much at home. The long winter evenings were very pleasant, with Gustave at the violin, his brother Ernest at the piano or the trombone (which he played very well), and some old



PORTRAIT OF A LADY.
(G. Doré. Paris, 1867.)

friends who used to drop in without ceremony to pass a quiet hour with the young artist and his family. It was a matter of surprise to many that he never married. The late M. Paul Lacroix once said to me on this subject :—

"When Gustave was about nineteen he fell desperately in love with the daughter of a gentleman in the Government service, and raved about her beauty from morning till night. I never knew any man so profoundly infatuated with a woman as he was with Mademoiselle X——. Nothing would do but he must marry her. He proposed for her to her father, and was immediately rejected. Monsieur's reply was not unamiable, but extremely matter-of-fact. He told Gustave that he wished his daughter to marry a rich man. His words were these, as nearly as I can recollect:—

"'You are a young man of whom every one speaks well, one who *possibly* has some prospects before him as a draughtsman. I do not doubt your talent, but your future is uncertain. That of my daughter must be secure; and I wish to give her to one who has a settled position.'

"He little dreamt then of the name and fortune 'the draughtsman' would so soon make for himself! Gustave was utterly stunned by the refusal, and vowed that he could never love another woman, that he would kill himself, and I don't know what besides. For my part I think he was lucky to have met with such a father and daughter; for the girl of eighteen who preferred a secure position to a charming young lover with a fine future before him, could have been no fit wife for a man like Doré. I therefore congratulated him on his escape. After a few days he regained his spirits, and as he had evidently given up all idea of marrying, I ventured, a little later on, to speak to him on the subject. He alluded to it with apparent indifference, observing, 'Ma foi, that hope did not last long.'"

Towards the last days of the Third Empire Doré conceived a violent passion for a lady well known in certain Parisian circles. She was beautiful, clever, artistic, and fascinating, and Doré spent some of the happiest hours of his life in her society. There was a great deal of talk about their liaison at the time, and many people said that he wished to marry her; but this

was not so. Neither the lady in question nor Doré himself ever had the remotest idea of such a thing. From all I can learn, their friendship was uninterrupted for a long time; and to her charms and graces Doré paid many a tribute of admiration and esteem.

Doré's love for his mother was so absorbing that none other could ever thoroughly supplant it in his heart. That at nineteen he experienced a caprice for Mademoiselle X—— is not surprising, for his devotion to his mother had not then gathered strength, and become to him the all in all which it was at a later period. Notwithstanding what M. Lacroix told me, he took his rejection very much to heart, and his pride was severely hurt to think that he was not considered an eligible candidate for matrimony. Years passed by without his again thinking of entering the marriage state.

Doré was in some things a very temperate man. He was never noted for those caprices which so often distinguish fashionable, rising, and rich young artists. He was simple in his tastes, modest in his desires, and found every joy and comfort in his own home. His relatives, commencing with his mother, steadfastly spoilt him; his every word was law to them; he lived in luxury, and was surrounded by a circle of ardently-adoring friends, who thought everything he did perfection, everything he said delightful.

By public report he had been successively betrothed and married to a great many female celebrities ever since his "Rabelais" set Paris talking about its young illustrator. At one time it was alleged that he was madly in love with Adelina Patti, and had threatened to kill himself in her boudoir; at another that his assiduities at the feet of Christine Nilsson had compelled the fair Swede to forbid him her house; again, that he had adored Hortense Schneider, and I don't know whom besides. But the fact is beyond question that he gave Paris no real occasion to talk of his love affairs, with one exception, in the case of a celebrated and extraordinary woman, whose eccentricities even to-day keep her name

before the public much more prominently than her talent. This caprice lasted nearly two years, and cost the artist many a noble inspiration; but after all it was only a caprice. He was never really in love with her; but she was the fashion, and for once he followed the example of his contemporaries.

Doré's was a strange nature; at once too simple and too honest to find any real happiness outside his home circle. With all his capriciousness there was never anything low about him, and he hated excess of any kind. For him women might be said to scarcely exist, as women; they certainly played no part whatever in his daily life. Wrapped up in his art, he amused himself now and then; but no passion ever held him long enough to gain much ascendency over him, and he would have left any woman in the world at a word from his mother, or to pass half an hour in the bosom of his family in the Rue St. Dominique.

The only adventure which ever frightened his family in the least was the affair with the actress before alluded to, which threatened to exceed reasonable limits, whilst giving him neither happiness nor amusement. On the contrary, whilst it lasted he was moody, discontented, and very much disturbed by assiduities which, after a very short period, began to irritate his temper and seriously interfere with his daily habits. As Gustave detested vulgarity in woman, and kept up a certain poetic idea with regard to the sex, an entanglement with the above-named celebrity could not fail to prove the reverse of gratifying to his taste and disposition. As soon as he could do so he broke it off, and from that time forth no one ever heard of any more "caprices" of Gustave Doré.

Before this episode he had once again thought of marrying, and this time things went rather far. His betrothed was all that could be desired as regarded birth and position, and the match was thought in every way a good thing for Gustave. It was proposed to him by friends; and he, thinking himself ready to settle in life,

accepted the idea, and seemed very happy at the thought of getting married. Doubtless he was strongly actuated by his honest love of home and by that idea of family life which is so deeply implanted in the German and Anglo-Saxon races. Doré was a true Alsatian in that respect, and looked upon marriage in one sense as a duty. He was rich; he could surround his wife with every comfort and luxury; and, as to social station, any woman might have been proud to call such a man her husband. Doré was very fond of children; "fond" is perhaps not the word, for he adored them; and we may be sure that the hope of having his own fireside some day illuminated by bright baby eyes, and of hearing the ringing sound of clear young voices calling "papa" in the old house of the Rue St. Dominique, was a temptation too great to be resisted. All manner of preparations were made for his marriage, and the wedding-day was even fixed.

I do not think any one knows exactly how it came about, but at the last moment the alliance was broken off. Madame Doré seems to have had some hand in frustrating it. At any rate, as the day approached she grew more and more excited and unhappy. Doré could not help observing that the thought of his marriage seemed to prey upon his mother's spirits. Her life had been devoted to him, and it is not strange that after years of the closest companionship and most unwearying care she could not see him given up to another woman's love without feeling that her mission in this world was ended.

The thought that any other human being could do for him the things she had done—could take the first or indeed any place in his heart—racked her breast with jealousy. Yet she considered hers an unselfish affection! The only excuse for mentioning this episode in Doré's life is that I believe when an attempt is made to write even the slightest memoir of any eminent man frankness in the biographer is as desirable as any merely literary quality. Doré's engagement was known to a great many persons, and had I not alluded to it, my silence

would have implied that I had some reasons for observing reticence upon the subject.

Some of those who knew Doré well judged him very harshly for the part he played in the matter, and made but little allowance for extenuating circumstances.

There were two very good and weighty reasons for the course of action he adopted. Firstly, his love for his mother amounted to idolatry, and at the last moment he found he could not bring himself to give her pain. The second reason was less poetic than the first, but certainly not less potent. Doré was used to his own home, fireside, and way of living; and what assurance had he that in giving up all these things he would satisfactorily replace them? He was no longer a youth; and habit, to one of his unconstrained, not to say Bohemian, mode of living, was much stronger than passion, love, caprice, or interest. The fear that taking a wife would entail a change in his entire mode of life had not a little to do with his decision; and any man who has passed his "salad days" will readily understand Gustave Dore's position.

He had not even the excuse of being madly in love, as he once had been when he made a confidant of M. Lacroix, and threatened to kill himself if he could not marry the lady of his choice. Undoubtedly that was the only real passion of Doré's life; and although the wound was healed, the scar was indelible. Women were always his friends, and in later years he enjoyed some very perfect hours of female amity; but it is also probable that he found it impossible to forget "love's young dream."

Amongst his sketches I find a woman's face often times repeated. It is very beautiful, and one that he must have been very fond of to have had it so constantly in his memory. His family do not recognize it as belonging to any one they have personally known; and as it is amongst his early drawings, I have an idea that it may be a portrait of his second idol. The picture in question is given several pages back; if it be a good likeness, it is

not to be wondered at that he lost both head and heart to so charming a person.

Although a man of a strongly affectionate disposition, Doré was evidently not cut out by nature to make any one woman happy. He was generous to a fault, and his character was singularly noble and straightforward; but some of his notions were fixed, and his character was a thought too independent and self-willed; added to which he was as volatile and fantastic in his caprices as he was stable in his friendships. It is a curious thing that Doré rarely saw any charm in acknowledged beauties, and the women he was usually attracted to were those whom not all the world admired. He loved a Bohemian kind of life, unfettered by restraints. He was spoiled at home and petted in society. What woman would have had the tact not to undermine her own happiness had she been united to such a man as he?

Gustave Doré must have known himself all too well. So it happened that in 1865 he added that postscript to his notes:—

"I am neither husband nor father, member of the National Guard nor a Freemason."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A MEMORABLE DATE.

THE 15th of April, 1866, was an eventful date in Doré's life; for on that day he organized and completed arrangements in connection with his famous studio in the Rue Bayard, and for almost the first time the subject of his coming to England was seriously broached. An English publisher was dining at Doré's house, in company with several of the usual Sunday guests, and after dinner concluded terms with the artist for the illustration of Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." At the same time a long conversation was held with regard to Doré's establishing himself for a time in England. At the close of the evening Doré walked home with M. Kratz, and talked to him a great deal about England. His mind was full of it, and of the projected illustrations. One thing I may note here was Doré's enthusiasm for each and every new work he undertook. His illusions about them were something extraordinary. On this occasion he was delighted with the idea of illustrating Tennyson's poems; but the notion of going to England seemed to disturb his mind in an unaccountable degree.

"It is strange," he said to M. Kratz, "this scheme of going to London, there to open a gallery for my paintings, awakens in me an odd presentiment. You know that I hate leaving my country, my people, and my home. With the English I am not sure that I should

get on. *Something tells me that if I go to England, I shall break up all associations with my native land, and lose much of the influence and prestige I now possess in France.* You know that I love my home, my friends, my own *pot-au-feu*, and that I hate to begin knowing new people, and getting into new habits. Then, too, how can I live without my beloved Paris? I have heard that England is a land of fogs; that the people are cold, and that the sun never shines there. They say that the Channel passage will make me dreadfully sick; besides, it is a *long way off*, and—and I do not believe I shall go."

These were Gustave Doré's words, followed by many more spoken in the same strain. He entertained the fixed idea that coming to England was destined in some way or other to bring about a complete change in his life; and the very notion of innovation terrified and unstrung him. With all his waywardness, petulance, and childishness, Gustave Doré's was a nature susceptible of any amount of persuasion when one only knew how to deal with him. M. Kratz was one of the few who did know how, and, as usual, when he saw him harbouring extraordinary superstitions or fancies, tried to reason him out of them, telling him that he could not always consult his personal feelings; that he was an artist, and had his career to think of; and that it was quite obvious that he must go whithersoever his interests might lead him. He said, "England is not at the other end of the world. A fine opening is offered to you there. Try it; if you do not like it, come back. But don't give way to babyish notions about your whole life being changed by breaking into your old habits, and such like nonsense. You are no longer a child; do look at the question of your own interests, and reason like a man."

M. Kratz, after a long and animated discussion, finally induced him to consider the idea favourably. Doré still, however, insisted upon one objection, and repeatedly laid stress upon these words:—

"I know that going to England is bound to seriously influence my whole future. I have many and deep mis-

givings; but I promise you, as you think it is to my interest, to go over there once, and see how I like it."

Even after having yielded thus far, he took a long time to make up his mind. During the interim preceding his coming to London, he never lost an opportunity to go over the old grounds of the radical change such a step was destined to make in his whole life. He was to lose for a time his enchanting Thursday evenings at Théophile Gautier's house; he was to miss his delightful Saturday réunions at Rossini's; he would forsake dear friends and dearer haunts; but most of all he would have to leave his darling mother, and the Sunday evenings which were so wedded to his heart would become things of the past.

"I know what it is," he would reiterate; "I shall break up all my old associations by going to England; for after an absence one cannot easily take up the old threads again. I shall give the world here a chance to forget me; out of sight out of mind! I know I am ruining my whole life. Paris is so capricious, so athirst for new names and new faces. My friends will get out of the habit of seeing my face; others will come in, and fill my place. I shall be forgotten, but—I shall go."

In the summer of 1867 an English divine happened to be in Paris; and at the close of some important work connected with the S.P.G., he thought that before he returned to England he would hunt up Gustave Doré, for whom he had always entertained warm feelings of admiration. He visited the artist at his home; and a quick and lively sympathy made itself manifest between these two men, so little alike, and who yet had much in common. They talked a good deal about England, and the reverend gentleman strongly urged Doré to come to London. Two days later the Rev. Mr. Harford was back in the great metropolis, and the artist was reflecting on his new-found friend's last words, "My dear Doré, as soon as you arrive in London let me know. I am, and shall ever be, entirely at your disposal." This was the beginning of another lasting friendship.

Mr. Harford was surprised one day some months later by receiving the visit of a M. Arrymar, just arrived from Paris, who, in the course of conversation, said to him, "M. Doré has thought a great deal about you and what you told him about England. He says that you are bound to influence his destiny, and that he is coming here—next year."

Gustave Doré was as good as his word. He arrived in London on or about the 18th of May, 1868, and put up at the Grosvenor Hotel, Victoria Station. He immediately called upon his publishers, Messrs. Cassell and Co., who had previously completed arrangements to bring out his Bible in England, and left a card on Canon Harford, which said plainly that he was at last in London. The reverend gentleman was at his father's country place, but lost no time in returning to town to see Doré, whom he found amazed and astounded at the magnitude of the city. As soon as possible Mr. Harford made Doré acquainted with Colonel Teesdale, the hero of Kars; and this introduction paved the way to others. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales had long admired the great French artist's works, and speedily showed him every mark of sympathy and distinction. As to the prince's aide-de-camp, Colonel Teesdale, he soon became Doré's attached and devoted friend.

The artist's first amusements, impressions, and employments in the "gathering-place of souls," I leave him to describe in a letter sent to M. Kratz a fortnight after his arrival, and headed by a pen-and-ink sketch, representing a cart filled with a dozen individuals, more or less sick, drawn by a small but plucky nag.

"London, June 2nd, 1868.

"MY DEAR ARTHUR,—The beautiful circular fountain with twelve jets that you see at the head of this letter is a study which I have just made of 'coming home from the Dâââârrby!' It has struck me that as a sportsman and ancient tosspot you could not be insensible to the charm of this Homeric scene. Several independent souls

have advised me to prepare for next year to be exhibited in London, a painting thirty feet high representing this episode; but I cannot tell what secret instinct whispers to me that it would be poor policy on my part. I renounce the project—shall I not?—but confess that it is a great pity to find oneself thus obliged to muzzle High Art!

"But what is still more Homeric is the life I have led here for the last fortnight. Couldst thou but see the quantities of bullock and various other animals, and the cloudy wines with which they besprinkle strangers in London, O! thou guardian angel of feasts, thou wouldst perceive that thy place is not in the midst of State accounts in Paris, but here—here, in this Babylon of Lunches!

"How amiable you are, my dear Arthur, to have thought of writing to me; and how much more amiable you would be were you only to feel like recommencing! For in spite of everything, and joking aside, at the bottom of my heart I am not happy. A crowd of strangers is never aught but a desert to me; and in the midst of attentions—nay, I may say ovations—of the most amiable kind, I cherish in my breast a barbed dart of veritable home-sickness.

"As to the details of my agitated, vertiginous life and constant discovery and sight of novelties, it is impossible to go into them here. I will explain all that in fifteen bottles of Roederer on my return to Paris.

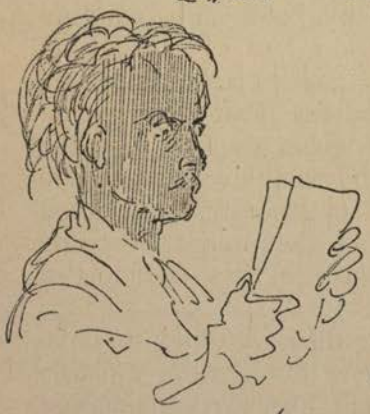
"Write to me again, I beseech you, even if you are obliged to write to me in English; 'it is the same think. i will become smuttch obliged te you, and i shall begin very happy to received any good news upon you, my dear friend. i am with all my hearth,'

"G. DORÉ.

"Grosvenor Hotel, Victoria Station."

Gustave Doré's presentiments were in part realized. His life was indeed changed. He might be forgotten in Paris, but he stood little chance of ever being

forgotten in London, the world's metropolis, which opened her arms to welcome the talented French artist.



Cher ami . .

Vous le voyez, je rougis de honte pour l'ignorance qui m'empêche de comprendre un votre Texte anglais pour pouvoir vous bien répondre. Donc je prends un cab et j'accours vous entendre et vous remercier

à vous de cœur

Gve Doré

chrétien militant

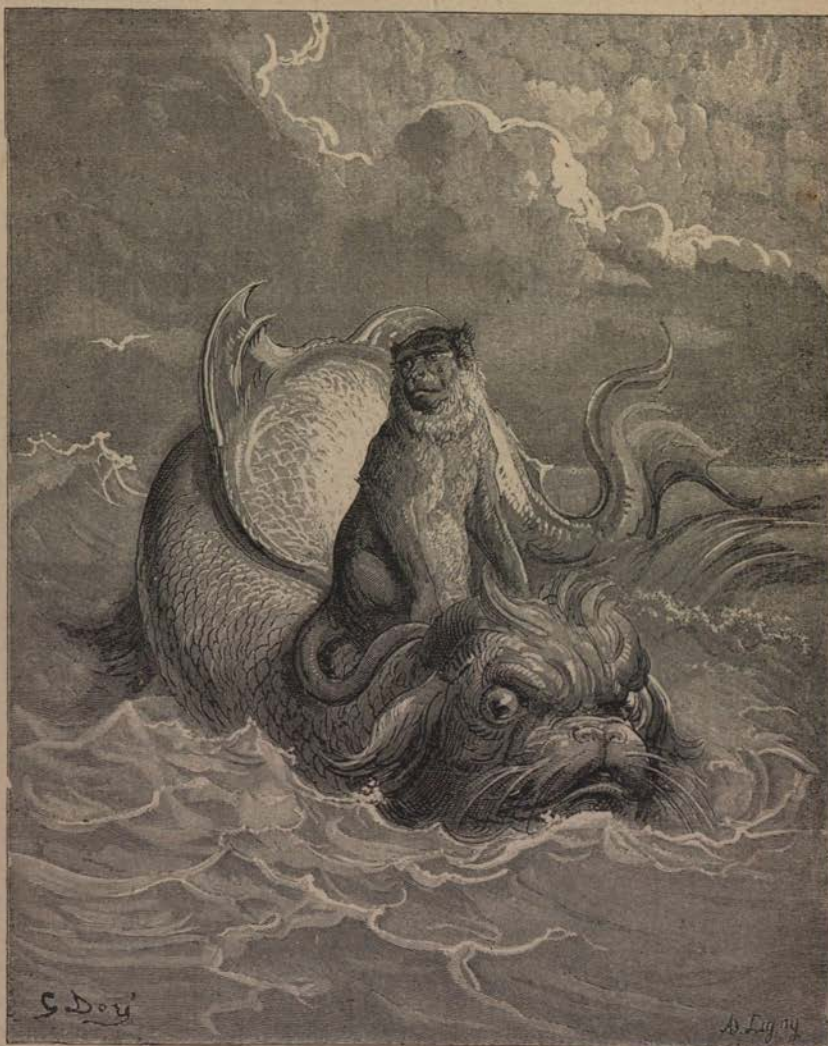
FACSIMILE OF PRIVATE LETTER SENT TO REV. FREDERICK HARFORD IN 1868. (London.)

He was sought out, presented here and there, taken to balls, theatres, and "at homes;" put up at clubs, dined, wined, and fêted; carried off to horse-races and boat-

races, to cricket and polo matches, to dinners at Greenwich and Richmond; he lounged in the Row and lunched in the Mall; kettledrummed at five and dined at eight, while it was yet daylight. He basked in the smiles of fair women and great ladies, in princes' favours and prime minister's civilities. Rich, gifted and engaging, preceded by his brilliant reputation, he was lionized and talked about; in short, to sum it all up, he was "the fashion," and fairly in the swing of that dizzy social vortex—a London season.

Gustave Doré's nature was so expansive that it was impossible for him to receive all this homage and not to be favourably impressed by it. He often recurred to his idées noires, however, and with a lurking suspicion that these honours could not last, accepted his honours with, for him, considerable reserve. Still, how was it possible not to open his heart to such extraordinary proofs of sympathy as were showered upon him by the greatest in the land? Before a month had passed over his head the most genial elements of his nature had warmed into new life under the rays of this English sunshine of recognition. The man who had known many heart-aches in Paris found London's sympathy a soothing balm to his super-sensitive and over-wrought mind. There was much of the woman in his temperament—infinite tenderness and sweetness. Crush these sentiments, and, like a flower doomed to a long winter, he closed within himself. But the first breath of the spring breezes sufficed to unfold and expand this redundant nature. Of late years Doré had suffered from misplaced affection and confidence. He had been attacked professionally and privately, humiliated in his pride and disappointed in his one ambition—to be thought a painter; he had shaken the dust of France from his feet, and had come to England in order to get away from his old self, his old disappointments, cares, and miscellaneous pin-sticking which Paris had of late so immoderately inflicted upon him.

There was no half-heartedness in the welcome England extended to Gustave Doré. The consciousness, to a



130 J. SWAIN ENG.

THE MONKEY AND THE DOLPHIN.

(La Fontaine. Original Sketch. By permission of Cassell and Co.)

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noble mind, of being thought excellent, and made to feel that one is so, imparts a vehement stimulus to the productive capacity, and Gustave carried everything before him, personally, socially, and artistically.

The first time he appeared in this new character of a Lion was at a dinner given in his honour by the charming and accomplished Viscountess Combermere. This entertainment will long be remembered by those who were present, not alone on account of the hostess, but on that of Gustave Doré, who shone pre-eminent in fascination, repartee, and savoir-faire; as Canon Harford has said of him, "He had a talent for every hour in the day."

Her ladyship, always the judicious patroness of literary and artistic talent, showed Doré a special mark of distinction by placing him on her right and the Belgian Minister on her left at table. This was lost on none present, and was a double distinction in a land where the accident of birth and position decides who shall and shall not sit "below the salt."

Doré's introduction to London society was in every way a felicitous one. He also went to Twickenham very frequently as the guest of their Royal Highnesses the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, who were amongst his oldest Parisian friends. It may not be generally known that Doré was a staunch Orleanist, and had often talked with his mother, Madame Alexandrine, about the Bonapartes and France's degradation under the Napoleonic Empire. He was neither toady nor title-hunter. He liked the late Emperor personally, and had received many marks of special favour from him while his guest at Compiègne and the Tuileries; but he did not believe in Imperialistic government for France, and never hesitated to say so. Perhaps had his expressed opinions been politically more lukewarm, Madame Alexandrine would not have had to nearly shake M. Dalloz's head off, nor the latter (as he said in a letter written to the late Blanchard Jerrold) to struggle for the simplest form of public recognition of Doré's genius.

"J'ai dû lutter autant par admiration que par amitié,

à plusieurs réprises, pour que les distinctions qu'il avait si bien gagnées lui fussent accordées ; et c'est un des meilleurs souvenirs de ma carrière de m'être fait l'avocat de son mérite exceptionel. J'avais honte d'avoir à plaider une cause qui se plaidait elle-même si éloquemment."

Doré's reception in the very best English society was in itself a financial "boom;" for with all due deference to British appreciation and taste, I opine that were Rembrandt to come to London without influential letters of introduction, he might pack his "Ronde de la Nuit" off to America for one of those chromos that are sent out to favourite customers "with every pound of tea,"[1] or let his "Syndic" figure as a banner in the Lord Mayor's Show by way of achieving popularity.

Gustave Doré was indeed a fortunate man. He received the most cordial and lavish attentions from the Cassells, with whom he ever afterwards kept up admirable relations; and I need not say that amongst Doré's friends Messrs. Galpin and Petter, of the above-named firm, were the earliest and most cherished.

When Doré came to London in 1868 his Bible was being published by Cassell's, and for several days some of the principal sketches were on exhibition in the windows of the great publishing house. The following is told of a picture of the Deity which Doré had exhibited in Paris, and prized as one of his happiest inspirations. The picture was placed on exhibition, but after two or three days, to his horror, was withdrawn from the public gaze. The artist learned that it was considered unusual, in fact obsolete, to attempt any portraiture of the Supreme Being. Doré was greatly incensed, and upheld his thesis by citing several instances of an attempt having been made to represent the Godhead. These attempts, be it said, were produced in Latin countries—one, we believe, in Germany—but Doré's publishers were obdurate, and the drawing in question had to be

[1] New York way of advertising tea-houses.

suppressed. Doré had so much changed since those days when M. Lacroix had proffered advice and received rebuffs, that he now yielded with extreme sweetness to the inevitable. Some days later a rather frivolous friend, speaking of this drawing, asked the question,—

"What was the matter, Doré? wasn't it thought like? Not a good portrait, eh?"

"No," retorted Doré with pleasant irony; "it resembled neither of my chief French nor English publishers. The Godhead was there, but not the Trinity."

On one occasion he partook of a fish dinner at Greenwich, and after one or two courses declared his appetite momentarily appeased. He was not a little perplexed at the sight of so much fish, but his amazement became still greater as he observed the relish and promptitude with which course after course of finny food was despatched. He was indeed puzzled; and at the close of the dinner said, "But why so much fish? This is not Friday." On his return to town his first words were, "Let us go to the club; I am starving;" and, arriving there, he called out, "Give me at once two—if you please, two—large beefsteaks."

Doré was like an American friend of mine, who never could understand why fish were wanted out of the water, and who, on an occasion when she had eaten some, observed an hour later, "Fish must be brain food, for I notice my stomach never gets any benefit from it. Now I should like something to eat."

It need scarcely be stated that at this time Doré's works were enjoying an enormous popularity in London. There were the "Bible," the "Inferno," the "Don Quixote," superbly published by Messrs. Cassell and Co.; the "Pyrenees," "Spain," and the "Toilers of the Sea," issued with new drawings made especially for Sampson Low and Co.; indeed it would have been difficult to have entered a house in London where the word "art" could be correctly spelt and not to have found one or more of Gustave Doré's grand illustrated classics. The Rabelaisian furore of 1853, and Dante

excitement of 1861 were revived and redoubled in London. Doré was indeed a rara avis; a Lion, young, gifted, and charming; but this time his head was never once turned by any amount of flattery. He was the simple, hard-working artist, who had learned that the sweetest roses grow upon the thorniest stems. Success meant to him new effort and newer concentration of thought. These new honours were the velvet lining to his workaday dress. He never forgot that art was calling him, and that he could only obey one master.

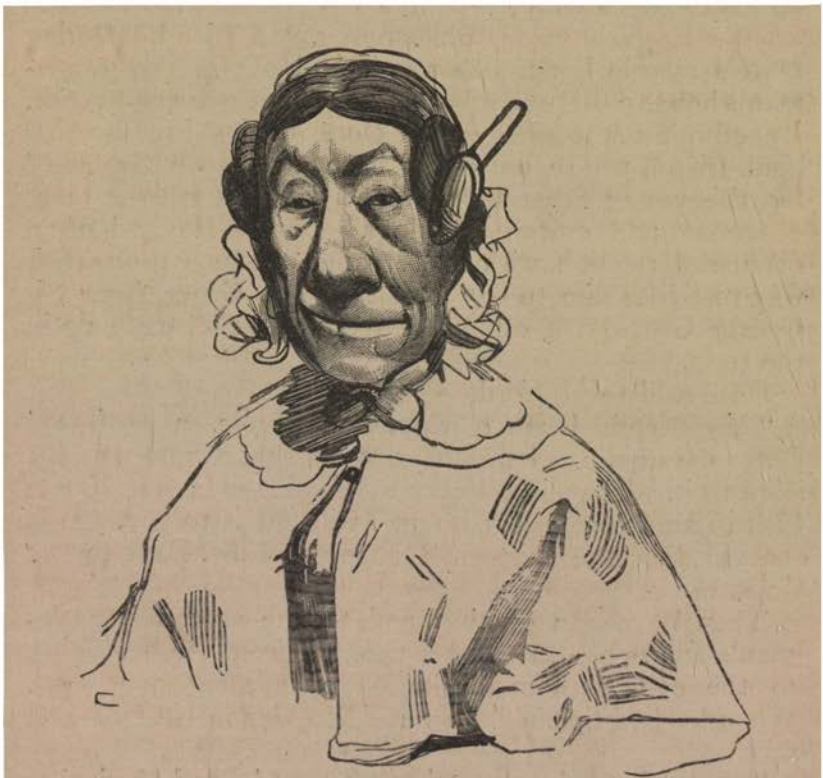
In other respects, too, Doré's nature had undergone a change since he had begun to illustrate the "Bible." He had previously been heard to talk lightly on religion; and although he was professedly a Roman Catholic, he was not a Church communicant. He might be reckoned amongst the few great men who thought of their gifts with a complacency wholly removed from petty vanity. One day in a conversation with M. Beeforth of the Doré Gallery, he said in answer to that gentleman's remarks about his many talents, of which he should be so proud,—

"Not proud, Monsieur Beeforth. I am simply glad of them. I am not vain, but only grateful. God has been very good to me, and I thank Him every day of my life for my gifts. I would not change places with any man in the world. Understand me, not from vanity, but because, when I look around me and see how full the world is of hapless people and hopeless talents, I go down on my knees to thank Him for having given me so much to work with, and so much to be grateful for."

Doré had always been a thinker, and it would have been strange if, coming in contact as he did with the greatest minds, his own should not have undergone a gradual but steady transformation. He had broken bread with kings and queens, but he had also known that other and "eternal Court, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and mighty of every place and time;" and amongst all the famed works that have graced the world since the rising of a

bright particular star in Bethlehem, Doré placed in the first rank his Bible.

After his "Neophyte" had been exhibited in Paris, many persons who were struck with the profound religious sentiment of the piece, marvelled much that Doré, an



LONDON SLUMS.
(Original Drawing. Unpublished. 1871.)

enfant terrible of talent and irreflective spontaneity, could ever have composed such a masterpiece of creative power. Others said, "He makes a show of religion that he does not feel. However, it is a new departure in art, and he will probably make it pay." But many, on the other hand, felt that this step was no leap in the dark.

Doré was planting a firm foot on a soil whose generous and loving fertility appealed to all that was inspired and truthful in his ever fruitful nature.

I must now speak of the Rev. Frederick Harford, the well-known minor canon of Westminster, and may sum up his relations with Doré in a few words. He was the artist's English guide, philosopher, and friend. During Doré's stay in London he was in and out of this gentleman's house daily, and often spent hours there at a stretch. I need not say to what extent Doré was indebted to this kind friend, whose name had been an "Open Sesame" for the young artist to London's best as well as most charming and cultured society. Canon Harford often discussed religion with Doré, and one night on their way to Sydenham to pay a visit to Mr. Grove (now Sir George Grove), the subject of religious belief came up in the train.

Doré said to Harford,—

"My friend, I am a Roman Catholic, a professed Roman Catholic. I was baptized in that Church, and I stick to it. That is all very well and good; but if you wish to know my real religion, I will tell it to you. It is contained in the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul to the Corinthians."

Then he began quoting, and, to the reverend gentleman's amazement, recited it through from the beginning to the end, without hesitation or missing one word. When he had finished, he turned to Canon Harford and said,—

"Have I made any mistakes? and—and, believing in that chapter as I do, might I be considered a Christian?"

We might imagine Canon Harford's reply, but happily are able to give it,—

"Any man living up to that chapter might be called not only Christian, but Christianissimus."

I have given this incident a place here as it is of major importance in two ways. Firstly, it settles the question of Doré's religious belief; secondly, this conversation led

to the realization of the great picture "Christ leaving the Prætorium." Whilst the friends were speaking of the great religious paintings extant, many subjects of these latter were discussed at length, and their relative situations were commented upon. Episodes of the Passion of Christ and His crucifixion had been depicted by many great artists. The question arose whether one particular scene had ever been touched upon, viz. the moment before Christ took up the cross. M. Doré was determined to attempt a work based upon this incident, and Canon Harford added, "You can do it, and it has never really been done."

"Are you sure, are you quite sure?" responded the artist eagerly. "Then I will try. We will talk it over at length, and as soon as I get back to Paris I will begin it at once."

It will be understood that the conversation begun in the train on the way to Sydenham, was not completed then, but was resumed at several odd moments. Forty-eight hours did not elapse between the first talk on the subject and the last, which engendered the picture of "Christ leaving the Prætorium." Doré continued his religious conversations with his ecclesiastical friend, who, although he had the art-treasures of the world to draw upon in literature, painting, sculpture, and music, found a real happiness in discussing serious questions with Doré, whom he found not only a genius "with a talent for every hour of the day," but a man of puissant intellect, marvellous creative power and imagination, with a nature of rare simplicity, sweetness, and strength; a man whose culture was no mean accompaniment to his natural gifts. Doré only needed this new element of religious impetuosity to set the seal upon his previous thoughts and efforts.

Doré's stay in London lasted a little over a month, and during that time he went into Gloucestershire to pay a visit to Canon Harford's father, where he was initiated into English country life, which ever after had a peculiar charm for him. On his return to London he resumed the

old round of gaieties, dinners, suppers, balls, garden parties, theatres, and the like. He lunched at Marlborough House and dined with the Heir Apparent at State banquets, and yet with all these honours there began to creep into his heart a longing which nothing but the sight of home, friends, and familiar faces, and the sound of loved voices could allay. It was then that he wrote the following letter to his friend Arthur Kratz, and ten days later he was folded in his mother's arms, back in the Rue St. Dominique, which had seemed desolate without him.

"London, June 16th, 1868.

"MY DEAR ARTHUR,—What an amiable and good friend you are to think of and write to me so often; on my return only shall I be able to tell you all the pleasure your dear letters have afforded to me. Be assured that they are addressed to a man more dazed by real excitement than gay at the bottom of his heart. I was not born to live out of my own climate; and nothing in these violent distractions, these Belshazzar-like feasts, which fill up my life here, can ever banish certain painful reflections from my mind. Il me faut revenir à mes moutons, and I repeat that it is indeed sad to find oneself three hundred leagues distant from home, from one's family, and from all that he holds dear on earth. But look at the alternative: eternal exile for myself here, in the interests of my fortune; or return to that dear Paris, where the sky is of a deeper blue; where woman's foot has a daintier arch; where good Maman Pillaud prepares rare mayonnaises for your friends; where champagne flows in rivulets, and where ——! and so on, and so on; but—but—but! A truce to such souvenirs! I become absolutely a nuisance.

"In my next I must initiate you into and keep you posted as to English beauty.

"Six o'clock is striking. I close my letter with all my best wishes, and hopes to see you very soon. News of

the metropolis, S. V. P. The State accounts—are they in good order?

"Yours,

"G. DORÉ,

"Artiste Militant."

Doré spent the month of September, 1868, at St. Odile and Barr with his mother and friend Arthur Kratz. We may imagine his pleasure at living again in the old familiar country, where every resinous breath of the stately pines seemed to add a year to his life. He dipped his fingers in the fountains of St. Odile and thought of his youth's favourite legend, associated with the remembrance of happier days. For Doré was no longer the dreaming boy who had conjured up and communed with the gnomes and sprites of the Schwarzwald, but a man in all the plenitude of life's successes and life's disappointments. Yet a man with a boy's heart, a woman's tenderness, and a poet's fancy. As for his mother, she was well and strong, and seemed as young as the day when she put on Gustave's little jacket and sent him off to Professor Vergnette's school. During former trips to Switzerland no excursion had been complete without her; and now whilst they were exploring for the hundredth time the forest and glens of St. Odile, Madame Alexandrine was their constant companion. Doré was full of his season in London, of the plan for a Doré Gallery then in projection of his religious paintings, and of countless schemes, one and all of which he deemed feasible,—nay, was certain that they could not fail to turn out well. His mind teemed with illusions as luxuriantly as on that day, fourteen years before, when his mother had written to M. Lacroix, "Gustave does nothing but build castles in the air. When I see how many projects germinate in his young head, I ask myself if they can be realizable, no matter how strong the will of their originator." A month at St. Odile patched up the tired artist's health, and he returned to Paris feeling uncommonly well and happy. His felicity was of brief duration.

On the 13th of November his dear friend Rossini died, and it was Doré's painful task to make a last sketch of the great composer as he lay on his death-bed. It may well be imagined that his heart was torn with grief; yet the skilful hand never faltered, so much stronger are habit and mechanical training than sentiment and passion. Doré drew the white pillows, the soft cloud-like tissue of the bed-linen, the old head whose wonderful genius had evolved a thousand tuneful inspirations which shall ring through the tone-realms of all time to come. He pictured the deeply-lined face, the massive aquiline nose, the heavy closed eye-lids, the mobile scornful mouth then set in death, which had once let fall the words, anent Doré himself, et un tenorino charmant, s'il vous plait. That was the last of it all. No more music, no more sparkling satire, no more Saturday nights redolent of mirth and happiness; a dear friend had gone from him for ever; and as the last lines of his sketch traced themselves on the paper before him, a film covered his eyes, and his hand faltered for the first time.

"I can do no more," he said; and sorrowfully wended his way homeward, to the house that would never echo again to the sound of Rossini's merry jest and hearty laughter. Then came the funeral in the Church of the Trinité, whither all Paris flocked to pay its last court to the illustrious dead; where not the least touching episode of the funeral ceremony was the "Quis est Homo," sung by Adelina Patti and Christine Nilsson, as we probably never shall hear it sung again so long as we live. And to think that the Swan of Pesaro slept peacefully through it all!

The day following the great Maestro's demise, Doré completed his sketch called "Rossini on his Death-bed," and later on made it the subject of one of his famous etchings. This branch of Doré's artistic faculty I shall not speak of in detail at present. Suffice it to say that the etching in question is one of the finest ever executed, and, although one of the first, if not the very first he ever

achieved, holds its own in merit with any of his later works.

The same year, in speaking of the "Idylls of the King," Doré often alluded to his preference for these works; and one evening at a great party at the Marquis d'Osmond's, Doré had occasion to speak of "Vivien" with M. Ch. Marie Widor, the great organist of St. Sulpice, and one of the most splendid musicians and composers of France. M. Widor mentioned to Doré the great

THE MARSEILLES SAILOR.
(London Sketch.)

success of the "Idylls of the King," and remarked how charming "Vivien" would be for an operatic libretto. Doré seized upon the idea at once and said to Widor,—

"Yes, you must compose the music and I will design all the scenery and costumes."

It was enough to speak of any subject affording scope to poetical illustration, and Doré's great creative fancy immediately saw the work come to life through the aid of his fingers. Certainly the Grand Opera House would never have had such a great scenic designer as M.

Gustave Doré. If he was the despair of his contemporaries in draughtsmanship, he certainly would have driven the Parisian scene-painters wild, had he attempted to enter their ranks. One would think that with a thousand ideas coming and going in Doré's head, a casual conversation held at a Paris evening party might have slipped his mind, momentarily at least. On the contrary, he seems to have thought a great deal about the notion, and the following day wrote to M. Widor recalling their conversation on the subject.

Doré sent M. Widor a magnificent copy of "Vivien," accompanied by one of his charming illustrated billets, and the letter, besides paying every compliment to M. Widor's musical gifts, said, amongst other things, how delighted he (Doré) would be to collaborate with him, that he was full of the idea of "Vivien," and he thought it would make a most delightful opera.

M. Widor well recollects this circumstance, and that, even in so hasty a conversation as they held upon the subject, Doré's conception of the scenes was as complete and finished as if the scheme had for some time been forming in his mind. This was one of the many projects which were destined never to be realized by the enthusiastic artist. We may some day have the opera "Vivien" from the pen of this celebrated composer Widor, but another than Gustave Doré will design the costumes, scenery, and stage decorations. Those who recall this circumstance will think with the poet "of what might have been."

With all his wishing to go out of his way to undertake new work, some idea may be had of his multiple occupations of the year 1869 from the following letter, written by Doré to his clerical friend in London. As I find no account of his having returned to England in this year, presumably if he went at all, he went very late in the season, and only remained there a short time. The letter says:—

"June 2nd, 1869.

"VERY DEAR, AMIABLE, AND GOOD FRIEND,—I am

filled with regret that my absence from Paris, since several days, prevented my thanking you on the spot for your good and affectionate souvenir. I returned from Fontainebleau this very morning, and had the pleasure of finding your letter on my table; witness of a friendship whose recollection always touches my heart; I hasten to renew my assurance of its reciprocity, de vive voix. Alas! many serious enterprises have continually obliged me to defer my journey to London, which journey I certainly, however, ought to undertake for all sorts of reasons. I see with chagrin days and weeks going by without the possibility of putting myself en route. What a high-pressure existence mine is, my dear Harford; but you know all about it; and the mass of things which I often presumptuously undertake, and often without taking the exact time into account, create for me chains and servitudes whose links I can scarcely break.

"I see with regret that you speak to me with reserve of your health, but I hope that the little troubles of which you have spoken to me, and which frighten me, may be counterbalanced by your magnificent constitution, which seems to predestine you to live to be a hundred. How much I and every member of my family have regretted, dear friend, not to see you drop down amongst us in Paris, for you may imagine how often it happens to associate you with myself in my talks about London, and how many times I have found in you an obliging comrade, and with what cordiality you had ever received me. I hope that you will make it up to us next season and give the pleasure of making your acquaintance to so many persons in whom you have already enlisted so lively a sympathy. Have you heard that I have had the pleasure of receiving a visit from your charming friend Major Teesdale, and who has had the infinite graciousness to announce to me the visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales? Will you, I pray, should you see him, transmit to him (Major Teesdale) my best compliments, with renewed expressions of gratitude for the signal honour which I owe to him? I mean, dear friend, to send you a

little word announcing my visit to London on or about the 15th of this month, that is to say, if no new hindrances turn up. Will you have the kindness to give my most affectionate and sincere compliments to Dean Stanley, and tell him that the amiable and gracious reception which he accorded me last year holds a dear place in my remembrance? Will you also present my respectful homage to Lady Stanley? Hoping then to see you soon, dear Harford, believe always in the firm and unalterable friendship of

"Yours most devoted,
"G. DORÉ."

CHAPTER XXX.

A NEW CAREER.

NO longer satisfied with his success as an illustrator, Doré began seriously to think of himself as a painter. He entered the ranks of the great Paris confraternity, carrying his head high, sure of himself and of his inspiration. Relying somewhat on the prestige of his name, which had already become famous, he looked forward to a short probation, followed by a speedy and complete triumph. Since the days when "The Abominations of Paris," and "The Battle of the Alma" had come to life in the old studio of the Rue Monsieur le Prince, he had worked with unflagging zeal and industry. The effects of the criticisms passed upon him after the exhibition of 1854 vanished like glow-worms in the night, and all disappeared before the dawn of hope which broke upon this new departure. He was ardent, inspired, and certain of success; but he counted too soon upon victory.

M. Delorme, the celebrated French writer, says of Doré:—

"Success is sometimes a terrible thing; and so it proved to Doré. The public, dazzled by his illustrations of Rabelais, 'Don Quixote,' Dante, Atala, and 'The Wandering Jew,' had consecrated to Doré the title of the first draughtsman of his day. Millions of persons enter-

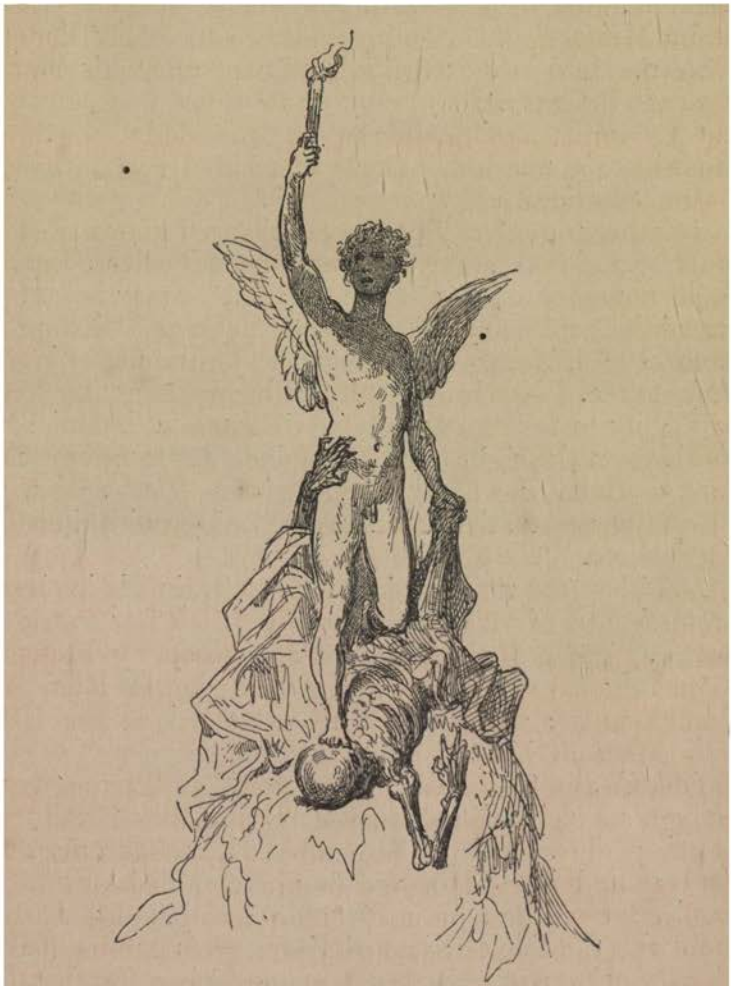
tained that opinion of him. When he began to exhibit his paintings everybody was surprised. People could not comprehend a very simple thing, namely, that a draughtsman could wield a paint-brush. Cela choquait l'idée que l'on s'était faite et à laquelle on ténait d'autant plus qu'elle était fausse.

"To critics, to *calumnies*, to the daily pin-thrusts directed against him, Doré responded by a majestic series of exhibitions."

These pictures are all more or less well known and are most of them at present in the Doré Gallery, London. Chief amongst them were: "The Martyrs," "The Neophyte," "Gideon choosing his Soldiers," "Dante aux Enfers," "L'Entrée de Jésus à Jérusalem," "Chez Caïphas," "Les Contrabandiers Espagnols," "La Vision de Calphurnie," "Le Rêve de la Femme de Pilate," "La Sortie du Prétoire," "La Promenade de la Sainte-Croix dans le Camp des Croisés," "L'Alsace," "L'Aigle Noir," "Le Triomphe du Christianisme," "Le Dernier Jugement," "L'Ascension," "L'Ecce Homo," "Les Saltimbanques," "Vénise," "Le Pays des Fées," "L'Enfant pauvre à Londres," "Le Chant du Départ," "La Patrie en Danger," "La Marseillaise," "Le Ravin," "Forêt des Sapins dans les Vosges," "La Grève," "Le Rhin Allemand," and his latest picture exhibited in the Salon, "La Mort d'Orphée."

Doré was certainly a great man, and painted well enough to have been spared "calumnies" and "pin-pricks." From the time he exhibited his first pictures until his last, he was made to feel in France a lash of criticism as sharp as it was unjust. In order to judge fairly of Doré's pretensions to be considered a great painter, it would be as well first to sum up his qualifications for that title. He had genius, creative power, a lively imagination, and the skill to make everything coming from his hand seem alive. These were no mean auxiliaries in his struggle for success; but the world of artists and critics said he had "no school" in painting, and this phrase was accepted as his conclusive condemnation.

Doré was the greatest illustrator of his time, and brought so many qualifications to bear upon this branch



ORIGINAL DRAWING FOR STATUARY.
(Unpublished. Paris, 1870.)

of art that he surpassed all those draughtsmen who had previously been considered incomparable. In Paris, even in those early days, he found competitors of no

small merit. It was something not only to excel them, but to stand so far above them that no comparison was possible. In the art which boasted not only a Gérome and a Meissonier, but many others of equally deserved renown, Doré was heavily handicapped at his start in the race for fame. Not only was he not first favourite, but the odds against him were formidably long. His most insurmountable obstacle was his *own acknowledged superiority in another branch of the artistic profession.* It has been generally conceded that a Jack-of-all-trades is master of none; but there are exceptions to every rule. A person generously endowed by nature may learn to do many things equally well; and the career which proves successful in such a case, may not be the one originally undertaken. Not infrequently, it is only after many years of fidelity to the wrong groove that a man has the luck to hit upon the right one. In order to succeed he must first of all know what he is specially *fitted* to do, and secondly, must stick to that one thing with inflexible persistence.

Doré had the rare good fortune to begin life in the one profession to adorn which he was indisputably cut out by nature. Talents which are of secondary importance to a painter, are absolutely essential to an illustrating draughtsman; and with these he was lavishly provided.

Looking at his "Dante," his "Rabelais," his "Don Quixote," and "The Wandering Jew," any true lover of art can scarcely fail to grasp the real force and nature of Doré's genius. What difference can it make to me that a limb should be out of drawing here or there, or that a hand be too large or a foot too small? As well find fault with the thick wrists of Correggio's model and say that, because nature had not endowed her with joints of patrician slenderness, the artist's sublime Magdalen was a failure! What one looks for in an illustrator is the soul, the idea, the essence, the meaning of the poet whose works are graphically treated; and these Doré's genius has triumphantly conveyed to us. But the art of painting requires in its practician the knowledge of cer-

tain fundamental rules and mechanical training, to which the rarest of natural gifts must long be subordinate; whilst with these rules the art of illustrating may to some extent dispense, when genius guides the draughtsman's pencil.

Had Doré begun life as a painter, there is every reason to believe that he would have achieved grander successes. Although his disposition was impetuous, he could ill brook restraint, and his impatience would have prompted him to sacrifice many an inspiration. But these faults of character were no hindrance to his success as an illustrator; for his ideas were executed as soon as conceived; his fertile brain, teeming with projects, required but the apprenticeship of immediate action and constant practice; and all those years which he regretted as having been "devoted to the actualities of comic work," were merely safety-valves by which his brain was relieved of over thought-pressure, whilst they accustomed his fingers to the performance of still more cunning and difficult feats.

Doré was greatest when he allowed his imagination to run away with his pencil. That is why his hasty sketches were usually more perfect than his laboured works. When he could reveal his ideas immediately through the medium of his fingers, they expanded under his magic touch, as a flower opens to the sun. When he felt obliged to bestow time, labour, and long consecutive thought upon his paintings, the original beauty of their conception was obscured, for the executant detail was usually more or less incomplete. His pictures, however, were always instinct with life, movement, and subtle power. Critics might detect errors in their outlines and colouring; but it could not be denied that they evinced the genius of creative force and lively imagination.

No one who knew Gustave Doré could possibly imagine him plodding away at drawing-classes, fighting with shadows, or fuming at models. In his early youth, even to have become a second Michel Angelo, it may be taken as a certainty that he never would have submitted to such discipline.

The hours and days and months that he spent at his

studio in the Rue Bayard were consumed in efforts to satisfy his self-love and to gratify his ambition. His nature was rendered despotic by his innate sense of genius, by his successes, and by his constant craving for fame. Like the majority of human beings, he wanted what he could not have; and had Paris proclaimed him a Da Vinci, the next day he would probably have dropped his brushes, and would never have put forth the splendid efforts which make the Doré Gallery one of the wonders of the age.

Beyond a doubt Doré's heart was in his painting. He worked away steadily at illustrating; but that branch of art occupied an inferior rank in his estimation. His pictures were always accepted at the annual exhibitions of the Salon, but were rarely mentioned by the art-critics; and Paris seemed persistently to shut its eyes to the fact that Doré, their prodigal child in genius and talent, their illustrator of Dante, Rabelais, and Don Quixote, was or ever would be anything more than a draughtsman of the highest class.

This cut Doré to the quick. He was received with princely dignities in England, where he was called the Preacher-Painter, and his smallest canvas brought him more than its weight in gold from America as well as England. But in his own country he was forlorn of honour; not in every sense, but in the one in which it would have been his paramount happiness to have been acknowledged. He painted constantly, however, and the studio in the Rue Bayard was entirely given up to huge pictures and to models in clay, for he had also begun sculpturing. But of that I will speak hereafter.

The world at large will be very much surprised to learn that in France Doré was not considered a great painter. His genius was admitted; his creative and imaginative powers were acknowledged to be unrivalled; his drawings were raved about, and some of his water-colours were classed amongst the best efforts of the eminent artists of the day. All these qualities were conceded to him; but in France he was positively denied the fame and

rank of a great painter, as the following incident will attest.

Mr. H——, a Frenchman, and celebrated amateur of the fine arts, went to London a few years ago. When he had been a day in town an English friend said to him,—

"Now you must come with me to New Bond Street, and see the pictures of your *greatest living* painter, Gustave Doré."

"What? Doré our greatest painter? You must be beside yourself!" exclaimed Mr. H——. "You mean *your* greatest painter. He is our greatest illustrator; but a painter—never! He is neither greatest nor great; indeed, we never knew he was a painter at all until you told us so."

Mr. H—— spoke without prejudice; on the contrary, he was one of Doré's most fervent admirers and friends. He simply expressed a conviction which had become ridiculously patent in Paris, and had so strongly impressed itself upon public feeling, little by little, that had Doré been Raphael himself, France would neither have perceived nor admitted that he was so. Undoubtedly he had great faults; but at the same time his two redeeming qualities, creative power and executive capacity, have never been surpassed by those of any living painter. Doré worked by pure inspiration, a rare and precious gift which he too highly appreciated. However, the solitary criticism pronounced on his paintings in 1854 has been conscientiously repeated every year since that time, at first by the few and finally by the many,—"Doré had no school for painting."

How much or how little truth there was in that assertion I leave the world in general to decide; but in justice to Doré I must say that the critic's dictum was extravagantly severe. It seems almost impossible for Frenchmen to attain the right level of criticism and stick to it. An artist is raised aloft to the very skies in the first instance, through some caprice of the public, and through no fault of his own is kept there feeding on celestial aliments until mere mundane pabulum becomes unpalatable to

him. Let the poor victim of popular fantasy and false criticism, encouraged by his first success, spread his pinions to attempt further flight into the empyrean, and he is not only brutally dragged down from his airy heights, but his wings are clipped and he is given to understand that he must not presume to have a will of his own; that his advancement from the very first depended on the influence of public favour, which, alas! was only the fickle caprice of the passing hour, not the genuine homage to talent which takes time to build up into a solid reputation.

Paris is a delightful city; but amongst its besetting drawbacks are the craving for novelty, constant itching for notoriety, and irrepressible proneness to create reputations out of nothing. Inferior creatures, unheard of yesterday, are exalted by Parisians to the seventh heaven to-day and allowed to drop to-morrow, by which time another victim is ready to be plucked from obscurity and cast into the aerostatic whirlpool of popularity. Perhaps one here and there may escape; perhaps all are sacrificed. What matter, so long as the beautiful vampire be satisfied, the public appetite for novelty appeased, and excitement of some sort continually kept up? Paris lives on this sort of intellectual diet, and often her favour, political, professional, or social, is a venomous viper, warmed to life in your bosom only to sting you to death as soon as the temperature of its body varies, is either raised or lowered to any certain degree of heat.

But, as it sometimes happens, great talents have the good fortune to obtain speedy recognition, and Gustave Doré belonged to that exceptional category. It must not be assumed, however, that he benefited much by this inborn privilege. His fate was little better than that of others who had not an atom of genius, but had been chosen by fickle fortune to occupy a place of honour for the moment on the chariot of public favour. Doré, being possessed of supreme gifts, unconsciously fanned the flame of popularity so as to keep it alive longer than another less talented artist could have done;

and this explains his having been for several successive seasons the pet of the Parisian public. He never failed to work honestly and indefatigably, never played any tricks, never attempted in any way to ridicule his patrons, and, above all, never presumed on his position, except, perhaps, in being over-ambitious.

That he certainly was. He felt Promethean fires glowing in his breast, and fed their flames by constant executive effort. It has been given to very few men to attempt and accomplish what he attempted and accomplished. To be a successful draughtsman, engraver, sculptor, painter, and etcher, is what Gustave Doré alone has been among Frenchmen. Not even the vaunted Renaissance produced such a genius. To say that his fellow-countrymen were grateful for this quintuple triumph would be untrue. No; he was regarded as over-ambitious, and those who exclaimed, "Lo! a genius!" at the least remarkable of his works, were first to say, "Thus far and no farther!" when it was discovered that he had taken his critics in earnest, and sought to prove that he really was one.

As in the case of Wolsey, his ambition was a crime. The public cried out, "What! is he not satisfied? We have said that he is the greatest draughtsman of his day. What more does he want?" Gustave Doré not only wanted the full measure of all that his ambition, talent, and industry demanded in the way of fame, but he desired to be a great painter, and gauged his wants by pure aspirations, which were exalted and limitless. No one can blame him for this, and least of all for considering his lot a thorny one. We know that life itself, with fame, power, position, and riches, is not worth having when the one wish of the human heart remains ungratified. To see the sun daily rise and set on vain hopes, to watch the months and years roll by in ceaseless disappointment, when the one thing which would make life bearable is the only one that life refuses to give, is to be deeply and utterly miserable. It is all very well to preach philosophy and contentment, but those whom nature has predisposed to be stoical, she has seldom

endowed with keen sympathies or sensitive susceptibilities. In a word, they are exceptions to the rule of humanity; and Gustave Doré was intensely human. *C'est tout dire!*

So Paris kept asking, "What more does Doré want?" and French criticism was not backward in reminding him of his former obligations to it, with that indelicacy which is the outcome of facile favours. His relations to the Parisian press at that time remind me of an American I knew, rich in everything but worldly goods, who was continually invited to evening entertainments. He secretly borrowed a dress suit of a friend in order to fulfil his social engagements properly attired, until one night, as he was standing under a dripping wax candle, the owner of said garments publicly begged him "to be careful of *his* dress coat," whereupon he resolved to accept no more such broadcloth favours. Generous Senator C——, heaven rest his soul! subsequently insisted upon the young man helping himself from his (the Senator's) wardrobe; and at the next ball, noticing his carefulness and avoidance of the candelabra, bawled out at the top of his voice, "My friend, you may stand under as many candles as you please with my clothes on."

Even pagans respect their idols; but "the centre of civilization," as Victor Hugo calls it, has little time to waste on real sentiment; and after Doré had been styled a universal genius for so many years, it was not only useless but cruel to revoke the title so brusquely.

To a country in which the first principle enjoying popular consideration is the caprice of the moment, England is far preferable; for while Englishmen are colder than Frenchmen in the outset, and less ready to enthrone idols, once on lofty pedestals, the rock of Gibraltar is not more firmly founded than is their constancy to objects of their worship. A man once pronounced a genius in these islands will remain so, at least until he "shuffles off this mortal coil;" and woe to the critical or any other faction which dares throw mud at him! But in a country which has not the absolute cour-

age of its opinions, and the self-respect to adhere to them when once pronounced, it is difficult to distinguish gold from dross, and real genius from acquired renown.

Doré should have known how to bear his disappointments calmly. He was so highly gifted that he should have been above wondering or caring whether or not the eyes of the world were fixed upon him. On the contrary, he not only worried himself in secret, but allowed his country to see that its non-appreciation affected him seriously. At last, wishing to show that he did not care for French neglect, in a lofty spirit of bravado he carried off his paintings to England, established himself there, so to speak, and gave France to understand that he could afford to laugh at her.

From that day his doom was sealed in his native country. He did not hesitate to let France know how highly he was appreciated abroad; and the more splendid the honours showered upon him in England, the more icy the indifference displayed towards him in his fatherland.

And yet, in spite of all, Doré still hoped to make a great name as a painter for himself in his beloved France. The greater part of the money he earned by illustrating was spent on interminable yards of canvas, most of which came to life in the studio of the Rue Bayard. For instance, the cost to him of a picture like the "Entry of Christ into Jerusalem" was about ten thousand francs (£400); and Doré repeatedly began works of this kind with but little prospect of their being immediately sold. Unless they should be purchased for some cathedral, church, or religious college, he had not the remotest idea what would become of them until the Doré Gallery was opened; and yet he did not hesitate, from a pure love of art, to spend months on his ladder, and to wear out his eyes working by lamplight at his blocks in order to pay for the pleasure of indulging himself in this costly pastime, and also because he felt truly inspired, and had been told that he was capable of painting religious subjects.

In vain he hoped that France would purchase some of his religious works. To this day there is not the slightest

chance of such a thing coming to pass. His "Neophyte," one of the most remarkable inspirations of this century, and of which Alexandre Dumas said, "It was a triumph of nature and art," came near winning him the grand gold medal in the Salon of 1870; but only near!

Doré once told the story of his first box of colours to M. Delorme. It is so interesting that I shall repeat it here in full.

One day—a sad day for Gustave Doré, when he had been cruelly disappointed in his legitimate hopes; and deeply wounded in his self-love—when his views of art had been attacked, and his convictions and faith as a painter jeered at—he said by way of conclusion in speaking of these things,—

"I might have expected it. Long ago it was predicted to me that painting would be the despair of my life. I was only as high as that," he lifted his hand less than three feet from the floor, "when the prophecy was uttered; and since then it has been but too terribly realized.

"Listen. I am about to tell you the history of my first box of oil-colours. This is it. I was very small, but for a long time had despised the harmless water-colours, free from mineral poison, with which I had been so prudently supplied. I ardently longed for a box of those little tubes in white zinc, in order to squeeze real colours out of them. At last, as I was going one day into Josserond, a little commune in the Department of the Ain, to pass a week with a friend of my father, I received a famous little oaken box bound with brass and filled with tubes and brushes. I was wild with joy. Never before had I received such a present. I was for opening all the tubes and beginning at once to cover my palette with paints; but, alas! the carriage was waiting, there was no time to be lost, and we started off.

"Naturally I carried my cherished box with me under my arm! say rather on my heart! At the same time I promised myself a good go in at my painting the very instant I should arrive at my journey's end. The

drive, however, proved longer than I had anticipated. We only arrived after nightfall. Then came a prohibition to touch my box; an order to go to bed; and —the lights were put out! All night long I never closed my eyes; and with the first grey streak of dawn I jumped out of bed, seized my box, and went downstairs into the courtyard. Alas! There was neither canvas, panels, nor pasteboard to be found. The evening before they had all been put safely away. I was dying to paint; it was a madness, an irresistible desire which I could not get rid of; and all the while I was anxiously asking myself how I should make a beginning, and what I should paint? I began by uncorking my tubes, and decorated my palette with several appetizing little clots of paint. The freshness, the gleam, the cheery look of those colours caused a delightful thrill of intoxication to run through my veins—for what in this world, to an artist, ever equals the charm of his first palette? Amongst my colours there was a beautiful green that delighted my eyes; what a lovely hue!—the real Veronese green in all its glory!

"But how to paint, and what? Whilst I was putting this question again and again to myself my eyes fell upon a poor little chicken, not bad in form, but with a fearfully dirty pseudo-white plumage. This innocent creature was calmly pecking at something in the gravel not two yards distant from me. The real tone of the chicken's colour was frightful. It seemed to me an error of the Creator to have made any fowl so ugly in hue as that one, when it would have been so easy to have clad it in a gorgeous dress, like that of a parrot's, for instance. I determined to lose no time in rectifying this fault of Nature.

"The chicken, however, raised some difficulties in the way of my project's execution. The wretched ignoramus could not understand that I was only working for her good, in her own interests. However, I was tenacious, and finally gained my end. In a very short time she was as verdant as spinach, and all my lovely Veronese green was used up. But—what a beautiful chicken! It

was a pleasure to see her walking about in her gorgeous new dress, so brilliant and fresh that it surpassed in vividness the loveliest spring verdure.

"I spent some time in contemplating my work; and, having momentarily satisfied my longing by this brilliant success, I suddenly began to realize that I was sleepy, and should do well also to make up for my restless night by indulging in a brief slumber.

"Two or three hours later I woke up with a start, hearing cries, sobs, and lamentations ringing in my ears. What on earth could be the matter? Running to the window, I saw hosts of peasants and village folk stationed in front of the house. Some raised their eyes and hands towards heaven, others were crying pitifully, whilst others expressed in various ways the most profound despair. In their midst was my beautiful chicken. Whenever she attempted to move, fingers were pointed towards her in horror, and lamentations burst forth with redoubled vigour.

"After a few moments' reflection, all at once I sounded the mystery, for I remembered a legend of that country in which a green chicken played a terrible part. Her appearance heralded floods, the loss of the harvest, a disease amongst the cattle, and a pestilent epidemic amongst the people. That was why the little town was so stirred up by the apparition of my contriving; and whilst I was still thinking about it, a poor woman, seized with a nervous attack, fell to the ground in convulsions. Then I hesitated no longer. I ran to find the master of the house, and made the most humble and complete confession. It was not really my fault; that diabolical Veronese green was at the bottom of all the trouble. Besides, why was that miserable chicken so ugly as to tempt me to make it beautiful for ever?

"I assure you it took my father's friend more than an hour to make those simple people and the superstitious Josserond peasants believe that this green bird had not been sent by some evil spirit to blight them, instead of being simply my first effort at painting. They only fully

believed me when they saw my palette and the well-nigh emptied tube of Veronese green. Not until their fears were somewhat dissipated did I dare to show myself in the town; and then one old woman, who had been more terrified and was more incredulous than the rest, shaking her withered fingers in my face, cried out with a prophetic voice, 'Wretched youth! You have made the world weep. In its turn it will make you shed bitter tears over your painting.'"

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DORÉ GALLERY IN LONDON.

IN the earlier part of 1868, the year of Doré's first visit to London, an exhibition of his oil paintings was held in the Egyptian Hall, amongst them being the colossal picture of the gaming-table at Baden-Baden, called, "Le Tapis Vert." This picture is larger than any other of those at present in the Bond Street Gallery, and in itself almost constituted an entire exhibition. Besides this were shown "Dante on the Ice Fields with Virgil" (an enormous picture), "Jephtha," and several others.

This exhibition was started by M. Arymar, a Parisian acquaintance of Gustave Doré, who went to Doré's studio in Paris and made a proposition to him with regard to exhibiting the above pictures in London, which works of art were at that time in the Rue Monsieur le Prince. The next day Doré signified his willingness to part with the pictures for the above-mentioned object, and that same year these works were accordingly first exhibited in London. It would be unnecessary to follow the fortunes of this first Doré Gallery, especially as they were most infelicitous.

The Doré Gallery, as it now exists, originated in a commission given to M. Doré by Messrs. Fairless and Beeforth to paint the picture "The Triumph of Christianity over Paganism." As it may be of interest

at present and at some future day, by permission of the above-named gentlemen, I am able to give a copy of that first contract, with some other valuable memoranda in *re* Doré :—

Dec. 7, 1867.

"Memorandum of agreement, made this seventh day of December, One thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven, between M. Gustave Doré, of No. 3, Rue Bayard, Paris, on the one part, and James Liddle Fairless and George Lord Beeforth on the other part.

"The said Gustave Doré undertakes to paint, in a highly finished and his best manner, for the said James Liddle Fairless and George Lord Beeforth, an oil painting representing the 'Fall of Paganism,' for the sum of eight hundred pounds (£800) of lawful money of Great Britain, to be received from them jointly on the completion of the said picture. This sum of £800 is to include payment for the copyright of the said picture in France, Great Britain, America, and every other country where such right is recognized, which right the said Gustave Doré hereby undertakes to transfer to the said James Liddle Fairless and George Lord Beeforth, on payment of the sum mentioned. Also for the same sum to make a water-colour drawing of the said picture, fit for the engraver to engrave from, and all the original sketches which he may make in connection with the said picture, which he engages shall be ready, with the original picture, not later than March the first, One thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight.

"Gustave Doré also undertakes to lend to the said James Liddle Fairless and George Lord Beeforth his bust, to exhibit along with the above-named picture, during the continuance of its exhibition, on the understanding that it is to be returned uninjured at its close.

"Gustave Doré further undertakes to paint one or two other pictures, representing either 'Christ healing the Sick,' 'The Sermon on the Mount,' 'Christ leaving the Prætorium,'[1] 'St. Paul led to Martyrdom,' or any other subject of like character on the same terms as he hereby undertakes to paint the 'Fall of Paganism,' should it be thought desirable by the said James Liddle Fairless and George Lord Beeforth, after the exhibition of the said picture of the 'Fall of Paganism.'

"Gustave Doré also undertakes to sign, in the usual manner, with his autograph, the remark proof and the artist's proof of the engraving from the 'Fall of Paganism' when they are published.

"Gustave Doré further undertakes to paint of the same size, and equal in quality and finish to the original picture, a second picture of

[1] This has reference to a picture on a much smaller scale than that which was eventually adopted. The great work which has added so largely to Doré's fame was the subject of a separate treaty between Doré and Messrs. Fairless and Beeforth.

the 'Fall of Paganism,' if the same is required by the said Messrs. Fairless and Beeforth, the said duplicate, or second picture, to be completed within the space of six months from the receipt of the commission.

"Signed at Paris, Dec. 7, 1867.
"G. DORÉ.
"JAMES LIDDLE FAIRLESS.
"GEORGE LORD BEEFORTH."

To the exhibition of this work was added a miscellaneous gathering of pictures and drawings, which comprised the first general collection of Doré's works, and these were exhibited at the Gallery, 168, New Bond Street, during the season of 1868, viz. April 17th to September 26th. On April 23rd of the following year, 1869, the exhibition was transferred to much larger premises at 35, New Bond Street, where, from its opening at that date to the present day, the gallery has been open continuously, without the interval of a single day (Sundays, Christmas, and Good Fridays excepted), a fact which gives conclusive evidence of the unparalleled popularity of the artist.

From time to time, since all the most important pictures painted by Doré—either bought or commissioned by Fairless and Beeforth—have been added to the attractions of this perennial show, and the collection thus formed now comprises the following well-known works, to the list of which is appended the date of their completion.

Gustave Doré faithfully fulfilled all the obligations of the above contract, as did also Messrs. Fairless and Beeforth. Probably at the present day few art galleries in the world enjoy a higher reputation than the Doré Gallery in London. From the time at which he translated his classics at school with the aid of his pencil, up to the epoch when his illustrations of "Rabelais," "The Wandering Jew," and "Dante," disclosed new beauties in those works to the civilized world, Gustave Doré's fame had been founded almost exclusively upon these latter masterpieces of delineation. Yet how different is the measure of his celebrity appraised within the radius of two countries which are separated by a mere "silvern streak" of sea!

In Paris, those who contemplate M. Doré's paintings exclaim, "These are, of course, by the illustrator Doré!" In London, on looking at his illustrations, people remark, "How finely the painter Doré could draw! Have you never been to the Doré Gallery?"

Although a book ought scarcely to degenerate into a catalogue, I must take leave to enumerate here the works of art exhibited in the Bond Street Gallery, commencing with "Christ leaving the Prætorium," the great picture probably well known to all Londoners. The story of this picture's genesis has already been told, and it may be observed that Doré's great religious paintings are all posterior in date to this grand work. The "Neophyte," although a masterpiece of serious thought and feeling, has neither the religious depth, breadth, nor scope of subject displayed by M. Doré's later works. In the "Neophyte" Doré dealt with a type of humanity gifted with refinement of feeling, and animated by a spirit whose comprehension of things divine is troubled by surroundings of materialism and hypocrisy. In treating the subject of "Christ leaving the Prætorium," he entered for the first time as a painter into the grand domain of the Divinity and the sublimer element of the life and passion of our Saviour.

It will be remembered that this is the picture the possibility of painting which Doré discussed with the Rev. Frederick Harford, when the two friends were on their way to Sydenham to visit Sir George Grove. The picture in its present state is the crystallization of Doré's inspiration, humility, and patience.

Doré has been often described as unconquerable, opinionated, and extremely self-willed. The following authentic incident about the Prætorium picture will show that he was neither the one nor the other, and that, on the contrary, he could sacrifice every personal consideration to the exigencies of his art.

In February, 1870, Doré was busy on his work for the Salon Exhibition of the following May, at which he was to be represented by two pictures. "Christ leaving the Prætorium" was one of the works intended to be shown on that occasion. Three weeks or a month before the expiration of the time allotted for sending in his pictures the work above alluded to was nearly completed. One morning Canon Harford, who was staying in Paris, went

to visit Doré's studio. The picture was not what it is at present. Instead of the heavy sky and sombre pall of cloud looming up in the background, which at present intensify the fatal and lugubrious aspect of that sad morning, Doré had painted a sunshiny sky, and all the roseate luminousness of a fair spring day. Canon Harford said little about the picture, and, remembering their conversation and Doré's decision as to how he was to depict the scene in its every detail, felt that Doré had either forgotten his original intention, or had slightly changed his conception of the work; for the fair morning he had painted almost nullified the idea of sadness and fatality that should have been indicated by Nature's aspect on the day of that dread tragedy. Doré noticed his friend's reticence, and remarked, "You say nothing about my picture; *our* picture of "Christ leaving the Prætorium.'

The reverend gentleman hesitated to pronounce an absolute opinion, but with a few apt words recalled their conversation respecting the artistic conception of the subject, and contrived to convey to the artist his impression that the picture did not absolutely represent Doré's original preconceived idea of what it should be.

Madame Doré, who was present in the studio, was horrified that any one should dare to speak so plainly to such an artist as her son. Doré seemed overwhelmed, but listened with profound seriousness to the sentiments expressed with regard to his picture. As a matter of fact he was too creative, original, and unpractised in mere mechanical art to stick absolutely to any settled scheme. He could develop his ideas in a thousand different ways, each bearing to him a strict relation to the radical one; but perhaps the very redundance of this faculty of development might lead him astray.

After the brief conversation above referred to, a painful silence fell upon the studio. Doré looked at his erring picture again and again, and seemed buried in profound reflection. Then, at last, a sad, determined look overspread his countenance: he sprang up his ladder like a

cat, and, before a word could be spoken by any one present, seized a brush and commenced vigorously painting out the picture. Madame Doré nearly had a fit, and screamed out with irrepressible anguish, "Oh, Gustave! how can you? Stop, stop, do stop, it hurts me to see you ruin your glorious picture. Don't do it. You are both wrong!"

"It is quite right, mother, and my friend is quite right!" exclaimed Doré, emphasizing each word by a frantic lunge at the picture, "quite right! and I am glad he has told me the truth. There, now!" He gave one final flourish of the brush, totally obliterating the unfortunate sky, and then descended his ladder. He grew very pale as he added, in a helpless sort of way, "That is done with, and—my work for the Salon? Nothing remains of this; what am I to do?" It was afterwards that he painted the "Massacre des Innocents" in two days, a feat I have already alluded to.

Doré, having been decorated for his services to art, had the privilege of sending his works in at the last moment, and he certainly had little time before him to think of anything else. Besides, the personal sacrifice of not sending this particular picture to the Exhibition was one which cannot adequately be described. His heart and hopes had been growing more buoyant with every stroke of his brush for more than a year. Yet all this went for nothing as soon as he conceived the slightest suspicion that he had been wrong.

I lay stress upon this incident, for I consider it an irrefutable proof of the finer qualities of Doré's real nature. Taking everything into consideration, the man's personal feelings, the artist's professional amour-propre, the circumstances connected with the Exhibition, and the overwhelming probability of his not being represented there at all after his sanguine hopes and consecutive labours, these are details which display the artist's disposition in noble and splendid relief. Few painters would have done what Gustave Doré did. It is curious to observe, in attempting to gather materials for a man's biography, the

sparseness and sameness of the details gleaned from one's informants. I think that up to the present time few to whom I have applied for assistance in my self-imposed task have spoken to me of Gustave Doré without making reference to his obstinacy. However slight in the case of each individual these allusions may have been, added together and summed up, their totality presents a startling array of evidence against a vice which seems almost pronounced enough to merit the name of virtue. It may be presumption on my part to attempt the refutation of all this evidence by one simple incident even more simply told, such as the above. But it should be remembered that intimacy with our fellow-creatures accentuates and brings out all their least amiable qualities. In the mass of spoken and written matter emanating from his dearest friends which I have compiled relative to Doré, it has been with the greatest difficulty that I have contrived to get at one authentic anecdote illustrating his capacity for yielding to advice. My personal acquaintance with the artist was slight enough, however, to allow of my being an absolutely unbiassed, unprejudiced appreciator of his nature and talent. I remember once having been greatly struck with a remark made by a life-long friend of the late Professor Longfellow in connection with the latter's biography. The person in question remarked, "These biographers are springing up everywhere. Why, I have known him all my days, and far too well to ever think of writing his life."

I am now in a position to fully understand the meaning of this apparently paradoxical observation.

From the spring of 1870 until nearly two years later Gustave Doré continued to work at his Prætorium picture, and practically repainted one-third of it. Before speaking of the London exhibition of this great work, its reception in Paris may be best described by Doré himself.

On the 21st of April, 1872, Doré wrote from Paris to the Rev. Canon Harford a letter, from which I subjoin

the following extract concerning the Paris success of "Christ leaving the Prætorium:"—

"I have at last finished my picture, which I have placed in a beautiful light, and to see which I have convoked the Parisian public until the end of this month, giving due notice that it must be in London early next month.

"I assure you that if I have as much success there as at this moment I am having here, I shall be extremely well pleased. You haven't an idea how the last month's work has augmented the effect of my picture; I ought to say *our* picture, because you have interested yourself in it so affectionately, dear friend, that you must feel the same emotion as I do touching the question of its reception in London. I am going to begin tormenting you next month to see if there is no means of inducing you to come to Paris to enjoy a few of our beautiful May days. Then we will choose a fine sunshiny day or a beautiful moonlit night, aad return together to London. My mother sends you a thousand affectionate remembrances, and I embrace you cordially.

"G. DORÉ."

It would be useless for me to attempt the description of a picture so generally known as this one. Its reception in England was of the most enthusiastic nature. The Doré Gallery was crowded from morning to night; preachers, painters, connoisseurs, art-critics, press-men, and the public in general kept up a constant talk and excitement about the work. The unanimity with which it was praised was astonishing, and for a wonder the art-critics outvied one another in descanting on its general merits. One review said, "The most marvellous picture of the present age is to be seen in New Bond Street;" another, that "for grandeur and boldness of mass and outline, and for energy and passion of expression 'Christ leaving the Prætorium' suggests a comparison with the masterpieces of Michel Angelo;" another, that "this picture is well worthy of notice, not only on account of the superhuman

interest of the subject itself, but also on account of its wonderful elaboration of detail;" another, "In this vast assemblage Doré displays his extraordinary faculty for painting character under its most varied aspects of the picturesque. We are not disposed to dwell upon any weak point in a work of such unquestionable power and such noble aspirations as this; neither can we complain of the preponderance of the complex forms and colouring of the picture over the higher requisites of simplicity and grandeur, as necessary to these great themes of art. A painter, like an orator, must be allowed his manner: if he can impress us with his art, he deserves our praise and our gratitude. It must be owned, whatever one may think of the style of M. Doré, he is always impressive. His picture of Dante's 'Inferno,' his 'Wandering Jew,' his 'Gambling Salon,' his 'Neophyte,' his 'Christian Martyrs,' and an innumerable host of smaller illustrations, are all wonderfully full of thought, and abound in artistic facility; but this great achievement of his tells of more matured and chastened power of conception and much more scholarly work of execution." Another critic says, "The work in the picture is immense, but it is the least interest of the composition; for all the multiform types of physiognomy, all the picturesque details of costume, all the touches of beauty are subordinated to the one grand sublime expression of sorrowful pity that beams out of the divine eyes of Jesus Christ. It is by far the largest canvas this artist has yet filled, and will, unless we are much mistaken, prove the most splendid manifestation of his genius which he has yet given to the world."

Gustave Doré could never have imagined a more brilliant success for his picture; and it must have been a flattering testimony to his talent and perseverance. Considering his unfortunate first experience of the work, his finishing it at all was a marvel. Most men would have been disgusted after so unfortunate a start. It is little to say that, after the incident alluded to some time back, Doré paid a double tribute of devotion both to his inspiration and his public.

Doré received the lump sum of 6000*l.* for this picture, and it may be considered to have constituted a very handsome financial success. Speaking of money matters, naturally the prices Doré received for his later works were more than tenfold what was paid to him for his earlier ones. For instance, the beautiful "Francesca and Paolo," at present in the Doré Gallery, was originally sold for 400*l.*, but after various wanderings was acquired by its present proprietors for something over 640*l.* In the beginning of his career as a painter Doré was singularly modest in the prices he set upon his work. It is a curious fact that Doré charged enormous sums for his illustrations, which he cared comparatively little for, and put a ridiculously low price for his paintings, which he really thought a great deal of. The first private picture Doré ever sold in England was disposed of to Sir William Frazer at a small price. The subject was a Spanish mother and her child. For the picture purchased by her Majesty, Doré was paid 400*l.*; and "The Martyrs" fetched a much larger sum, namely, 1000*l.*

Mr. Duncan, the Laird of Benmore, possesses amongst other magnificent works of art a splendid collection of Doré's pictures and sketches.

The following incident was vouched for by the painter himself. Mr. Duncan came to his studio at Paris and expressed his intention of purchasing a picture. He selected one and was told its price, which we need not say was extremely low. He looked at another, and another, each time M. Doré's reasonable demands evidently encouraging the buyer to continue adding to his collection. In fact, he was not more surprised at getting such works of art so cheap than was Doré to see one man buying so many of his pictures; for he had no sooner shown one to his visitor and named its price than Mr. Duncan responded, "I will take it." Presently Doré began to wonder about the destination of his paintings, and hesitated just as he was about to point out one in particular, of which he was very fond. He also remembered at the moment that his English friends had

repeatedly said to him, "You must charge a high price for your pictures, otherwise the world will set the value on them which you yourself do." Doré, however, was honest and conscientious, even to the detriment of his own interests. He stopped before the picture, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," then as suddenly turned away from it.

"What is that?" asked Mr. Duncan.

"I have not decided to sell it," replied Doré; and, thinking to check the seeming recklessness of his unknown Mæcenas for a moment, he mentioned at random 2000 guineas, the first sum that came into his head, as the price of his picture. To his surprise Mr. Duncan immediately said, "Will you give me the refusal of it?" The work in question is now in Mr. Duncan's very celebrated museum of paintings.

Gustave Doré must have counted that as one of his red-letter days, and it says a great deal for the artistic merit of his works, setting aside any reflection on their market price, that so celebrated a critic and art collector as Mr. Duncan should have secured for himself an entire Doré gallery. Through Mr. Duncan's liberality a large sum was made to figure in Gustave Doré's banking account.

Mr. Duncan, it will be remembered, has one of the finest picture-galleries in Europe, 120 feet long, and filled with the choicest works of ancient and modern art. He was a sincere friend of Gustave Doré, a steadfast patron and ardent admirer of the "Alsatian genius." The following incident affords very good proof of his affection for the artist. He paid Carolus Duran 1000*l.* to paint him a portrait of Doré, and this picture, a capital likeness, Mr. Duncan now possesses. Doré stayed very often at Benmore, where he was a welcome and cherished guest. In speaking of the picture by Carolus Duran we may mention that the other best portrait of Doré extant is still in the house in the Rue St. Dominique in Paris. It is a sketch also by Carolus Duran, in which Doré is represented sitting on the top of his ladder in the studio

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(Decorative Plaque. London, 1869. G. Doré. By permission of Rev. Frederick Harford.)

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in the Rue Bayard; and was made in 1877. The way Doré sat for it is curious enough. He was in his studio, working at one of his great paintings, high up on his perch, when Duran happened to come in. Doré looked hastily up, turned round, and placed one hand on the side of his ladder without moving from his topmost round.

"At last!" exclaimed Duran. "Just what I want; you must sit for me this very moment. I have long been awaiting this chance, and have often wished to get your face with just that expression on it. Don't move for a minute, and I'll have you down on paper all right."

The picture is lifelike, and the attitude a striking one, as every one will remember who has ever seen Doré at work in this studio.

It would be superfluous to give detailed descriptions in this synopsis of the pictures in the Doré Gallery. They comprise, amongst others, the magnificent canvases, "Christ entering into Jerusalem," "Moses before Pharaoh," "The Night of the Crucifixion," "The Battle of Ajalon," "The Soldiers of the Cross," "The Christian Martyrs," and "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," one of the most superb pictures in the gallery. This was one of Dorés favourite paintings, and proved a great success in London. Amongst the many favourable notices received, the *Graphic* remarked:—

"The Doré Gallery, 35, New Bond Street, which has now deservedly taken a position as an exhibition of permanent interest, has recently been enriched by a new and important work from M. Doré's hand. It is entitled 'The Dream of Pilate's Wife.' Claudia Procula, the wife of the Governor, is represented as a beautiful young woman, standing with sleep-dazed eyes on the steps of a broad staircase. Over her hovers an angel, whispering the story of the wonderful vision in her ear; while behind her is the couch which she, an unconscious somnambulist, has quitted. The centre and right-hand portion is occupied by the vision, in which our Saviour stands as the central figure, surrounded by crowds of worshippers of

all peoples and languages, including the Roman soldiers who assisted at His execution. In the background are long lines of figures—Crusaders, martyrs, and the like; the sky is tenanted by a winged host of angels, while above and beyond all rises the cross, white and translucent. It is a very powerful picture, and those who have been thrilled by 'The Crucifixion—Darkness,' and 'Christ leaving the Prætorium,' will not be the less awed by this vivid representation of Procula's symbolical dream."

The *Daily News*, in speaking of this picture, said,—

"The Doré Gallery in Bond Street has become as much one of the sights of the season as the Royal Academy Exhibition, and most certainly none of our country cousins can enjoy the solace of having 'done' the exhibitions without having seen Doré's great picture, 'Christ leaving the Prætorium,' and his last painted work, 'The Dream of Pilate's Wife,' which has recently been added to the collection which has for some years past represented this most remarkable artist of his time. Doré has again proved himself a most original thinker as well as a powerful and most resolute painter of his own imaginings. In this picture he has chosen a subject quite after his own heart, suggested by the message sent to Pilate, while he was on the judgment-seat, from his wife, Claudia Procula: 'Have thou nothing to do with that just Man, for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of Him.' Painters have not overlooked the passage entirely, and they have before now embodied all that was troubled and foreboding in some grand figure which they chose to call 'Pilate's Wife;' but to paint the dream was reserved for the genius of Gustave Doré. How this has been accomplished, and with what amazing artistic faculty of creation, no words can exactly describe away from the picture. The painter shows us the dream-troubled Claudia descending the steps from her chamber in the blaze of strong light from lamps within, and by her side, as if whispering in her ear, is a flying angel, resplendent in glorious light. The

dream is told by the figure of Christ, radiant with light that spreads around, showing the forms of Christian martyrs, the Evangelists, and Fathers of the Church, and following these are crowds of kings and potentates, among whom we may discover the Roman Helena, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon, and Crusaders with banners and crosses carried in triumph beneath the heavenly host of angels, above whom shines out a starry cross, shedding rays of silvery light over the scene. All this is brought before us so vividly by the brilliant effects of light and colour, that the thoughts are taken captive, and we are carried completely into a world of wonderful visions. For the moment it does not occur to our critical sense to inquire whether all this art may or may not be legitimate and orthodox, or to seek to discover how it is done. So it is that we bow to the power of a real magician in his art, whether it is the beautiful, the terrible, or the marvellous, that he conjures upon his canvas."

The Doré Gallery also contains the "Souvenir of Loch Leven," "The House of Caiaphas," and "The Death of Rizzio," which we may positively state to be the identical picture of which Edmond About spoke in such enthusiastic terms in 1855. This work is enormously clever, powerful in conception, and splendid in design. The face of the Queen as she bends over Rizzio's body, and the foreshortening of the latter are masterpieces in the art of drawing. The picture is crude, with much inharmonious colouring, but abounds in creative power of the very highest order.

The next picture is the "Day-Dream" (a companion piece to "The Neophyte"), a young Monk seated at the organ, while an angel or mortal vision, evidently occupying his thoughts, is corporeally present to the eye of the beholder.

Looking around these spacious rooms, we find rich evidence of M. Doré's genius and versatility. The eye only leaves one great canvas to fall upon another equally clever in conception and artistic finish. We see about us "Mont Blanc from the Brevent," a "Snow Scene in

the Alps," "A Torrent in the Trossachs," then we turn to the fated "Paolo and Francesca,"—immortal lovers, glorified by poets and painters ever since Dante saw the vision of the "Inferno," and the couple whose mortal ecstasies had been stifled in the clutch of everlasting torment. I think this one of Doré's greatest works in every respect. Every one must admire the noble beauty of Francesca's clear-cut Italian features, the grand foreshortening of her limbs, the lovely flesh-tint, the harmony of the sapphire drapery, and Paolo's countenance, which is instinct with passion and aflame with undying love. This is indeed a noble creation, worthy to rank with the best of the many Francescas with which the world is enriched.

In the Doré Gallery we also see the last grand conception, "The Vale of Tears," of which Doré wrote in 1878, the "Andromeda," "The Triumph of Christianity over Paganism;" "The Prairie" (exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1857); a "Head of Christ," the famous etching, and several other heads of our Saviour taken from different points of view; the great painting of "The Neophyte;" "The Falls of the Garry, Perthshire;" a reduction of "Genius killed by Fame," the group of which I speak in my mention of Doré's sculptural works.

Besides these there are many original sketches of the great pictures; and in these we see the full play of Doré's genius, for their execution followed so quickly upon their conception that the ideas embodied in them were never harassed by nor restricted to the dull limits of mechanical lines and figures.

I have run across the following notes which may conclude my remarks on the Doré Gallery. Messrs. Fairless and Beeforth vouch for their authenticity; and it may be of interest to know the exact date of each picture, when begun and when completed; also the names of several purchasers of Doré's works. I also give an aggregate of monies received by the artist from Messrs. Fairless and Beeforth, which, as will be seen, constitute no small sum.

HEAD OF CHRIST.

(Original drawing. Doré Gallery. By permission of Messrs. Fairless and Beeforth.)

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"The Triumph of Christianity over Paganism." Size, 9 ft. 10 in. by 6 ft. 10 in. 1868.
"Paolo and Francesca da Rimini." Size, 8 ft. 10 in. by 6 ft. 4 in. 1863.
"The Christian Martyrs." Size, 4 ft. 10 in. by 7 ft. 6 in. 1870.
"Christ leaving the Prætorium."[1] Size, 20 ft. by 30 ft. 1872.
"The Night of the Crucifixion." Size, 4 ft. 3 in. by 6 ft. 4 in. 1873.
"Andromeda chained to the Rock." Size, 8 ft. 6 in. by 5 ft. 6 in. 1868.
"The Dream of Pilate's Wife." (Claudia Procula.) Size, 6 ft. 4 in. by 9 ft. 7 in. 1874.
"The Soldiers of the Cross." (Scene from the History of the Crusaders.) Size, 3 ft. 9 in. by 6 ft. 2 in. 1874.
"The Massacre of the Innocents." Size, 12 ft. by 17 ft.
"Le Tapis Vert." (Gambling-Table at Baden-Baden.) Size, 17 ft. by 34 ft. 1867.
"The House of Caiaphas." (Judas plotting against Jesus.) Size, 3ft. 6 in. by 5 ft. 9 in. 1875.
"The Battle of Ascalon." (Scene from the History of the Crusaders.) Size, 4 ft. 2 in. by 6 ft. 4 in. 1875.
"Christ entering Jerusalem." Size, 20 ft. by 30 ft. 1876.
"Moses and the Brazen Serpent." Size, 18 ft. 4 in. by 29 ft. 6 in. 1877.
"Ecce Homo." Size, 20 ft. by 13 ft. 6 in. 1879.
Replica of "Christ leaving the Prætorium." Size, 17 ft. by 23 ft. Completed with the exception of a few touches at the time of M. Doré's death (unsigned). 1883.
"The Ascension. Size, 20 ft. by 13 ft. 6 in. 1879.
"Moses before Pharaoh." Size, 17 ft. 6 in. by 26 ft. 6 in. 1880.
Replica "Ecce Homo."[2] Size, 6 ft. 9 in. by 11 ft. 1883.
Ditto, "Ascension."[2] Size, 6 ft. 9 in. by 11 ft. 1883.
"The Day Dream." (Young Monk at the Organ.) Size, 8 ft. by 9 ft. 6 in. 1880.
Ditto (upright). Size, 11 ft. by 6 ft. 8 in. 1882.
"The Neophyte." (One row of Monks.) Size, 5 ft. by 8 ft. 6 in. 1868.
"The Neophyte." (The same subject as the above, but with two rows of Monks.) Size, 8 ft. by 10 ft. 6 in. 1869.
"The Vale of Tears." Size, 14 ft. by 21 ft. "Come unto Me." (The picture on which the artist was occupied within three days of his death. It apparently is finished, and required little else but signing. 1883.
"The Death of Rizzio."[3] Size, 8 ft. 6 in. by 10 ft. 6 in.

The following pictures, amongst others, have been sold from the Doré Gallery to the purchasers whose names are appended:—

"Famille de Paysans."—E. C. Potter, Esq., Dinting Lodge, Glossop.
"High Lake in the Alps."—Robert Tennant, Esq., Leeds.

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[1] Messrs. Fairless and Beeforth entered into an agreement with M. Doré for the purchase of a picture of this subject on a much smaller scale on seeing the monochrome sketch in 1867 (*vide* agreement); but the picture being painted of the dimensions here given, it was the subject of a subsequent agreement between the parties.

[2] The above two pictures were completed at the time of M. Doré's death, with the exception of a few touches.

[3] Painted in 1855, when M. Doré was twenty-four years of age. It is said that he was about this time much under the influence of Delacroix, and that the style of this master is indicated in the picture. Of this work Théophile Gautier and Edmond About had a high opinion, and prophesied of him great things for the future.

"The Dancing Lesson."—Samuel Thomas Cooper, Esq., Bulwell Hall, Notts.
"La Gitana."—Samuel Thomas Cooper, Esq.
"Spanish Fortune-Tellers."—Samuel Thomas Cooper, Esq.
"The Child Moses asleep."—J. A. Blencowe, Esq., Marston House, Banbury.
"Solitude."—Joseph Evans, Haydock Grange, Lancashire.
"The Ascent of the Matterhorn."—The Most Hon. the Marquis of Queensbury, Kingmount, Annan, N.B.
"Elaine."—Hilton Philipson, Esq., Tynemouth.
"Knitters of Alsace."—Hilton Philipson, Esq.
"Psalterion."—Her Majesty the Queen (at Windsor Castle).
"Street Scene in Spain."— — Rowbotham, Esq., Manchester.
"The Flight into Egypt."—The Right Hon. Lord Borthwick, Soltray House, St. Andrews, N.B.
"A Forest in Spring."—Wm. Banbury, Esq., Lombard Street.
"La Figurante."—F. A. Yeo, Esq., Sketty Hall, Swansea.
"Girl of Valenciennes."—W. H. Chamberlain, Esq., Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.
"Loch Lomond."—Dr. Montgomery, Penzance.
"Loch Ech."—Benjamin O'Fallon, Esq., St. Louis, U.S.A.
"Alpine Landscape."—Chas. Kurtz, Esq., Bettws-y-Coed.
"The Blind Beggar."—Buddle Atkinson, Esq., Woolley Grange, Stratford-on-Avon.
"Spanish Beggars waiting the arrival of a Diligence."—John Moffat, Esq., Ardrossan, N.B.
Landscape, "Night." } Purchased by Messrs. Thompson and Mackenzie
" "Morning." } for the Australian Government.
"The Flower-Sellers."—H. Thompson, Esq., jun., Liverpool. (In the Walker Art Gallery.)
"Loch Canon" (the famous Rainbow Landscape, which caused so much attraction in the Salon).—General Whittier, Boston, U.S.A.
"Avenue to Ruined Château."—J. C. Bowring, Esq., Cranbourn, Windsor.
"Poor Peggy."—Edward Villiers, Esq., London.
"Fleur des Champs."—Edward Villiers, Esq.
"La Mère."—Ephraim Hallam, Esq., Oakwood Hall, Romelly, Stockport.

These pictures and copyrights, the aggregate prices of which amounted to upwards of 60,000*l.*, have been bought by Messrs. Fairless and Beeforth, of the Doré Gallery, from M. Doré, and the above sum was paid by them to the artist.

A volume would not suffice to relate all the incidents attendant upon the inception and completion of each one of these great works of art. The only thing we can do is to call attention to their magnitude. One interesting incident recurs to my mind in reference to Doré's painting of "The Resurrection." He had been staying in Gloucestershire, and had accompanied Canon Harford on a visit to Leigh Court, the beautiful country seat of Sir Philip Miles. Doré admired the art treasures there, and on his return to Canon Harford's house re-

ferred to several things which had pleased him greatly. During dinner Gustave ate very little, and that little appeared to distress him greatly. He evidently had some new undertaking on his mind, and as usual when thus preoccupied, was suffering from a sort of suffocation and a feeling of oppression in his chest. He finished his dinner rather abruptly, went out into the garden, and began to smoke. He walked up and down for a little while, puffing vigorously at his cigarette, all the while elaborating in his mind the conception of some new work. Doré was wrapt up in thought for some time, and during their return journey to London, which took place the same evening, his companion, the Rev. Frederick Harford, noticed that he was still absorbed in reflection, though evidently feeling somewhat better. The friends separated for the night, and the next morning at an early hour Canon Harford came to call upon the artist. Doré's servant met him at the door, and in response to the query if Doré was up, responded, "Up! oh, yes, sir. He hasn't been to bed all night. He has been working." At this moment Doré appeared, looking tired, harassed, and excited. Still, he greeted his friend affectionately. "Come in," he said; "I have something to show you," and he led the way to his work-room. On the easel was a magnificent sketch in black and white, which Doré called the "Resurrection." The artist had omitted but one detail—the stone before the door of the sepulchre, which we are told "was rolled away by angels." This observation was made to him, and as quick as thought, whilst Canon Harford was looking at him, he seized a crayon and deftly sketched in a broad, flat, and massive stone fallen to the earth; I say "fallen," but rather let me say, in the act of falling to the earth, for the same exquisite art which expressed our Saviour as walking, gave the appearance of corporeal motion to the huge granite slab. The movement in both seems reciprocal; the earth trembles under the divine footfall, whilst the air vibrates with the concussion which follows the shock of the supernatural tearing asunder of

mighty rocks. This was one of the triumphs of Gustave Doré's genius—the ability to express life, motion, action, reality!

"What do you think of it?" said Doré. "It has been on my mind for some little time, and I had to do it."

I have the picture before me, and can recall every line of this masterful work. The drawing, about thirty-six inches by thirty, represents "our Saviour," clad in astral-hued cerements, issuing from the tomb on the morning of that third day. Christ stands a few feet from the door of the divinely unsealed sepulchre. In this picture, as in some of his Dante drawings, Doré has invented a climate, an atmosphere of such limpid purity that we may imagine, as he must have done, the angelic face of nature, the softness of the air, and the bright transparency of the unclouded sky on that auspicious morning when Christ walked forth in all the majesty of that sacred marvel, "the firstfruits of them that sleep." The face of the Redeemer wears a radiance not of earthly joy; His holy feet are buoyant with divine lightness; He walks on the air and breath of God's omnipotence. I see the gracious form; I feel the fluttering movement of those flowing robes; I gaze at the sublimest of all sights, the face of the Saviour illumined by that divine halo which only inspired mortals emit from the crucible of their genius to spread in a golden substance of reality before the eyes of their not less believing, but less inspired fellow-men.

Surely, M. Doré worked all night, but he did not work alone. He must have been in the presence of that invisible host which peoples the minds of God's chosen whilst the prosaic world sleeps. As a little child he only saw the angel sent to Sabine von Steinbach; with later years, a deeper faith, and a purer inspiration, he was permitted to gaze on that other and greater vision. Surely he must have heard with enchanted sense the angelic choir singing, "For now is Christ risen from the dead, the firstfruits of them that sleep."

This picture is at present in the possession of Canon Harford, to whom Doré gave it. I am not aware that he executed a larger or more elaborate developed painting on the same subject; but I think there is one in his Bible series (not unlike the above) which would of course have been designed prior to the sketch I have mentioned. It is a pity that all the world cannot see this drawing, the result of one night's inspiration and work.

The following year Doré came again to London, and amongst the many things he did during his stay here we may mention one in particular—his visit to the dens of London thieves in company with Mr. Blanchard Jerrold and the Rev. Canon Harford. The chief of police wrote the following to Canon Harford, in reply to a note from that gentleman, mentioning Doré's wish to see the above celebrated haunt of vice :—

"3, Hobart Place, Eaton Square,
"Wednesday Evening, 7.30 p.m.

"DEAR SIR,—I regret that I have only just heard of M. Gustave Doré's wish to see the dens of the London thieves to-night. There is no time now to make proper arrangements, but you may be put in the way of seeing a good deal by showing this note to the inspector on duty at King Street Police Station.

"Yours faithfully,
"THOS. PEIRSON."

Doré had here an opportunity, such as he was always glad of, to dress himself up in some disguise, although the occasion was not a Parisian dinner-party, to which he would often go in carnival time with a complete costume hidden away in the pockets of his great coat. On such occasions, whilst talking or walking with Doré, his friends would be surprised by his sudden evanishment and as sudden reappearance, arrayed as a smart Pierrot, a ragged vagrant, or a lordly Venetian. Since his boyhood's days and those Sundays spent at "Dear Graffenstaden" with M. Kratz and his family, Doré had not altered one iota in his love for tricking himself out in

fancy costumes of every description. It is a pity that we have not his portrait as he looked on the night of that visit to the thieves' den. I am told that his dress was a triumph of vagabondage and Bill Sykes style of significance. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold has spoken so much of this episode in Doré's life that I am forced to pass it over undescribed. Suffice it to say that the book "London, a Pilgrimage," contains the most explicit details of the adventure in question; and later on, M. Bourdelin, an old friend of the artist's, will also have something to say about it.

Speaking of Mr. Blanchard Jerrold, I am reminded of an incident which I am told took place at a Press dinner given in Willis's Rooms, and presided over by a literary celebrity. Jerrold and Doré both sat at the President's table. After dinner, when toasts and "speechifying" had begun, Jerrold wrote a hasty line in pencil on a card, and passed it up to the chairman. It ran as follows:—

"In the absence of the French Minister, would it be malapropos to request my friend Doré to say something?"

We are to imagine that haste, the blunt pencil, or the effects of the dinner had rendered Mr. Jerrold's handwriting somewhat illegible. At any rate the president returned the following written answer:—

"Certainly, my dear Mr. Jerrold, with pleasure; but who the devil is door?"

Doré once went to a ball at the Mansion House and was indeed the lion of that entertainment. This was in 1869. So much curiosity was manifested to have "just one look at him" that, as he came into the room and the name Doré was announced, more than a hundred and fifty young ladies stood in double rows awaiting him as they would have done in the presence of Royalty. This flattered Doré in no small degree, but at the same time made him feel painfully shy. Speaking of the incident some days after, he said, "I never was more surprised in my life, and felt as if I were

"There both, I thought, the eagle and myself
Did burn, and so intense the imagined flame
That needs my sleep was broken off."

(By permission of Cassell and Co.)

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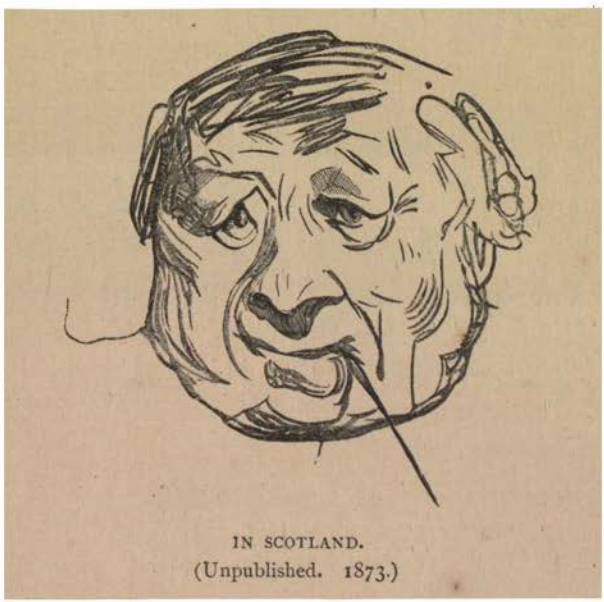
some strange wild creature." This ball was an experience which Doré did not often repeat; for the farther he advanced in his art and its multitudinous preoccupations, the less desire he felt to show himself about, and to go into the great world. There was always the old element of boyishness in his nature; the charm of novelty, the hero-worship and flattering attentions he received in London at first delighted him, and he behaved like a child with a new toy. Afterwards even he became surfeited with these pleasures, because the elements for real satisfaction



IN SCOTLAND.
(Unpublished. 1873.)

were not implanted in his soul. He was always dreaming impossibilities in art; and the exactions made upon him by his task-master, ambition, were, like the inner fires which feed the smouldering lava of Vesuvius, always burning, always fermenting within the crater of his imperious imagination, and rendering his life one turmoil of unrealizable hopes, irritated rather than gratified by petty successes and small triumphs. What could be more painful to the heart of an ardent, indefatigable, super-sensitive man, always working with the highest

aspirations, and unseasonably scattering lavish seed of genius, than to reap a premature and unripe harvest!

The following is an incident illustrative of his sensitiveness and affectionate nature. Before Doré left London in 1868, he was one day at Canon Harford's house, signing some photographs to present to acquaintances, and after diligently writing for some time, he looked up at his friend and said,—

"But you do not ask me to sign any for you?"

A response in the negative elicited a contented smile. Doré forthwith selected the best portrait and dated it two days later in Paris. The photograph in question represented the artist seated at a table, with books, papers, and crayons before him, his head slightly inclined on one hand, an expression of deep thought upon his features, his whole attitude one of profound reverie. This is what he wrote at the bottom of the picture. I reproduce the inscription in his own words:—

"Un homme absorbé,—

"Plus dans le souvenir de votre bonne amitié, mon cher Harford, que dans son travail.

"G. DORÉ.

"Paris, July 10th, 1868."

Doré was very fond of speaking Latin, and often went so far as to make *jeux de mots* of no mean order in that language. One I recall is this, it was of course apropos of his friend Canon Harford. "Æstimo tuam harfortitudinem." He wrote many letters in Latin, and some of them were extremely clever, all were correct and careful. Of his aphorisms, I see one before me on a portrait signed by himself in 1870. I read "Ne soyez pas modeste dans vos entreprises, mais soyez-le toujours dans le succès."[4]

These are not bad sentiments and are expressed with rare brevity. Doré certainly lived up to them. He

[4] "Never be modest in your undertakings, but always be modest in the day of success."

also originated some really quaint and original aphorisms, wrote charming comedies, plays, and farces, and, as perhaps may not be known, in his earlier days composed the entire text of some of his most important illustrated albums. I think that "Three Artists, miserably misunderstood, &c." was his own, as well as "The Plumets' Pleasure-Trip," and others which do not now recur to my memory. Amongst many of his Latin inscriptions on portraits, he once wrote to his friend Canon Harford,—

"Quam tempora delentur omnia, sola manet amicitia."

This was in 1869, and on another portrait he wrote an inscription which follows a curious statistical statement written as follows to the left and right of the photograph :—

"Statistique de mes chevalettes du 10 Mars, 1870.

(Left-hand side of Portrait.)	(Right-hand side of Portrait.)
"Le Répos en Egypte.	23rd of March, 1872 (Ouvrages d'importance).
"L'Entrée d'un Cathédrale.	Massacre des Innocents.
"Le Néophite (1st)	L'Alsace.
"Les Martyrs.	Le Christ sortant du Prétoire.
"Le Déluge	Le Dante.
"Jesus sortant du Prétoire.	Mox mei nunc hujus sed postea, nescio cujus.
"Le Mont-Blanc.	
[5] "Tenterden's Tavern.	
[5] "Le Massacre des Innocents.	
"Forsitan hæc olim meminisse juvabit.	

G. DORÉ."

Lieut.-Colonel Dudley Sampson was an old and valued friend of the great Alsatian artist. He has kindly lent me a few notes relating to Gustave Doré, from which I extract the following paragraphs. Besides recounting another incident in Doré's London life, they throw a great deal of light on his real character.

Colonel Sampson writes :—

* * * * * *

"One of Doré's most extraordinary peculiarities was, I

[5] Original sketches in the possession of the Rev. F. Harford.

think, his keen recollection of faces—good, bad, and indifferent.

"Many years ago I was introduced to him at a dinner-party in Palace Chambers, St. James's Street; Blanchard Jerrold, Edmund Yates, Mrs. Jopling, then Miss Good, if I remember rightly, and others equally well known in the literary and artistic world, being amongst the guests. After a few commonplace compliments on my side as to the honour and pleasure of making the acquaintance of the great painter, Doré turned suddenly round upon me with 'Monsieur! this is not the first time we have met. Three years ago, in June or July, we crossed the Channel together from Boulogne to Folkestone. You stood, for the most part of the trajet, talking to a very tall man in a very long coat, what you call an "ulster."' On my expressing surprise at his having carried such a trivial incident in his brain so long, he added, 'It has nothing to do with me, c'est plus fort que moi. When I see a face it never leaves me until I have drawn it, perhaps several times.' I laughingly asked whether he was ridding himself of me in the 'Inferno' or the 'Paradiso'? to which he made some goodnatured reply. But I always date our acquaintance and subsequent friendship from the peculiarity in question.

"Apropos to the above, it appears to me that the brain characteristic mentioned is, though of perhaps rarer quality, very much the same as that which a good many of us unfortunately possess in another branch of art; that is, the involuntary and often exasperating remembrance of certain bars of music over which, be they from oratorio or opera bouffe, we have for a time no power of suppression whatever.

* * * * * *

"I once asked Doré if there was any truth in a rumour very current at the time, that he was engaged to be married to a certain celebrated prima donna. We were alone in the Rue Bayard studio at the time, and he said nothing for the moment; then, suddenly waving his hand

in the direction of the dozen or so of easels, each having upon it some unfinished work, he exclaimed, half sadly, half mockingly, 'No; my wives are there! Better that they should be canvas ones, mon cher!' and he added, laughing, 'A married artist not only must neglect one of two things, his wife or his art; but he is sure to get into hot water, sooner or later, with the former à propos des modèles.'

* * * * * *

"I always thought it a very remarkable trait in Doré's genius that he could go so rapidly from one canvas to another and not get 'mixed' as regards his colouring. They were usually ranged anyhow in the studio, and I have frequently seen him, chatting meanwhile, wander round it and stop, first for a couple of minutes, say, over the dark and sombre interior of a Spanish cathedral; then, for five or six more, perhaps, opposite a brilliant rainbow-hued scene of Scottish moorland, and then again, with only sufficient pause to knock the ashes off the top of his cigar, wander across to finish some delicate passage in a portrait or flesh painting.

* * * * * *

"Doré's great idea was to have an immense gallery in London, standing by itself somewhere and built expressly, not only for the exhibition, but for the permanent home of all his more important works.

"I fancy that he had ever Thorwaldsen's Museum, at Copenhagen, in his mind's eye; and no wonder, for there is, perhaps, no more touching or suitable resting-place for a great artist than some such ivy-covered grave in the midst of the immortal productions of his genius.

* * * * * *

"He was extremely sensitive, at least I always found him so—with regard to criticism, favourable or adverse, and nothing delighted him more than an honest assurance —given, I am persuaded, by his friends, in all genuine

truthfulness—that a century hence the former view would have completely annihilated the latter.

"He thoroughly believed in his own genius, but, unlike the majority of artists, more especially French artists, he never wantonly depreciated or sneered at his contemporaries."

CHAPTER XXXII.

DORÉ A PATRIOT.

GUSTAVE DORÉ was a sincere patriot. Although a staunch Legitimist, he had a profound liking and respect for the Emperor Napoleon III., and since the occasion of his visit to the court at Compiègne in 1867 had often spoken of his Majesty in terms of admiration and loyalty. However, some people have said that he set no special value on the marks of Imperial favour so persistently shown to him, and once gave away a beautiful and valuable pencil, the Emperor's gift, to a fair friend who happened to express her admiration of it. I will do Doré the justice to say that he really cared for this pencil, and that his giving it away was a greater proof of regard for the lady than of indifference to the Emperor. Surely he could not give anything he did not like to a person for whom he cared? Doré's nature was of a finer fibre than was generally supposed. His generosity was proverbial, and always costly to himself. He never offered a worthless sketch to a friend, or made any one his pis-aller.

In 1869 Doré was specially invited by the Empress to make one of her suite during her journey to Suez for the opening of the canal. To her surprise—to every one's, in fact—he refused the invitation. Twice at the

Tuileries the Empress asked the artist to honour them by his presence—twice Doré refused. On the second occasion the Emperor made such a point of being agreeable to Doré, that the latter's persistency in not recognizing the honour extended to him became a matter of serious concern to his friends. The following are the artist's own words on the subject:—

"His Majesty was most kind, most amiable. He had asked me once to go to Suez, and I had made some excuse, so I scarcely expected a second invitation. It came, however, and I refused it positively. The Emperor looked surprised and half offended. He bit his lip and observed, 'Pray let us say no more about it.'"

Two reasons have been assigned for this strange conduct, one of which would have been potent enough to warrant Doré in his refusal to go to Suez; the other cannot reasonably be so considered, as when once he had overcome his political scruples so thoroughly as to deem himself at liberty to be present at court-balls, fêtes, and picnics, he certainly would have been straining at a gnat to have raised any objections to this last royal invitation.

It will have been divined that the former reason was his political faith; besides which his mother's complaints "that he was seen too often at Bonapartist houses," might have influenced him in no slight degree. At this time, it will also be remembered, Napoleon III. was not in the heyday of popularity. The second reason I must give in full, as it seems eminently Doréish. In speaking of the invitation he said to his friend Kratz,—

"Arthur, they want me to go to Suez; but I shall not go. I should meet new people, a new race. These Oriental ideas and customs—how do I know but they might instil new thoughts into my mind, and upset all my present train of work? You know how I felt about London. Well, I have made up my mind to stick to that, and to eternalize myself there in the interest of my fortune. You know that I am an impressionable dog. I am none too fond of that foggy land, but I have resolved to devote myself to my new mode of work and

living, and shall not indulge myself in the luxury of visiting any strange and fascinating countries. It might upset me. I am too old to attempt new departures in art. I distrust myself, but—I can resist temptation. I shall not go."

I leave every one to draw his own deduction from the above, upon which I will make but one comment. Doré's extraordinary nature, combining honesty and superstition to an almost inconceivable degree, certainly shines out clearly in this latter argument. In short, no one but himself would ever have given such a reason as the above for refusing an Imperial invitation, which is usually considered a command.

I now come to some events of the war, but must disturb their chronological order by mentioning an occurrence which took place in 1868 at a dinner-party given by M. Joanne, Sr., Doré's dear friend, the compiler of the valuable "Guide Joanne." After the repast a lively political discussion took place, in which Doré joined with great warmth, concluding his arguments by betting that before two years should have elapsed France would be mistress of the Rhine. M. E. Forgues (Old Nick) took up the bet, and staked all his works against all Doré's. M. Forgues attached little importance to this bet, which he considered merely a hasty after-dinner effusion. Two years later he saw a commissioner coming up to his door laden with an enormous case. In it was a complete set of the works Doré had theretofore illustrated. Doré rarely spoke lightly, and never forgot what he had said.

In 1870 Doré had the honour of selling a picture to her Majesty Queen Victoria. This was hung in the gallery at Windsor, and is indeed one of the most lovely works Doré ever painted. It is called "Le Psalterion," and has for its subject a youth with his lute, singing and dreaming over his future.

Doré's gratification at being thus honoured is best shown in the following letter, sent to his friend Canon Harford, which also explains why Doré did not spend the season of 1870 in London.

It will be remembered that this was one of the most

terrible and eventful years France had ever known. From the inception of the Franco-German war until the moment when the storm fairly broke over France, Gustave Doré has graphically described his feelings in two letters written to Canon Harford, the first dated from Paris in July, 1870, and the second the 13th of September of the same year. I give these letters almost entire. Doré's heart, elevated sentiments, patriotism, and noble nature speak for themselves in every line. I extract from the first letter as follows :—

"July 27, 1870.

"DEAR FRIEND,—Without doubt you have already divined the causes, the sad causes, which have delayed my projected trip to London, which I announced to you some days ago in my last letter. We are on the eve of a gigantic and terrible war, and France is on fire with excitement.

"Under these circumstances, dear friend, you may imagine how little inclined I am to absent myself from my country, where we all have at present but one thought, to unite together, and to face the common danger which threatens us. Besides, we are in momentary expectation of great news, which could only get to London second-hand. My brother, Captain Emile, has just written to us that his division is on the eve of a campaign; but, dear friend, across this lowering sky news has come to me from your country like a ray of the brightest sunshine. This news you must already know, and your friendly heart will have already rejoiced over it with mine.

"The Queen of England has just done me the signal honour to buy one of my works for her gallery, and, my dear Harford, I have no words with which to express the proud joy I feel, nor all my gratitude for this high mark of patronage.

* * * * * *

"I pray you, dear friend, to keep me informed respecting your health, which I hope is always good.

"Your devoted friend,

"G. DORÉ."

DON QUIXOTE

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During the war Canon Harford sent a present to his friend Doré of a silver flask of a peculiar kind, one which could be drunk from without using both hands. Doré acknowledged the gift in the following terms:—

"September 13, 1870.

"DEAR HARFORD,—How shall I ever thank you enough for your kind and affectionate thoughts, and all the good they do to my soul? With the day of distress came the souvenir of a sincere and dear friend, and such precious wishes!

"In writing to you thus, I profit by the last day upon which letters will be able to go by train to England; the enemy is at the very gates of Paris, and from one moment to another we may be in the throes of the first bombardment. Our misfortune is immense, and our anguish terrible. How shall we ever emerge from this gulf of blood and abandonment into which poor France is plunged? No hope and no solution gleams on the horizon; and yet it seems hard to think that our beloved France, so innocent of this war, should be the object of universal execration.

"I shall carry my flask with me, dear friend, when I go to the ramparts—this well-chosen object which your affection has prompted you to send to me. I think it will be to-morrow, for, as I have told you, the peril is most imminent. My dear and well-loved friend Harford, I beg you to address your prayers to Heaven that this drama now in progress may have as prompt an ending as possible, and that the grief that already overwhelms us may not put all France into mourning.

"No news of my poor brother, the captain; we are in mortal disquietude. I have tried everything, even the help of several members of the Geneva Society, who they say ought to know certain things; but have signally failed. Adieu, my dear Harford, my heart is very heavy, but it is with the best of my affection that I embrace you.

"Your devoted friend,

"G. DORÉ.

"P.S.—I forgot to inform you that I have sent my thanks to her Majesty the Queen by Colonel Ponsonby."

It may not be out of place in these reminiscences of Gustave Doré to say a few words here about his well-loved brother Emile. Lieutenant-Colonel Doré, whom Gustave calls "my brother the captain" in the foregoing letter, well fulfilled the promise of his early youth, when he was a brave, steady, and honest lad. He is to-day one of the most distinguished officers in the French army, and won his first honours at Strasburg during the terrible siege, where he was twice decorated on the field for bravery and splendid military conduct. Gustave Doré, with his family, felt a justifiable pride in his brother's glory, which was to him one of the bright spots in that otherwise deplorable year. The Doré boys were made of fine stuff, as is proved by the way in which they fought and won even the ordinary battles of life.

M. Bourdelin, a distinguished Parisian draughtsman, was one of Doré's intimates, and takes great pride in the fact that Doré regarded him as one of his oldest and most valued friends. M. Bourdelin not only kindly told me a great deal about his relations with Doré, but sent me a little handful of notes from which I shall here and there quote verbatim, commencing with those having reference to the war. M. Bourdelin says:—

"Gustave Doré was an ardent patriot. Alsatian by birth, at the first news of war with Prussia his heart went back to the Rhine. He already saw the French army triumphantly crossing that river which he had so often crossed, and this hope supplied him with the subject of one of his finest sketches. He saw there modern Zouaves, wearing the honours of Africa and Lombardy, saluted by the soldiers of the first Empire, and the Republic uprising from her tomb at the sound of the French clarion. He also saw the armies of Condé assisting at this marvellous march, and again carrying into Germany the heroes of Friedland and Jena. At that moment every hand which held a pen was hot with patriotic fever; and

I, who possessed this work of Doré, wrote an article full of praise to a well-known journal, which shortly after came to Gustave's notice.

"Then weeks rolled by, and the marvellous sketch was left in the studio of the painter, whose enthusiastic heart had taken fire too quickly. One morning I saw Gustave's valet entering my house; he bore a roll of paper and a note in his hands. The note said:—

"'My dear Bourdelin,—My passage of the Rhine, alas! has been seen by you alone, and in consequence you alone were able to give an opinion upon it. How kind and amiable you were to me in that newspaper article, in which you struck out right and left for your country! Ah! both of our heads were filled with too extravagant dreams! My drawing has no longer any reason to exist; I give it to you. Keep it in remembrance of our vanished hopes.'"

This picture, which I have seen, is indeed a glorious inspiration, one of Doré's great imaginative creations in black and white; and the characters represented in it are so real as to belie the idea of a fictive battle. It occupies the place of honour in M. Bourdelin's studio, and he may well pride himself on so magnificent a gift from his celebrated friend. I walked up a great many flights of stairs to look at it; but I would have ascended ten times the number rather than have missed seeing this memorable work. M. Bourdelin continues:—

"Recalling Doré's marvellous faculty of taking in at a glance the physiognomy of men and things, I remember one circumstance which occurred at the close of the siege of Paris, when the capitulation had just been signed. Doré and I went to take a walk as far as the bridge of Courbevoie. Our end of the bridge was guarded by French soldiers, and the other by Germans. In the middle of the bridge we saw a group of officers, Bavarians, Prussians, and Saxons, whose various types seemed specially chosen to prompt the caricaturist's pencil, had we but been in the vein to take advantage of the opportunity to sketch them. But we could not dream of taking a pencil or drawing-book from our pockets, for

we should immediately have been surrounded and suspected, had we done so.

"During a quarter of an hour Doré examined these dozen different countenances. That same evening, when he returned home, he took up a sheet of paper in my presence, and with the most extraordinary precision sketched the entire group, not omitting a single detail. Even the different uniforms were marvels of correctness. Doré talked very little during the long walks we often took at that time, in the midst of the fearful débris that five months of siege had strewn about the ramparts and environs of Paris. He was happy to know that some one was near him, and often forgot to speak. He always had some great project in his head, some great picture or drawing. He composed while he was walking; he compiled all his documents; he remembered all his landscapes; and in the evening by lamplight with one touch of his magic pencil reminiscences and thoughts came to life without erasure or alteration."

Doré has consecrated some of his most vigorous sketches to the memory of this war. Foremost among these ranks his "Marseillaise;" but it should be remembered that when he painted this great picture the strains of Rouget de Lisle's inspired song were not often heard on the Parisian ramparts. "La Marseillaise" is alive with the forms of thousands of Frenchmen marching gloriously on to victory, whilst the angel of the Republic, sword and torch in hand, hovers above the heads of France's brave soldiers.

The next stirring picture was entitled, "The Country in Danger." The crescent moon shines above the gabled roofs, the streets are thronged with a frantic, shouting mob of citizens and soldiers, and at the door of one grey mansion the war angel sounds the tocsin of alarm. There are always angels in Doré's pictures; heavenly angels, angels of peace and war, ministering angels, angels of nativity, and angels of Death. How easily we can trace in every stirring moment of Doré's life the quick memory, harking back to his boyhood's days, when the celestial visitant

broke through the vault of heaven and immortalized Sabine von Steinbach!

There is another painting of the "Marseillaise." In this the Goddess of Victory leads Gallia's faithful warriors on to conquest or death. The well-known picture "War" represents groups of soldiers no longer in battle array, but stricken down on the field. Night has fallen. Straying herds of wild-eyed oxen seek their pasturage in blood-stained meadows. "War" was painted in 1868, but is commonly supposed to have been one of Doré's patriotic pictures of the year 1870.

"Le Rhin Allemand," "Le Chant de Départ" and "L'Aigle Noir" were painted during the year of the war. We now come to one of the greatest works Doré ever produced, the fame of which is world-wide. I refer to "Alsatia." Who has not seen the Alsatian peasant woman, standing in a mournful attitude, with the French banner clasped to her desolate breast? Hard by, an old nurse caresses a baby that has obviously been left fatherless. The widowed woman's face is shadowed by dark despair. Her sable cap and broidered girdle—even the lace-work of her hand-made sleeve—are as black as the crape wound about her neck and round her country's mourning flag. None can look at this picture without feeling a heart-throb of profound sorrow. One need not be a Frenchman to ejaculate with Doré, "Alas! poor Alsatia!" The Rhine shall flow on in its limpid course; young pines shall spring up midst the velvet of the Black Forest; mountain flowers shall bloom in all their luxuriant fragrance, and the voices of children wandering through the forest shall make the air resound with the accents of the unhallowed German tongue, which has superseded French in Imperial Alsace; but for many a year to come in every true Alsatian's house, be it palace or hovel, you will assuredly find one picture: it may be a painting, drawing, lithograph, photograph, or even the trusty little engraving of "Alsatia" which has been produced by well-nigh every illustrated journal in Europe. This you will look at with reverence, thinking not of the painter, but of

the patriot who would have given his life-blood for his native province as freely as he devoted his talent to perpetuating her memory in the heart of France.

During the Commune Doré went with his mother to Versailles. There they established themselves for some time. Madame Doré, although in good health, was not in very brave spirits; the late terrible events had told upon her nerves, and, at heart a proud Alsatian, she deeply felt the bitter humiliation and melancholy fate of her beloved province. Besides, Paris was yet in a state of wild excitement; the ruins of the Tuileries were still smoking, and the whole capital was in a whirl of wild tumult and ever-renewed panic.

About that time Doré had on hand the late Blanchard Jerrold's "London," which, as will be remembered, was the outcome of Doré's visit in 1869 to the dens of the London thieves. Without entering into detail respecting the preliminaries of this work, we have it on very good authority that before a page of the book was printed, Doré offered 600*l.* to be released from his bargain. As is well known, Douglas Jerrold's talented son was an old friend of Gustave Doré; and as the reasons for their collaboration are probably given in the text of the work itself, I abstain from any reference to them here.

"London, a Pilgrimage," was brought out by Grant and Company, and enjoyed distinguished popularity. Certainly with two such names as Jerrold and Doré on the title-page, the former a writer of high distinction, and the latter the acknowledged King of illustrators, it would have been strange had this work not commanded a favourable reception at the hands of the British public. Without touching upon the merits of Mr. Jerrold's work, which has already been judged and criticized, I will say a few words about Doré's share in it. Undoubtedly some of his finest character-sketches are contained in these volumes; sketches in black and white, sound and vigorous in sentiment and tone, touching in pathos, really comical in their humorous vein, life-like in action and pose, some even Rembrandtish in colour, concep-

LONDON, 1871.

(Unpublished drawing in possession of Rev. Frederick Harford.)

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tion, foreshortening, and finish. On the other hand, I must call attention to one peculiarity, which seems to me almost a prevalent defect in Doré's work, and a great one from an Anglo-Saxon point of view. His characters are for the most part un-English. Their original conception was not at fault, but the artistic execution was. The hand of the great French draughtsman had too long been accustomed to draw the types of his own country and continental faces, to change his method in a trice and suddenly display current proficiency in depicting a new and totally different race.

This drawback is manifest in some of his other drawings, called "London Character Sketches." For instance, "A poor Child in London," might be anything but an English child; the curls falling about her neck are disposed after the manner of French hairdressing; the unreasonably shortened waist and unusual length from the waist downward is an absolute reproduction of ninety-nine French children of a hundred.

The method of dressing English and American children in youth is a physical preparation which gives them in later life long waists and supple figures. To return to the "Poor Child," she may have been a denizen of Leicester Square or Soho, but it is not likely that Doré would need to draw upon his recollections of Venice or of the Revolution in the Faubourg St. Antoine in order to sketch a typical London street-Arab. So it was with some of the poor outcast women whom he sketched in the streets—the only home they have ever known in London. The details of dress are in every instance faithfully portrayed; there are the reeking, ragged flounces, the tattered shawls in every imaginable design and colour, the transparent bonnets ghastly with faded tinsel and paper flowers, the unkempt hair breaking away from comb or other restraint, the brows and cheeks seamed by debauchery and hardened by misery, the attitude and unsteady, almost reeling, gait bespeaking non-memberhood of the Blue Ribbon Army, and the whole figure a startling invocation to miserable humanity

and recalcitrant justice. But what of the faces! Here M. Doré's pencil is at fault, but perhaps justly and poetically so, for instead of the hard British irreclaimable vagabond's look we have—while in the same degree of misery—the more pathetic grace of the Parisian grisette, whose misery may have been deadened by one draught of absinthe, or of the betrayed Zingara who chants to the moon, and lies down in her misery and tatters, wooing eternal sleep from the dark shadows of the stately Alhambra.

The sketch we subjoin in this place is one of Doré's unpublished drawings, originally intended for the "London." Its scene is an interior of one of the well-known haunts of the London thieves, and speaks for itself. The sketch is in the possession of Canon Harford, and was presented to him by the artist during the season of 1869.

I must now revert to M. Bourdelin's notes, which say a great deal about Doré's visit to London in 1871.

"During the Commune Doré was living with his mother at Versailles. About this time we decided to go to London together. Blanchard Jerrold was busy with the text of a work on London, for which Gustave had contemplated executing two hundred drawings. Worried by his publishers and hindered at the outset by the stirring events which had taken place in Paris, he had requested me to aid him in the architectural and picturesque portions of his work. We went to London and passed nearly six months there together. Doré inhabited a superb apartment on the first floor of the Westminster Palace Hotel. One room had been transformed into a studio, and there we worked during the whole summer of 1871. For our trips round and about London in search of material for our sketches and studies of character from the life, two private detectives had been placed at our disposal; and every night we spent hours in populous London districts such as Lambeth, Clerkenwell, Bayswater, and the Docks.

"It was a real pleasure to watch Doré, dressed in some ragamuffin style or other, hurrying in and out of the

streets and alleys, and rapidly taking notes with the rarest precision—notes which served him for the composition of his blocks. I filled in backgrounds, houses or monuments, which he afterwards animated with his glowing fanciful pencil. There is no horrible place that may be seen in London into which we did not penetrate. I remember one Sunday morning in the Jewish quarter of Petticoat Lane; we went from one end to the other of a long sort of market, where old clothes, comestibles, and all sorts of heterogeneous wares were sold. In this dingy lane we had remarked some poor wretches for whom Doré bought some old shoes and hats, and amongst whom he distributed generous sixpences. It was there, in the open air, surrounded by a compact and curious crowd, that he produced his famous sketch of the 'Seltzer-water Maker,' my contribution to which was an accurate presentment of the apparatus for manufacturing the effervescent liquid. Doré made himself excessively popular in London, and his photograph was in a great many shop windows. It was by no means uncommon to hear his name inadvertently and inaccurately pronounced by some street-boy or woman of the people who recognized his likeness thus displayed.

"I lived in Brompton Square, and he sometimes took his breakfast at my house. One morning my landlady gave a loud cry on seeing him, and dropped her dishful of bacon and eggs. 'Mister Gustave Doré!' she shrieked out. She was indeed proud to see the great man in her dining-room. Gustave's pleasure was equally real at her compliment. He said to me, 'You see she knew me. I like to be recognized by the people, because I work for them.' I think Gustave enjoyed the compliment more than his breakfast, for during the whole of that day he seemed as happy as a child.

"The London cabmen knew him as well as the Paris coachmen, and likewise held him in great veneration. Doré was probably the first Frenchman who ever dreamed of paying a coachman five hours' fare for taking him only from the Madeleine to the Rue Richelieu. The

same eccentricity often repeated itself during his sojourn in London, and this is how it generally happened. Doré would take a cab in order to pay a visit; he would be kept to dinner, after which there would be music and conversation, and then, at one o'clock in the morning, he would suddenly remember that he had a 'growler' at the door. The concrete result varied between twelve and fifteen shillings in hard cash, for a fare which, but for the lapse of time due to his forgetfulness, would have been handsomely discharged by the payment of half-a-crown.

"H.R.H. the Prince of Wales had for a long time honoured Doré with his friendship. He always apprised him of his presence in Paris, and invariably consecrated several hours to visiting Doré's studio. In London, whilst we were working together at Westminster Palace Hotel, the Prince came to see him several times incognito, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, Colonel Teesdale. One day his visit bore a more official character. Princess Louise accompanied her brother, several ladies and gentlemen and officers of the Court and of the Princess's suite came, having the previous evening announced the visit of his Royal Highness.

Doré resolved to receive them right royally. Loads of lovely flowers came in from Covent Garden Market, lavishly decorating his apartment, the staircase and vestibule of the hotel, and a magnificent lunch was prepared. About three o'clock, when three carriages (each drawn by four horses) were drawn up in front of the door, more than ten thousand people had collected in the street outside the hotel, and not the least frequent of their cries was, 'Hurrah for Doré.' It was a short time after this that Doré was presented to her Majesty the Queen.

"Doré was always smoking. It seemed to me that he was never without a cigar or cigarette in his mouth; his head used to be enveloped in such a cloud of smoke that it appeared to come out of the top of his skull, to escape from his brain, a real cauldron always seething. We used to go very often whilst in London to see the celebrated

collector of antiquities, Castellani of Rome, who each year spent some time in the metropolis. It was at his house that one evening after dinner, Doré, whilst juggling with some daggers, accidentally drove one into the palm of his hand, and for some days had to keep his arm in a sling. He was very robust and fond of bodily exercises, especially of practising on the trapèze and with the gloves. Not infrequently, when he was in particularly good spirits, he would walk on his hands all round the studio, keeping his feet in the air.

"Doré was a long time in England, where he was made welcome, and received with open arms by the most noble families. Strange to say, he never learned to speak English. He used to get off now and then a few phrases which helped him to get about in cabs. The reason of his not studying the language of the country was simple enough. You see all the English people of distinction whose houses he frequented spoke French perfectly well, which made his intercourse with them easy and agreeable.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MORE LONDON INCIDENTS.

"I REMEMBER another incident of our stay in London. One day, in a street in Islington, we found ourselves before the door of a public school for young ladies. Doré wanted to visit this school, so I summoned one of the servants, and bade her announce to the schoolmistress the name of the unexpected visitor. We were kept waiting some minutes in a little parlour, and were then introduced to the presence of the lady directress, a most distinguished woman, by the way, who spoke the purest of French; another proof, I may observe, of our neighbours' superiority over us in learning foreign languages. Presently this lady conducted us into the amphitheatre of the school, where about 500 young girls arose, saluted Gustave Doré, and began to sing in unison the 'Marseillaise' to the accompaniment of the harmonium. Gustave was visibly affected; you see he was a fervent patriot. Those ladies were not obliged to know what political opinions he entertained; but, as a matter of fact, he was not much of a Republican, and it was only in 1878, when he had been appointed an officer of the Legion of Honour, that he could be brought to admit that Jules

Ferry and Gambetta had not in person set the Tuileries on fire. He saw Gambetta very often after that, however, and finding him agreeable and highly instructed, allowed himself to be carried away by the fascinations of the great Tribune.

"I remember one day, at St. Katherine's Docks, in London, we were drawing some ships which were loading and unloading at the quay. An old sailor was working near us, so, in the hope of obtaining some local information, Doré asked him a few questions in his own peculiar English. The sailor looked somewhat embarrassed, and answered in a tongue that did not seem very intelligible to us. It was only by a great effort of imagination that we contrived to piece his words together into any sort of a coherent statement. At last Doré, somewhat puzzled, addressed a few words of French to me, upon which the old tar began to laugh merrily, exclaiming, 'Eh!—Troun de l'air, you are Frenchmen! Why didn't you say so before? I am from Marseilles.' An intimacy was established on the spot, and Doré, having discovered a little restaurant hard by, we went all three to dine à la Provençale, and soon laid hold of a bottle of expatriated Medoc. The sailor would not have missed that adventure for a good deal.

"Doré had the greatest affection for his mother; at the age of forty he lived with her just as if he had been a child. In their immense house in the Rue St. Dominique several superb rooms were encumbered with documents, cartoons, and books. He might easily have taken one of these apartments for himself, but he never thought of doing so. He used to sleep in a little cabinet adjoining his mother's room; the door of communication was always open, and the mother and son used to talk together for hours before they went to sleep, discussing every event of the day, large or small. It was in this same little schoolboy's room that Françoise, the old servant, used to bring him his café-au-lait in the morning and his tisanes if he had a cold. Françoise, as you know, was an Alsatian, and has served the Dorés all her lifetime. She is more than eighty years old, and has survived all

the old people. She used to answer Gustave back when he attempted to make any observations to her. 'Leave me quiet to attend to my housekeeping,' she would say, 'and occupy yourself with your little wooden men.'

"Doré had a generous and open hand; the people he has obliged and done favours for it would be absolutely impossible to name. His manner was sometimes rather brusque, but he had an excellent heart and was always grateful for the slightest service one rendered him. He distributed drawings, sketches, and photographs of his works amongst his acquaintances with the greatest lavishness, and many were not backward in taking advantage of this generosity.

"He seldom went to the theatre, for he objected to losing his time in listening to a lot of rubbish that he had no interest in. I must say he was a little narrow-minded in that respect, for he evidently forgot how great was his own pleasure on seeing heads bent over his albums, looking at and admiring them. In his private life Doré had not the gift of order; not that he was exactly disorderly, but he alleged that if the best servant in the world had even looked at his table or library he could never find anything afterwards. So he prohibited those about him from touching anything that belonged to him, and in the midst of the greatest apparent confusion his astonishing memory enabled him to know exactly where to find everything.

"Doré was never a collector of curiosities; at his house you would see nothing but his own works. 'Doré everywhere, Doré for ever!' I suppose all great intelligences have their little weaknesses.

"He never played at cards in his life; he detested them. His mother was very fond of whist, so he was obliged to sport a card-table at his weekly evenings; but his chief delight was to tease the players. He used to stand behind the backs of their chairs and amuse himself by calling out their cards in a loud voice. This proceeding sometimes caused no slight discomfiture to the whist party. In these réunions general conversation was not

only difficult, but impossible; the sound of the piano and violin predominated, or Doré's singing, with his pretty tenor. We all used to laugh when he imitated Roger or any other famous singer, which he did so well that one could almost imagine the artist in person was performing. How happy I am when I think of those evenings, to which every one felt so much honoured to be invited a second time, and at which one breathed the very life and soul of gaiety and good-fellowship!"

As Doré himself remarked, coming to England would interrupt his Sunday receptions at home; but it will be understood that the chief cause of his objection to travel was because he would have been obliged to leave his mother in France. Although he missed the companionship of his intimate friends, his life was so filled up with social and material occupations that he had little time while in this great city to think of the old Paris days. He gives a fair idea of the way he spent his time, in a letter written in 1871, to his schoolfellow, M. Arthur Kratz:—

"Bath Hotel, Thursday, 1871.

"MY DEAR ARTHUR,—The agitation of the life which I lead here must be an excuse for my long delay in answering your amiable letter. From the first gleam of Aurora until the moon sinks to rest I am in cabs, beating round the cardinal points of this great city. If I make any errors in writing to you in French, pray excuse me. I have really forgotten my native language, and only take up my pen in self-defence. [The rest of the letter is written in English.] Ten weeks spent in this country without speaking a word of French, that is my singular life from long ago. But I begin to be taking to the Home Society, and I long to see again all my friends, hoping find it in very healthy. I am most satisfied of my stay in this hospitable country, and I find there a large indemnification of Foranzer and misfortune which I had suffer lately. Many, many, many thanks my dear Arthur, pronounced OOOORSHUR, for your kind remembrance. The Right Honourable Lord Mayor and

all the Aldermen of the city beg me send to you their best compliments, and I add to you a strong hand-breaking. Your faithfuill,

"G. DORÉ."

Doré went very often to visit the Sick Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, and made many drawings of the pretty waifs both for himself and for them. Then he also went frequently to the Newport Refuge, to draw the little shoeblacks and picturesque-looking lads. He always made friends with all of the children, they understood Doré at once. One of his happy remarks was made in reference to his picture, "The Triumph of Christianity." One day at the Sick Children's Hospital some one spoke of that work, and Doré, looking at the interested visitors come from far and near, said, "These are your true triumphs of Christianity—English ladies coming daily here to care for the outcast, the sick, and the needy." M. Bourdelin has spoken of Doré's cutting his hand one day at Castellani's in London. Doré's love for mumming and juggling came very near on one occasion proving fatal to him. Many of his friends up to this time have spoken about him in these pages; but never heretofore his physician. The story of Gustave Doré's well-nigh fatal accident has been given me by Dr. Lavies, too well known in London to need further introduction on my part. His notes seem to me so extremely natural that I shall insert them verbatim. He also is another witness to the enthusiasm and simplicity of good Madame Doré's nature. Dr. Lavies' friendship with Gustave Doré dates from—but let him speak for himself:—

"Dear Gustave Doré! My first introduction to him was a summons to his bedside at the 'Golden Cross Hotel,' where, in throwing a knife into the air and failing to catch it, it fell with its point on his thigh and wounded him. Perfect anatomist as he was, he knew it was exactly over the femoral artery, and jumped to the conclusion that he had inflicted a mortal injury on himself. I found him pale and anxious, his hand cold and clammy, and he

could hardly speak. The wound was very slight, and I assured him there was no kind of danger, but he implored me to visit him every hour till evening! Of course I could not do this, so I applied suitable remedies, and promised to come as often as I could, and I begged him to go on with his drawing, and to think as little of his leg as possible. He was engaged at the time in illustrating 'London,' and I was amazed, when I called again, at the number of small sketches he had completed since I left. When I visited him in the evening the table was covered with them, thirty or forty, I should say.

"He got rapidly well, and a very close intimacy sprang up between us—his expressed opinion being that I had saved his life; that was not in the least true; but it was quite useless to attempt to alter this whim of his; and, when a year or two after I visited him in Paris, and was introduced to his mother, he had evidently imbued this charming old lady with his views about me; for on entering the room into which I had been shown, she rushed across to me, fell on *her* knees and embraced *mine*, declaring that the life of her dear child was due to my skill and care! My daughters were with me, and Doré took us over to his studio in the C.E., where we saw the great 'Prætorium' picture in process, and several other paintings (in various stages) which have since attained a world-wide celebrity.

"Doré was *very* fond of visiting us, and I never saw him more perfectly happy than when spending a quiet evening with my daughters, Canon Harford, and myself. He would never leave to go to any second party to which he may have been engaged, though we often urged him to do so, feeling that his remaining with *us* must be causing disappointment to others. He always said, 'No, I will stop here. I go to them another time.' He gave my elder daughter a wonderful sketch of 'Parrot Walk,' at the Zoological Gardens, which he made in my drawing-room, and in which a leading figure of a broad, middle-aged gentleman was, I suspect, intended as a quizzical portrait of me, but the face is not seen, the sight-seer

being engaged in looking at the parrots. My younger daughter received an exquisite coloured etching of a scene on 'Dee-side,' and when he gave this he said that 'Papa was not to be jealous, as he had something very good for him;' and very good indeed it was when it arrived in the form of a highly-finished pencil picture of Merlin and Vivien, from the 'Idylls of the King.' It is an exquisite work, the admiration of all who see it. Doré sent me an artist's copy of the 'Ancient Mariner,' and I am ashamed to confess that I had had it many months before I discovered that one of his original sketches had been fastened in the book, containing his presentation of the work to me and duly signed.[1] It is very interesting to compare the original with the highly-finished engraving. I prize these four works of the great artist very highly—not least because I know they were all expressions of his regard for me and mine. Since his death I have received from his gallant brother an exquisite engraving of the 'Neophyte' in memoriam. Doré, I must add, before closing these few lines, was a clever mimic. One of the most wonderful pieces of mimicry I ever saw in him or in any one was what he called a 'Souvenir of the Shah of Persia.'

"He explained that this potentate never recognized any one as being in front of him, still less bowed to or noticed any one, unless he had to turn slightly to do so. 'I show you,' he would say, and then walking on his toes he would turn his head now over the right shoulder, now over the left, and giving a condescending nod that was ludicrous in the extreme, and which seemed to amuse him quite as much as those who were looking at him."

At the close of his long stay in London Doré returned to Paris, where his life was very much broken up in one sense. After the war the receptions at the Rue St. Dominique were restricted to his most intimate circle of friends. The horrors of the late struggle were still too

[1] I wrote to acknowledge this gift and my own oversight as to the 6th of January, 1883 (Festival of the Epiphany), his birthday.

recent for Paris to seem itself; in fact the city was visibly and deplorably changed. Homes were broken up; many of Doré's friends were scattered abroad; the old familiar faces were no longer to be seen in the old familiar haunts; there was an air of general desolation and unrest about the place, as any one will remember who recollects Paris immediately after the war. Added to this unsettled spirit, Gustave Doré had grave preoccupations about his family, as will be seen by the following extract of a letter, dated 20th of June, 1873, and written to the Rev. Frederic Harford; he also spoke of a table-piece, a fish dish presented to Doré by that gentleman:—

"Your magnificent salmon is the delight of our table. It is a charming little work of truth, and we call it a Bernard-Minton Salizay. This style of thing is really one of the industrial arts of your great country; it has wonderful freshness of style, and a fine decorative tone.

* * * * * *

"I have no good news to give you of my family. My eldest brother has been ill for some time, in a way that makes us very uneasy. The doctor does not speak positively about his illness, which, according to a medical term, is still in its first stages. From a psychological point of view I am much afraid that he is threatened with a serious brain disorder. There is a hypochondriacal melancholy and a general feebleness which frighten me. In short, a striking change has taken place in his entire person. My mother's health is not very good; the chronic bronchitis from which she suffers seems to me greatly aggravated. That, too, makes me very sad and anxious. I work incessantly, like one distraught, on things which will probably go to London. This excess of work is my only presentable excuse for the rarity of my letters. You will soon receive, my dear friend, a copy of my last work of Rabelais—your enemy, or rather your antipathy. Let us hope that the sight of my jovial energies will take a few of the wrinkles out of your severe face when you hear the name of this personage pronounced in your presence; and if you have the

patience to decipher some of this old French, you will allow that he also was a genius. I shake your two hands cordially.

"G. DORÉ."

A month later Doré was in London, living much the same life as before, as will be seen by the following letter, written to his mother on the 21st of July, 1873:—

"DEAR MAMA,—I have received all your letters this morning. I thank you, and ask pardon for being so brief in mine, and for writing so seldom. Every day I see escape from me the hour of solitude and calm in which I hoped to write to you, for my life here is stretched out to its fullest extent. But I do not complain. On the contrary, and I should have been greatly mistaken not to have prolonged my stay here during this month. I must tell you, however, little mother, that I positively count upon embracing you on the 1st of August; and I now propose to you a long or a short hygienic trip to the seaside, or to the Pyrenees, just as you like. In spite of all the efforts which they make here to persuade me to dissipate wildly, and to go into the country, &c., I will keep that for later on, all the while giving various good people the hope of paying them a visit some day, but—it won't do to show oneself too anxious.

"Always the same life here. Every day I breakfast and dine with interesting and notable people. I have dined twice with the Lord Mayor, yesterday with the London Rothschilds, and this morning with H.R.H. the Princess Louise, at a veritable family party. There were besides her Royal Highness, the Marquis of Lorne, the Duke of Argyll, his sister, and myself. To-day I dine with a very interesting and singular notability, Mr. Shaw, chief of the London Fire Brigade; and after dinner, which is given for me two hours later than the usual time, Messrs. the officers are going to have some manœuvres in the large court of the general station with all the engines, pumps, machinery, ladders, and so forth; for you must know that one of the things in which they

FLOWER GIRL.

(Early original Sketch in Doré Gallery. By permission of Messrs. Fairless and Beeforth.)

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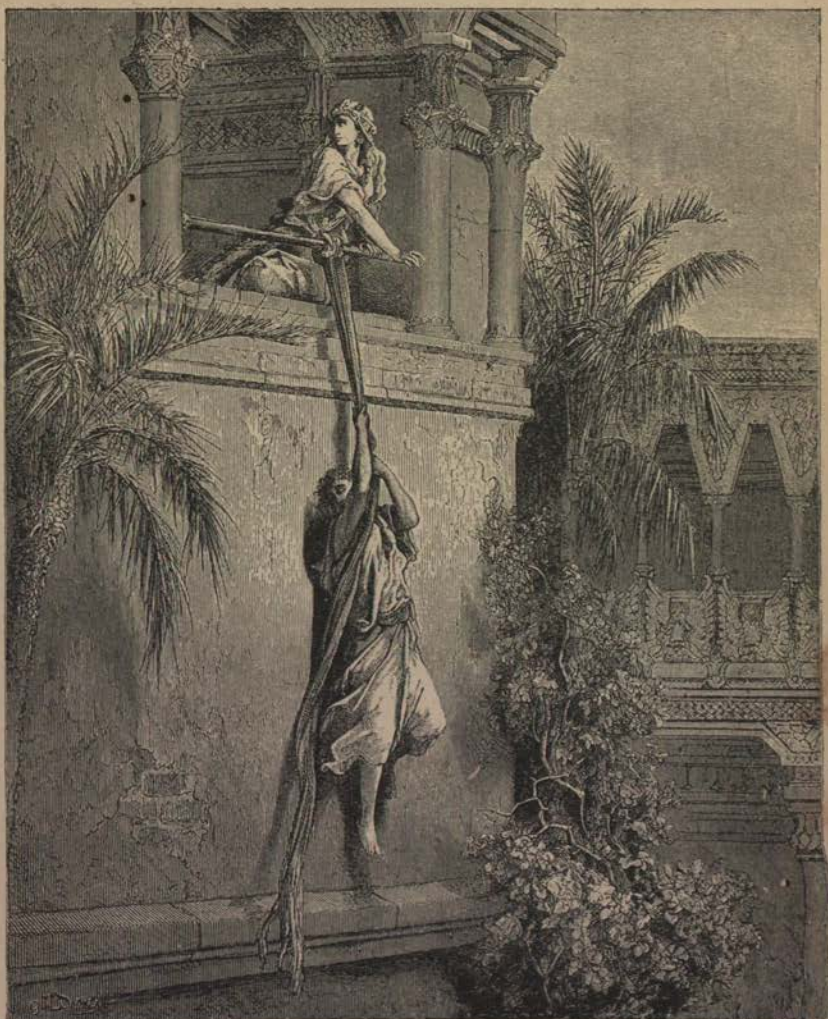

THE ESCAPE OF DAVID FROM THE WINDOW.

(The Bible. By permission of Cassell and Co.)

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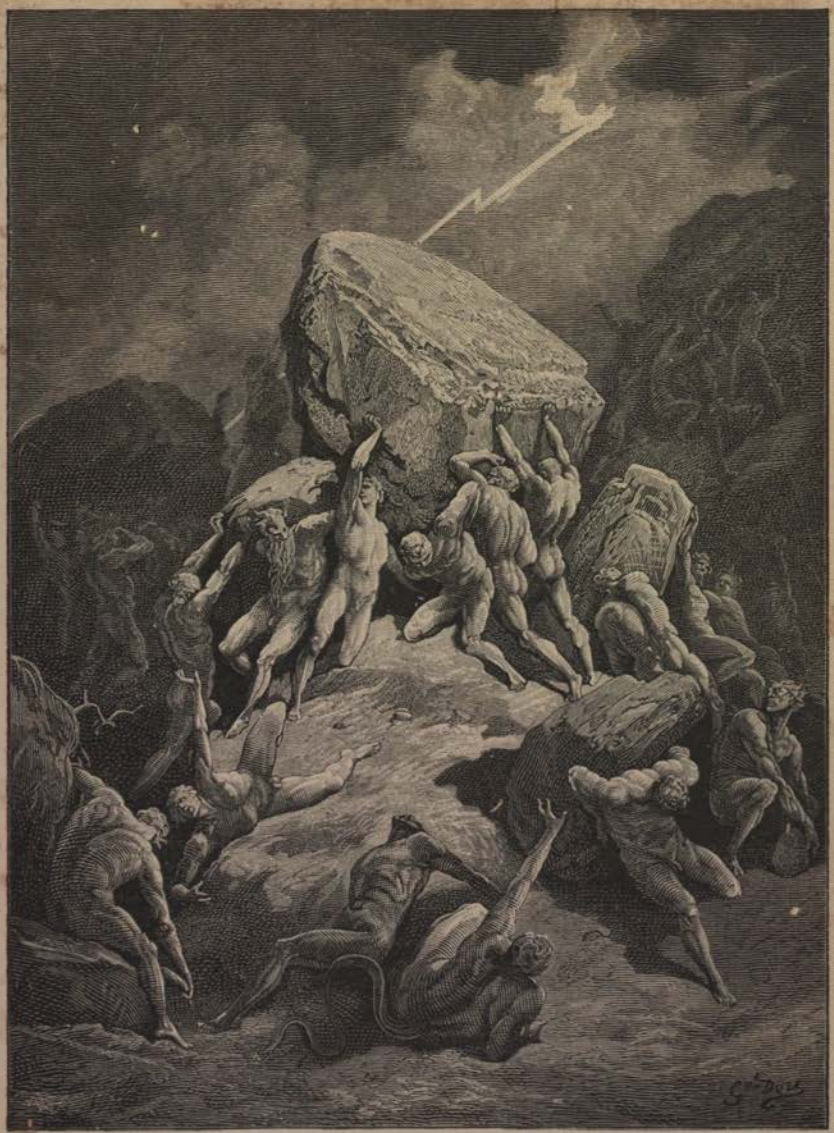

ORIGINAL SKETCH FOR BIBLE IN DORÉ GALLERY. (Unpublished.)

(By permission of Messrs. Fairless and Beeforth.)

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pride themselves in London is their Fire Brigade and perfected art in extinguishing fires.

"I learn with great pleasure that the Doussoults are at last going to get to work on my studio, for I really am in desperate need of it for this winter, having incessant work before me; and I need plenty of light. Impress upon Doussoult not to put an ounce of Saulinia or Paulinia in his plaster. I have just received a charming letter from F——, who speaks to me of his illness with a Christian resignation and a really Gallic wit. He announces that he is leaving Lisbon for a post of Director-General. I have written to both of them.

"I hope before long that you will tell me that my health is good, and that you are less bronchitic. Heat is good for you; it seems to me that you have enough of it now. We already suffocate here at 2 p.m. Let us hope that Paris is like London.

"I embrace you very hastily because I must dress to go and dine with my amiable Fireman.

"Your own son,

"GUSTAVE.

"Embrace all the family for me."

Doré made but a short stay in London this season, and was back in Paris, as usual, at work with his illustrating and painting; he was also busy illustrating Michaud's "Crusades," and was just beginning his great work, "The Entry into Jerusalem." He was still the same old Doré, thinking of a hundred things, and trying to do twenty at the same time. He speaks more plainly of himself and of his work in a letter written to Canon Harford, in 1873, November 5th, a memorable date to English ears:—

"I am somewhat ahead in my fatiguing work on the 'Crusades.' It has taken a great deal of time and research. I have been working also at the picture 'The Dream of Pilate's Wife,' which I am finishing with extreme care, and which I hope will do me honour in London. However, I must constantly listen to the voice

of reason in order to be able to work. There is always despair in my heart, and yet I have forgotten nothing. You know I am not without religion, and I sometimes think that constant grief is a law that Providence inflicts upon us. She has a reward for those who, without too much vacillation, have been able to drain the cup of bitterness to its dregs.

"Alas! my unhappiness is very great, my dear friend. Pity me, the future seems to me very sad. I thank you from my heart for the kind interest which you take in me. I am also glad to hear that your health is better. Do write me soon, and above all speak to me of yourself. With all my heart, yours,

"G. DORÉ."

M. Doré has made so many sketches for the "Francesca da Rimini" that it is really a matter of interest to know the destiny of the original drawing; that is to say, the very first one made by Doré of this subject. In January, 1870, he wrote to Canon Harford, and I make this extract from his letter:—

"The two little drawings, one that of Francesca, which you always said you loved so much, and the other the 'Scene of the Fall,' which sends them both to everlasting torment, and which ought to be called the Kiss on Earth, or the Kiss of Eternity, these two sketches are the first which I made of this subject, when, in 1861, I worked illustrating the 'Divine Comedy.' You will see that these two preceded both the book and the large picture."

During that season M. Doré went very often to visit his friend, Mr. Galpin, at Datchet. He was enthusiastic about the beauty of the country, and thoroughly enjoyed those brief intervals of rest in so picturesque and pleasant a spot. To him it was a glimpse of an earthly paradise. His admiration of Windsor and the surrounding scenery was absolutely without limit. After once driving through the famous park he knew every tree by heart that he had glanced at, and said that he could draw all from memory; indeed, he very much surprised Mr. Galpin some time

afterwards by referring to several of the known beauties of the wood upon which his eye had rested only once, and that seemingly without taking special notice.

This year Doré went to Scotland, and revelled in the strange romantic scenery. He made many notes for future works, but no sketches. He was as usual very careful about data and memoranda.

He had a wonderful memory for names, especially for Scotch names. Strange to say, when in North Britain, he pronounced all the cognomens of the towns, villages, and country seats perfectly well. Near Skye this faculty was put rather severely to the test.

Another proof of Doré's carefulness and systematic method of training his memory will be found in letters written to his mother from Scotland, which I will subjoin shortly.

Still speaking of Scotland, I may here insert several letters written by Doré whilst visiting his friend Colonel Teesdale, of whom I have heretofore said so little in this recital, perhaps not enough for one to whom Doré was so sincerely attached. In any case, my words would be weak in comparison with the stronger terms used by Doré himself in a note written to his friend Canon Harford in December, 1871:—

"I have just received a letter from the good and brave Teesdale, in which he announces to me the death of his father, in such touching terms as only afford me another proof of how much there is that is elevated and tender in this lion's heart."

The hero of Kars is too well known to need further introduction from me. With others of Doré's friends he was only too willing to testify to the artist's noble and dear qualities; and in proof of a sincere friendship has kindly added to these memoirs. He shall speak in his own words; and, as they have reference to Doré's visit to Scotland, I shall insert them here. I shall make extracts from letters recently received by me from Colonel Teesdale. He wrote from Bognor:—

"So many people are acquainted with Doré's life in

Paris and London, it will perhaps be best if I write a few lines about his trip to Scotland with me in April, 1873. It was with much difficulty that he was persuaded to undertake the journey, as he was very averse to leaving his home. At last it was managed by my going to pay him a visit at his house in the Rue St. Dominique, and then bringing him back to London with me. After a day or two spent there, we started from St. Katherine's Wharf in an Aberdeen steamer, and had very fine weather for our voyage. Unfortunately my poor friend was anything but a good sailor, and was so thoroughly upset, that when we landed at Aberdeen he could take no interest in anything, not even in the lovely drive from Ballater to Braemar. However, a good night's rest soon restored him, and he then began to thoroughly appreciate the beautiful scenery that we were in the midst of.

"I did all I could to make him take to salmon-fishing, but it was a very unfavourable moment, and he was not an apt pupil. He soon became wrapped up in the scenery of the Deeside, and was far happier with his sketch-book than with his rod. He used to get up on the hillside with an old stalker, and dash down all sorts of memoranda there. In the evening, at our comfortable little hotel, when dinner was over, the sketch-book used to come out again, and then with his water-colours, or anything that came first to hand, the memoranda of the day were amplified. Doré's memory of anything that he had once seen was marvellous, and he seemed to work at night as if the scenes he had made note of during the day were still before his eyes.

"He could take the stump of an old pen, or a pencil, use his finger or thumb, and always manage to produce just the effect required. Once, when I saw him using some common ink and water, I laughed, and asked him why he did not try coffee, upon which he said it would be just the thing, and immediately flooded nearly all his sketch with it, producing exactly the required effect.

"We spent a very happy fortnight at Castleton, and before leaving Doré drew two admirable likenesses of the

two old stalkers who had been with us, and gave to each his own. They have been religiously kept as great treasures, and the renowned French painter is still well remembered in these parts."

"From Castleton we drove down to Ballater, visiting Balmoral on the way. From Ballater we made a very interesting excursion to the Dhu Loch, with which Doré was very much impressed; and from a sketch which he made then he afterwards painted a fine picture, but what became of it I never knew. Amongst his other talents Doré was a capital performer on the violin; and having discovered one in the hotel, in his kindly, genial way, would often amuse the people by his performances. One night he took it into his head to take a walk to look at the river by moonlight, playing all the way. On arriving at the bridge a party of country people were coming in, and as they stopped to listen, Doré began to play a very good imitation of a reel, upon which every one danced until there was not a breath left in fiddler or dancers. It was a droll scene; the moonlight, the bridge with the Dee rushing swiftly underneath, the gillies dancing and shouting, and the great man playing away, drinking in and mentally absorbing the unusual and curious spectacle. We gave a dance in his honour at the hotel at the country side before we left Ballater, so that he might see the historical dance and Scotch costumes. When our stay came to an end we travelled home by Edinburgh, and Doré was so much struck by the picturesqueness of the old town that he quite determined to return to it some day, and to remain there long enough to make many studies. He never did so, though he again visited Scotland, and the country evidently made a great impression on his mind, as he painted many beautiful landscapes subsequently, either from sketches that he had made, or impressions that had been left upon his mind, and I have a charming souvenir of that Scotch trip in a water-colour picture that Doré made for me, including portraits of all the party.

"I cannot enter into all the grief that I felt at my poor

friend's death. The wreath that he sent me to lay upon my mother's grave had scarcely withered when the news came that he had been suddenly taken away; and now I can but live amongst the reminiscences of one of the dearest and warmest-hearted friends that it was ever given man to possess."

Colonel Teesdale has spoken as usual all too modestly of himself and of his relations with Gustave Doré when he said in the outset of his letter that Paris friends knew the artist better. He might have said Paris friends had known him longer, for I think no one knew Doré better than Teesdale. Of their friendship, surely no word of mine could now lend additional evidence.

Any one who has been to Scotland will readily imagine the life Doré led there. Although he was not in the north during the summer season, the weather was charming, and he found his stay most agreeable. We may judge of his Highland experiences by the following letters, written to Madame Doré in April, 1873:—

"Invercauld Arms, Braemar, Saturday.

"DEAR MAMA,—I wrote to you this morning before starting off to fish, and now, on my return, I send you a second despatch. We have just supped after a long and exciting day, entirely devoted to the violent exercise of salmon fishing. I promise you that were I to spend some time in practising this class of sport, I should soon lose several pounds of flesh, of which I still have enough to complain about. This method of salmon fishing is very far from being like what you think it is. Instead of the immobility that characterizes ordinary fishing, it is locomotion, or rather perpetual motion, all up and down the banks. It resembles no other kind of fishing. We do not use ordinary bait; what we drop in the water is a sort of fly, which we make run up and down the surface of the pond, just to tease the fish. Up to the present, this has amused me very much; but the important thing is that it takes place in the midst of pine forests and rocks whose snowy peaks are reared high above our heads.

The view is indeed magnificent, and I fish above all, in order to catch beautiful landscapes. Until now my other companions, Messrs. Freme and Ponsonby, are the only ones who have caught any salmon. Teesdale and myself for the moment are plunged in all the fury of wild jealousy, I am afraid. But he promises them a splendid revenge for the day after to-morrow, Monday. To-morrow, Sunday, we do not fish. You know how Sunday is blotted out of one's life in England; but that is nothing in comparison with its treatment in Scotland. Here they are what is called 'Methodists' and 'Presbyterians,' and evidently everything which makes one tired is looked upon as work; so we have planned, instead, a long walk in the mountains. Friend Teesdale sends you his best compliments.

"Yours,

"GUSTAVE."

This letter is one of the famous illustrated ones, and its two inside pages represent a party of gentlemen engaged in salmon fishing; another of Gustave's lamp-light sketches. The water is water-like—the trees are tree-like—the men are man-like and the lines line-like—but I am afraid it would take a mother's fond eye to recognize any of these hooded figures, and to tell which garments concealed the body of her son. If we are to judge by appearances, two expectant creatures patiently waiting, may be the two who promise themselves an ardent revenge for the morrow. The following Monday Gustave wrote as follows:—

"Invercauld Arms, Braemar,

"Monday, April, 1873.

"DEAR MAMA,—I hoped this morning to have had a letter from you, for I have been three days without news, and begin to be very uneasy. We quit Braemar to-morrow, and I beg you to send your letters to our new address,

"M. G. DORÉ,

"Invercauld Arms,

"BALLATER,

"Aberdeenshire, Scotland.

"You will see that there is but one word changed between this address and the preceding one, that of Braemar to Ballater; but take careful note of it. We shall stop in Ballater until Tuesday, and our stay in Aberdeenshire will terminate on Monday evening by a splendid ball which the friends of Teesdale have organized in my honour. All the people present will be dressed in full Scotch costume. On Tuesday morning we shall go straight on to Edinburgh, where we shall spend Tuesday evening and the following day; and then on Wednesday evening without fail we shall go back to London. This time we shall adopt the terrestrial route in order to vary our pleasures. On Thursday I shall be in London, where I shall also pass Friday and Saturday. On Saturday evening I shall start for Paris, and shall be back on Sunday for our usual family réunion.

"I shall return enchanted with my trip. I have seen so many things that it seems to me as if I had been away for months. People are wrong to say that I am visiting Scotland at an unfavourable time of year. True, it is cold; but one discovers so many landscape effects in this season amongst these grand transparent forests variegated with a sombre green, certainly as fine as any pines in summer time. One of the most beautiful and curious things that we see at this moment is a herd of stags which has descended from the hills to the valleys. As this is not the stalking season, they are not very timid. I shall have my memory pretty well filled with an ample number of landscapes, which seem to me more suitable to my London Exhibition than Swiss Alpine scenes. I have just written to Mrs. Beeforth, to give her notice of the date of my return to London, as you see my excursion has been prolonged for a week more than I had anticipated. But, to tell the truth, if I had hurried up things, I should have much regretted it, and might have interfered with the benefits of so long a journey. I am afraid on my return to Paris I shall find things a little complicated, but let us hope not too much so. Are there many letters waiting for me? I am not much at description, and very

little of a narrator in my letters; but I shall have a lot of things to talk about on my return; for I have seen much, very much; many new and interesting objects; and with the best and most precious guide that heart could wish for, Teesdale; that man has the talent of showing one everything rapidly and well.

"I embrace you most tenderly. With affectionate compliments to the family,

"Your faithful
"GUSTAVE."

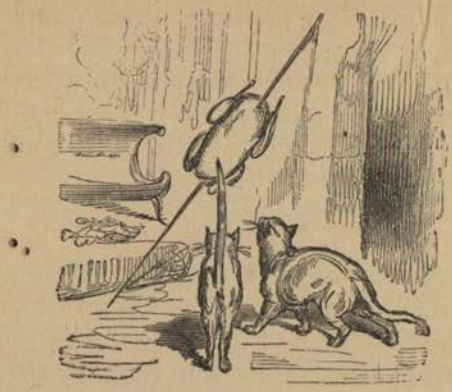
It was after this trip that Doré painted the magnificent "Scotch Landscape" and "A Highland Trout Stream," at present to be seen in the Doré Gallery. Always at his best in mountain scenery, he has never surpassed some of his delineations of the lochs, crags, moorlands, and wild heather of Scotland. A delicious air of freshness breathes over every inch of the ground he has depicted. Of his Scotch pictures, two in replica, called "The Torrent," are fine enough to rank with any of the works of the first artists of the day.

At a recent public display of the Modern Masters in Paris I was struck by a large painting, which not only stood out conspicuously among many great works by celebrated masters, but, by the boldness of its design, brilliancy and naturalness of its colour, and by its inimitable execution cast everything around it absolutely into the shade. A great many people were looking at this picture, and it was some time before I could get near it. Although anxious to know the name of the artist, I did not regret the delay, as it gave me a further opportunity of studying the picture. I heard exclamations of praise uttered on all sides, and finally curiosity prompted me to approach the picture sufficiently near to see who might be the painter of so admirable a work. As I read the name "G. Doré" on the frame I involuntarily started. A lady standing at my elbow looked significantly at the work and at me, and then remarked, "And yet they say that he could not paint! When I look at that I am glad to be

a Frenchwoman." The picture in question was "Le Torrent."

Amongst the other works in the Doré Gallery are a fine study in black and white, called "Hades, Minos and Rhadamanthus;" "A River Scene in Normandy;" "The Peasant Women of France;" "First study for the large picture of Christ leaving the Prætorium;" "Drawing of the Neophyte;" a reduction of the group in the French International Exhibition, "Fate and Love;" "Ganymede;" "L'Effroi," and, lastly, a capital bust of Doré himself executed by M. A. Carrier.

Amongst the other drawings in the Doré Gallery are the following:—Drawings illustrating Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." Series of drawings after the pictures by Gustave Doré: "Ecce Homo;" "The Ascension;" "The Night of the Crucifixion;" "The Dream of Pilate's Wife;" "Soldiers of the Cross;" "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem;" "The House of Caiaphas;" "The Massacre of the Innocents;" "The Brazen Serpent;" "Le Tapis Vert" (the gaming-table at Baden-Baden); "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem" (original sketch in water-colours, by Gustave Doré, signed in black, height, twenty-three inches; width, thirty-one inches); "The Vale of Tears" (the original sketch); and "Moses before Pharaoh" (the original sketch).



CHAPTER XXXIV.

MY FIRST VISIT TO GUSTAVE DORÉ, IN 1873

I HAD been in Paris but a short time, when one day the wish came over me to make Gustave Doré's acquaintance. But how was I to obtain an introduction to him? I thought over this question for some hours, and failed to answer it satisfactorily to myself. True, Doré and I had friends in common across the Atlantic, where the artist was not only well known, but worshipped from afar, and in England, where his name was a household word. I thought of writing to America for a letter of introduction, but soon abandoned that idea. Four weeks to wait for the post seemed an eternity; and suddenly remembering that my English friends were on the Continent, I knew not exactly where, I began to fear that I should have to bide my time, and trust to kind fate for the fulfilment of my desire. Doré's name, however, kept running in my thoughts, so I took down from my bookcase a volume which, ever since I had become possessed of it, had exercised a strange enchantment upon me—Viardot's "Don Quixote." How many times had I turned those fascinating pages; yet how new their illustrations all seemed as I looked them through again! The wondrous creations of Doré's imagination, prompted by that of

Cervantes, were engrossing my attention, when I heard a sharp ring at the bell. Too deeply interested, however, to stir from my book, I awaited my visitor with curious indifference. A few seconds later the door was opened, and a familiar face appeared on the threshold.

"Don't get up," said the owner of the face, advancing towards me; "I presumed on our old acquaintance, and came straight to you on my arrival in Paris. What are you doing? Looking at 'Don Quixote,' Doré's 'Quixote'? I am not surprised that you were absorbed in your book. What a wonderful work it is! but what a still more wonderful artist is my friend Doré!"

The word Doré was enough for me. Up I jumped, and "Don Quixote" fell headlong to the floor.

"I am so glad to see you!" I exclaimed; "and if you are a friend of Doré, you are the man of men whom I could have wished Destiny to send to my door. So you know him! Tell me all about him, what he looks like, how does he speak? Is he young, handsome, and amiable? Is he in Paris now? Where does he live? Can one get at him easily? Of all the people in the world he is the one man I am anxious to know. You may as well tell me what he is like. I am not curious, but—"

"Exactly," interrupted my friend, calmly conveying "Don Quixote" to a place of safety on the table. "Exactly; you are not curious, and therefore I shall tell you nothing. But you shall see him and judge for yourself, if you will." There was a something else in his manner which seemed to say, "You have given me plainly to understand that I am only welcome because I can tell you something about my friend Doré, and yet I generously offer to take you to his studio." Aloud he added, "There is no time like the present. This is just the hour at which to catch him. Put on your things, and we will start at once."

Need I say that I did not require much urging? Before I realized how it had all come about, we were walking down the beautiful Avenue Cours la Reine, on our way to the Rue Bayard. It was a clear autumn day,

and the fallen leaves were spread like a golden carpet under our feet, nearly to his very door. I felt that I was lucky, and began to suspect that Aladdin's lamp must have come secretly into my possession; for nothing could have been more fairy-like than the sudden realization of my wish. Somehow, it in no way surprised me, on arriving at his door, to hear that "M. Doré was at work in his studio," and that "so old a friend as Monsieur must certainly go in to see him." Forthwith Jean, Doré's faithful servant, showed us through a little corridor into an antechamber, drew aside a curtain, and conducted us into the studio.

I glanced hastily around it. After all, studios are much alike, the only important difference between one and another being in their inmates. This one, however, was to me particularly interesting, because it belonged to Gustave Doré. There was an unusual aspect about it which at first I could not place, then suddenly it someway looked to me like the interior of a grand old cathedral—there was an air of solemn grandeur, an aroma of Gothic grace, which impressed me, as I have always been impressed upon entering any holy place; and this was certainly a sanctuary. It was a spacious apartment, well lighted by one large window. I had a confused idea at first that it was filled to overflowing. In reality, it contained little more than the usual paraphernalia of an artist's house and workshop. There were tapestried hangings here and there to the walls, arm-chairs and little sofas, busts, casts, scores of pictures with their faces turned from the gaze of the curious, statues, finished and unfinished, groups in clay, and heads in bronze; a piano, books, smoker's accessories, and perhaps a dozen half-finished cigars lying in a little Japanese ash-tray. Most curious of all was a high double scaffold. The first one stood eight feet high, and was on wheels; the second was a sort of movable step-ladder, placed on the level of the other's top surface, and even on the steps of this upper ladder there were innumerable brushes and pots of paint. On this side of the room were many yards of

canvas, seemingly starting out of the ceiling. This canvas was partly rolled up, and beneath its folds I saw heads of saints and sinners, with bright eyes looking down gravely at me. Upon this scaffolding, and on the topmost round of that topmost ladder, was perched a man; with eyes intent on his canvas, and his hand holding a paint-brush in mid-air, he was seemingly oblivious to all other earthly or spiritual objects.

He evidently had not heard us come in. We stood quite still, not wishing to disturb him. His face was almost wholly hidden; he still held his brush aloft for an instant or two, and then dipped it into a jar by his side. How many pots of paint there were on that scaffold and on the steps he alone knew; to me they seemed countless. Withdrawing his brush from the pot, he dashed it vigorously upon the canvas, once, twice, and thrice, then gave one final sweep, and deliberately wiped it on the picture. His was the most astonishing way I had ever seen of painting even the background of a sketch. He made a few more deep dives into the jar, each time fetching forth the brush fairly dripping with paint, and each time industriously cleansing it on the canvas. After a few episodes of this kind, and a few more voyages into the jar, he stopped suddenly, held his brush again aloft, and turning his head slightly to one side with a ferret-like gesture, surveyed his work with manifest satisfaction. After eyeing it closely from one point of view, he turned his head in another direction, evidently trying to obtain some particular effect of light, and caught sight of us. His brush dropped upon the scaffolding; an "Ah, mon Dieu!" escaped him; he poised himself for a moment on his perch with a look of mute inquiry, and then skipped down the ladder with the nimbleness and grace of a kitten.

During his momentary pause before descending to our level, I had taken him in from top to toe.

So this was Gustave Doré! Naturally! Any one might have recognized him from his photograph; but I found him much more youthful and nicer in reality than he appeared to be in any of these latter. My opinion under-

went a rapid crescendo in his favour as he drew nearer. There was a charm in his manner and an instinctive grace in his bearing which were strangely attractive. He began speaking at once to my companion, and after we had been introduced he made me welcome in a few well-chosen words. He then turned to my cicerone—an officer in the British army, who was one of his oldest and dearest friends, and asked him a long string of questions, answering a great many of them himself in the same breath; and then he insisted upon our sitting down and making ourselves at home.

His manner of receiving an old friend pleased me. It was warm without being effusive, hearty without being studied, and affectionate without being affected. I could readily believe all the stories that I had heard of his fidelity to his friends, and the genuineness of his sentiments where he really conceived a sincere attachment for any one. One could perceive this at a glance, and it was to me as patent at this first time of seeing him as at the fiftieth.

Every gesture, every word, every movement betrayed the man's inner nature as plainly as a clear mirror reflects surrounding objects. He paid the most cordial attention to me, yet at the same time seemed full of his friend's visit. Doré had the perfect and rare knack of appearing completely absorbed with two people at one time. His conversation was quick, impetuous, and flowing.

While looking and listening, I soon discovered that he possessed the power of personal magnetism in an extraordinary degree. This is, perhaps, one of the rarest gifts Dame Nature bestows upon mortals, and constitutes an irresistible personal charm which no words can justly portray. All the world can attest to the beauty of the black eye or the blue, of raven hair, or locks of Venetian gold, to the arch of a brow or the curve of a lip, the poise of a head, or the shapeliness of a limb; but no one can say exactly what this one charm is, although every one may feel its influence and know instinctively when they are in the presence of a person endowed with it.

I looked at Doré closely, but his face perplexed me. It was not so easy to read as I had at first thought; while I pondered I inadvertently cast my eyes in the direction of the scaffolding, and started, for the momentary vision came to me of a man on a ladder surrounded by paint-pots and brushes. It was so real that I thought I saw the artist himself; and yet Doré was no shadow but a bonâ-fide substance at my elbow, still chatting with his friend. He was a man one would always turn twice to look at; but he never appeared so well as when on his ladder, for there he was certainly a personage. There are some people whom you may meet once in circumstances of a peculiarly striking character, and they may turn up in after-life at a thousand different times, with as many different side-lights thrown upon them, but you will always see them as you first saw them, and think of them as you first thought of them. We may magnify or modify our opinions in later life, but suddenly coming upon the object which once appeared striking, our first unhesitating estimate of it is regulated by the first impression—which by some peculiar law of nature remains an indelible one. Thus I looked at the man at my elbow and saw with him alternately the artist hovering in air, a god of the canvas midst paint-pots and brushes.

What was he like? What impression did his features convey to me? Woman, you know, sees—or perhaps fancies she sees—much, she divines much, especially when for the first time in the presence of a man of genius, and—I am so like all other women.

Picture to yourself a face of a squarish oval shape surmounted by masses of dark brown hair, and perfectly smooth, save for one questioning wrinkle just above the right eyebrow; a firm, broad, intelligent forehead, full at the temples and but thinly covered with an almost transparent clothing of flesh, not hiding but indicating the powerful mental mechanism of a perfectly constructed instrument. On looking at this prominent feature of Doré's countenance one felt that, although rich in those outward signs which phreno-

logists call intellectual, there was much more in it than mere intellectuality. It told a tale of exhaustless reserve of power, and an everflowing fount of invention and genius which he would never succeed in draining dry. Wells there were indeed of imagination and perennial creativeness, and I felt that he could draw upon them at any or every moment, while the world in general would never know whether his inspiration came from the brink or from the bottom, but one accustomed to read human nature might divine many truths from the intenseness of this speaking countenance. They say geniuses do not know themselves; an occasional flash of humility traversing this strange face might have caused me to think so. Certainly much that I had heard of Gustave Doré led my mind into strange musings. Did he know all his own vantage-ground? This question I put to myself many times, and finally decided in the affirmative. His lineaments expressed too much proud consciousness of power to be compatible with self-deception; nay, more than this, Doré not only knew himself, but possessed an equally correct knowledge of other human beings. As he deduced merit from his own personal standpoint, so could he also deduce and put the proper estimates on his fellow-creatures. This intuitive sight into the characters of others Doré had the power and, for his own reasons, an evident wish to conceal. This I felt instinctively. I am sure he would never have asked Hamlet's question about the recorders, not that he was not clever enough, but there was a Semitic cunning added to a certain indifference in his nature which passively permitted many liberties, and one could easily "draw him out;" still he always perceived when any one was in the act of doing so, and often passed for what he was not, to save himself the trouble of even inadvertently explaining what he was.

When I had decided that Doré knew himself so well, I looked for and found a confirmation of this in his other features.

He believed in his own potentiality, and the inward

conviction of his greatness had indelibly stamped itself on his face, not in positive lines, but in vague, shadowy nuances of expression which suggested rather than revealed themselves; as we may imagine from the outward contour the hidden charm of the half-veiled figure, or presuppose from the perfection of the Venus de Milo, the beauty of her arms, were those members restored which no eye for many a century has been permitted to contemplate.

Doré's eyes were a greyish blue, dark, soft, yet fathomless. Their prevailing expression, while proud, was one of anxiety and half-trouble, half-interrogation. Ever and anon a momentary resentful light sparkled in them as when he first saw strangers in his studio. But that look soon vanished from his features, and the true, straightforward gaze, about which his friends were enthusiastic as constituting his greatest beauty, was revealed in all its vaunted honesty.

But I have nearly finished my portrait without having as yet spoken of his mouth, which, shaded by a slight moustache, was too small for a man's face. It was well formed, but closed so tightly that the lips had borrowed their humour from his eyes and forehead. Pride and self-consciousness were there signalized to an extreme degree, especially in that of the upper-lip. The rest of the face was soft and mobile. Yet the salient expression stamped on his forehead and brows gave one plainly to understand that those lines were no caprice of form, but an index to his real character, which was bound to repeat itself in his every lineament. This feature seemed to reiterate the expression of the others, which appeared to say, "Whatever the world think of me, I know what I have in myself and am able to do."

I could have gone on for a long time studying this man who had made the world bow down to his phenomenal talent. What with the creature in the flesh beside me, and the vision my fancy had evolved, which came and went, perched at the top of the ladder, I was strangely impressed. My attention was divided between two Dorés, alternating from the one so life-like

in the ideal world, to the other so phantom-like in the real. When an expression puzzled me on the face of the phantom, I sought to read it aright in that of the man. When I had minutely dissected the features of the shadow, I fitted them together again and recomposed them, aided by the completeness of the living man's face. At last, when I had almost finished my scrutiny and had taken a last look, wondering what the lips would utter were the phantom mouth to speak, I heard a very clear voice close at hand, asking me, "Mademoiselle, are you dreaming?" With these words M. Doré arose, and I noticed that he was of medium stature, perhaps not even so tall. His build was compact and elegant, although slightly inclined to embonpoint; his hands were shapely, delicate, and full of character; his feet small but heavily shod, in English fashion. The elasticity, elegance, and vivacity of his slightest movement denoted him as one of Nature's spoiled children, endowed with perpetual youth.

Before I could answer his question a goodhumoured, careless smile played upon his lips, and lighted up his face with a debonair expression of singular attractiveness.

Was I dreaming? It certainly looked as if I were. My friend laughed, and M. Doré repeated his question.

"I was thinking," I answered frankly, "of two men in one, and I find that you are both of them."

"Good," he rejoined, smiling, "but I do not quite understand you. I find it as much as I can do to support the existence of one man; and you generously burden me with the cares of another. Pray explain yourself."

But I had no intention of explaining. Like most women I scattered sentiments of doubtful meaning at hazard, and then, courage failing me to vindicate their justness, I quietly let them drop. I think any one would have done the same under the circumstances. I could not really be expected to tell M. Doré to his face that I had been surreptitiously studying him both in flesh and phantom for so long a time. He would have thought me presuming, and I had no wish to make so unfortunate

an impression upon him at the outset of our acquaintance. But answer something I was bound to, and in my anxiety not to betray my real thoughts I stumbled upon the very remark which revealed them to him.

"I was thinking how like you are to your photographs," I said. "I am sure I should have known you anywhere, from the resemblance you have to them."

"Ah!" he interrupted coldly; "that is strange. I never could trace the slightest feature in any one which could claim to be exactly mine. As a rule, photographs are either very flattering or very inferior to the original."

This was not what might be called a happy departure on my part, so I tried again.

"It is a pity we interrupted your painting. You looked so well on the ladder," I said. "You know we were watching you for some time before you caught sight of us. I don't think I ever saw any one put as much paint at one time on a canvas before. You do it so quickly, too. I should think you must be afraid of falling; that scaffolding is so high—"

"Not he," interrupted the captain. "Monsieur Doré is like a cat with nine lives. Besides, he is a trained acrobat."

"But is it very strong?" I persisted, glancing unconsciously towards the ceiling.

"Mademoiselle," said the artist, with a certain gentle irony in his voice, "do you refer to the walls, to the painting, to the scaffolding, or to the ladder?"

I explained what I had meant, but he looked as if he scarcely understood me. It is possible my meaning was not over and above clear to him. At any rate, my French was execrable, and that was one thing in my favour.

My friend began talking to him about his paintings. He seemed greatly pleased, and offered to show us some pictures which he had recently finished. If I remember aright, one was the lovely "Alsace,"[1] there was a "Dante," and one which he called "Le Massacre des Innocents."

[1] "Alsace" was purchased by, and is at present in the gallery of, the Baroness Burdett Coutts.

"Is that one sold?" asked the captain. "Is it for England or for Paris?" pointing to a marvellous Swiss landscape. Doré gave him one look, and replied, with a fine irony in his voice,—

"Paris! my friend, I cannot paint well enough for Paris. Whither should it go but to England, where you all spoil me?"

"Or America," I added, "where we should like to spoil you."

"Or America," he repeated, bowing with grave courtesy. "How could you ask such a question? It shall go where I would like to be appreciated."

He sighed profoundly as he spoke. I could not understand the sudden sadness which had come over him. The light died out of his face, and he seemed quite changed from the proud artist whom I had seen soaring aloft, as it were, but half an hour before.

Without seeming to notice the artist's strange depression, the captain began speaking of his paintings with such enthusiasm that the cloud soon passed over, and Doré was led on to talk of his projects and works. Presently he offered to show us the one upon which we had seen him engaged when we entered the studio. He went up the ladder so fast that he made me dizzy, and from his lofty perch pointed out various features in the picture which seemed to please him. If I remember aright, it was the "Christ entering Jerusalem," and was at that time not even one-third completed.

He took some time to explain the various points which more particularly interested him; others, the merits of which were doubtful, he spoke of with great frankness and even asked the advice of the captain, himself an admirable artist and critic.

I listened with profound interest, his anxiety to take advice striking me as quite different from what I had heard of him. A few moments later he descended from his shelf, and began to talk with extraordinary vivacity and ease. I thought of the late Hans Makart, who, except as far as his painting was concerned, not only seemed idiotic, but

on the extremely rare occasions when he opened his mouth did all in his power to confirm that impression. How different to him was Doré, whose conversational powers were of the highest and brightest range!—who added to the charm of his manner a flow of language and grace of expression as rare as they were fascinating. During the whole time we remained with him—more than two hours—he talked of everything under the heavens and under the earth, and, although averse to speaking of himself, not infrequently mentioned his pictures. It was easy to see that his whole soul was in his paintings. I felt as if I had shown myself a creature of very poor taste to even admire his pencil sketches and pen-and-ink drawings, and was so much surprised at his making no mention of the latter, that I bluntly asked him whether he did not like his own illustrations, and, if he did, which of those works he thought best.

His answer amazed me even more than his previous silence on that particular topic.

"I illustrate now to be able to pay for my paints and brushes," he said; "and even long ago my heart was all the time in my paintings. I feel that I was born a painter. Of those other things, bah!" here he shrugged his shoulders, "you ask me which one I like best. I answer, the one that I have not yet done," and he laughingly pointed to a blank drawing-block, then added, "But Shakespeare, that is indeed a great work. I am in the seventh heaven over it."

Then he began talking about Shakespeare, and his comments ran on in a brilliant stream. I was not surprised at his fluency, but at his knowledge of this author. He pronounced several words of English with a guttural sound which proved that he had been well accustomed to hear them from the mouths of English people; but I found that he could neither speak nor perfectly understand the Anglo-Saxon tongue. The captain tried to get him to attempt a few phrases, but he shook his head, as much as to say, "You don't catch me trying anything as difficult as that."

Chance brought up another subject, viz., Jean, Doré's devoted servant. Jean, it seems, was a wonder, a marvel, indeed a most curious type of creature. He is dead now, Heaven rest his soul! but his faithfulness deserves some tribute to his memory, and I shall speak of him here. For years, I think from the opening of the Rue Bayard Studio in 1866 until the day on which I saw him, he had been the jealous guardian of his master's new artistic home, his works, and his honour. He seemed, nay, was, to look at, utterly impassible, and he had a faculty which one might fancy he had literally imbibed from his master, namely, a rare knowledge of human nature. He treated visitors whom he knew his patron disliked with arch but frosty ceremony, and sent them off without the possibility of an appeal for grace; to the friends and habitués of the house and studio, with his reception of them he always joined a gracious smile of protectorship and welcome. He knew Doré's pictures by heart quite as well as Doré did himself, and he sometimes collaborated with the artist in a way which rendered him as proud as a fighting-cock, and certainly was a necessary aid to the picture's success for he rubbed out drawings and cleaned canvases. One habit of Doré's went to his heart and completely unnerved him, to wit, his master's prodigality in brushes and reckless liberality in colours, and he actually succeeded after a time in checking some of the fearful and ruinous waste. He assorted the tubes, cleaned all the brushes, and prepared all the palettes. This was very good; but Jean's connoisseurship did not stop there. He knew even the exterior of the little leaden pipes with their various labels, and his practised eye could detect the difference in shades of every colour with a quickness and truth which were as useful as miraculous. He established a sort of proprietary right over his master, the studio, the paintings, and painting utensils. Doré was very fond of sampling new colours, and of helping himself freely. His fingers absolutely itched to unstop a new tube. Think you Jean permitted this? Never! He would watch his

master work for some little time, then seemed by a sort of instinct to feel that Doré was on the eve of some recklessness. He was rarely deceived. The artist would stop a moment, espy an untouched lead, and proceed forthwith to open it. Jean, with wary eye, choler-scented voice, and authoritative accents, would call his patron to order. On one occasion Doré was gleefully about to try some new shades of blue and yellow.

"I wish to remind you, sir," said Jean determinedly, "that you have still some sea-blue, the exact shade required, in this lead, and the other," indicating a near tube, "contains quite a quantity of Indian ochre. You would do very well, sir, to finish them both, before beginning on fresh colours."

I asked Doré if he took Jean's advice? "Always," he answered me, laughing, "Always—in the studio."

Such a servant was indeed a treasure. I cannot tell you all his solicitude about his master's health and well-being, his observations on the weather, his reflections on certain habitués, nor the respectful authority with which he reigned in the Rue Bayard. He was devoted to all Doré's friends, and would have gone without question through fire and water for them, or for any one whom the artist loved.

There was a good deal more talk, and suddenly I began to suspect that M. Doré was not quite happy. His gaze wandered, and he began to exhibit signs of restlessness. Finally his glance fell on a table suspiciously bestrewn with tobacco ash. My eyes followed his; perceiving which, he at once begged leave to smoke. Of course, the asked-for permission was promptly accorded, and he lighted and consumed one cigar after another until our departure. It seems that he had not smoked for several hours, and I have since been told that he rarely went as long without his favourite weed. In this habit, as in the one of work, he indulged extravagantly, and puffed away with such contentment that it was a pleasure to watch him.

I cannot tell you how quickly the time passed, nor

what pains he gave himself to make our visit an agreeable one. He showed us every picture in the studio, talked over some statuary he also had there, and to my amazement I learned that he was a sculptor as well as a painter, for it was only about that time that he had seriously taken up this branch of art. I could not find words wherein to express my admiration of his work, nor my surprise at the variety of his talents. I think he was more gratified by my start of amazement, when I was told that he had sculptured a certain group, than he would have been had I exhausted a whole vocabulary of flattering adjectives.

"Oh, yes," said the captain, "M. Doré possesses every talent. He paints, chisels, engraves, draws, dances, sings, and plays the violin, all to perfection. He is a favourite of fortune, and the spoiled child of France."

How quickly Doré's face fell!

"Yes," responded the artist, half bitterly; "you mean spoiled everywhere but in my own country. Don't accuse France of ever having spoilt me. Besides, I have asked little enough of her. Perhaps that is the reason she values me so little."

This time it was impossible to ignore his meaning. My friend made no reply, but unfortunately I did so:—

"Console yourself, cher maître, you yourself know that you are great; besides, no one is a prophet in his own country; and yet, of all men, should you be an exception to the rule."

He flushed slightly, and the captain came to the rescue.

"M. Doré is an exception to all rule," he said coolly; "and, by-the-way, when shall we see you in England? You know you belong to us now."

I was beginning to feel uncomfortable. Could it be possible that such a man was really serious in believing that his country did not appreciate him? Was it a momentary pique, or a settled conviction? I had not time to decide before he answered,—

"You will always see me there as long as I have so many and such warm friends amongst you."

Then he shook hands with the captain as if he had

none dearer in the world than he; at the same time it was a polite way of putting an abrupt end to the conversation about himself.

We could not decently stay any longer, although I was loth to tear myself away. Each time we had made a move as if to depart there had been something still unsaid, or some new object to examine. In vain we reiterated our apologies about taking up so much of his valuable time. He refused to listen to them, protesting that he had not spent so pleasant a day for an age, and begged us to interrupt his labours whenever it should suit us to do so. There was no mistaking the sincerity of his words and welcome.

The daylight in the studio had considerably lessened when we finally tore ourselves away, and I felt half guilty on learning that five o'clock had struck. Three hours of Gustave Doré's time had we engrossed; in other words, three hours of enchantment and delight. The captain was enthusiastic about him, and all the way home spoke of his talent and kind-heartedness, his simplicity and straightforwardness. He touched on the question which had so much puzzled me, namely, Doré's idea that he was not appreciated in France, but looked upon it more as a fancy than as anything serious, and said,—

"His time will come. He is very young to have acquired so unique a reputation; but, great as it is, those who know him intimately feel that it is not half as great as his merit. You will live to see the day when France will bow down before him. He is indeed a rare genius."

When I reached home I thought over my visit, and came to the conclusion that, even setting his talent aside, Gustave Doré was the most remarkable and fascinating man I had ever met; and when I looked again at his "Don Quixote" I was compelled to say, "You are very wonderful, but nothing in comparison to the man who made you."

After that I frequently returned to the studio in the Rue Bayard, many times when the master was not there; and during a long residence in Paris Doré's became one

of the familiar faces which I constantly met in salon, theatre, public places, and public promenade; but, as you will have divined, I never could forget my first visit to his sanctum, nor the first impressions the man himself made upon me. I never had occasion to alter either in after-life. As I had opportunity to know him better he always stood out in my mind as one of nature's noblemen; one of her rarest, truest, and most gifted subjects. The other things I thought of him, the other deductions drawn from his life and character, are purely impersonal, in one sense. It may seem strange that all I have told of my individual impressions of the man were actually those I formed of him on first looking at him. It may be remarked that I saw much at a first glance. I did Thought out-travels speech, as idea out-distances expression. Thinking it all over, I am sure that I saw much more that day at his studio than I have told, and divined more than I should ever have dared to tell. Does the Greek proverb still hold good, that the half is sometimes better than the whole?

CHAPTER XXXV.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN ART.

EVERYBODY has heard of Doré the illustrator, and Doré the painter; but few have heard of Doré the etcher.

Some years ago this branch of graphic art began to enjoy great popularity, and Gustave Doré, always abreast of the age he lived in, insisted upon learning it. He worked at it with the same faithfulness of purpose and indefatigable application which charactized all his undertakings. One day Doré was found in his studio insensible, having inhaled the fumes from the nitric acid, and it was feared that etching would have cost him his life. He was brought to with the greatest difficulty.

In an extract of a letter from Gustave Doré to the Rev. F. Harford, dated Paris, 5th November, 1873, speaking of this accident and of his health, he said, "As far as I am concerned, I am very well, but I have had a violent shock, and a fortnight ago I literally poisoned myself with azotique acid, in doing my etchings, which, by my own choice, you know occupy me very much lately."

To return to his etchings. This well-nigh fatal episode in no way checked his passion for this art; he kept steadily at it, month in and month out, cutting his fingers and burning his skin, until he felt that he had reached a

stage of expertness enabling him to produce something worth looking at. The astonishment of his friends may be conceived when they learnt that he had entered the lists as an etcher. I say his friends advisedly, because few Parisians paid any attention to the rumour that Gustave Doré had taken to etching. Even to this day there are those who refuse to believe that he ever succeeded in it; but he did succeed, and marvellously, for the finest eaux fortes I have ever seen came from his hand.

Dr. Michel has a rare collection of them, amongst others the "Neophyte," which was reproduced from the original painting, and which is indeed an admirable effort. The Doctor kindly explained to me how hard Doré had toiled at this engraving, and what patience he had displayed in its production. He showed me nine proofs, each one of which had been retouched and altered before Doré himself was satisfied with his work. After long study, not content with making a small engraving at first, he commenced the "Neophyte" on a plate measuring nearly a yard in breadth and over half a yard in height. To say that he did this work quickly would be only to repeat the old story of the time he allowed himself for executing any of his works; and yet he was, comparatively speaking, a long while about it.

"For the first time in my life," said Dr. Michel, "I saw him work without fretting. His temper was sweetness itself, and the pleasure of mastering this craft outweighed all the trouble of learning it. I confess that his family were never surprised at anything he attempted; they seemed to regard his success as a foregone conclusion. He was, indeed, an astonishing man."

The second remarkable etching by Doré is "Rossini on his Death-bed." I can now state that it was really executed before that of the "Neophyte," although generally thought to have succeeded that work, his great success at the 1867 Paris Exhibition. The etching speaks for itself, and is the reproduction of a sketch made by Doré at Rossini's house, in Passy, on the occasion of the composer's death.

Another remarkable work is a landscape with villagers in the foreground. This is one of Doré's latest efforts. It will be understood that Doré worked at his etchings almost in secret, and in the midst of multitudinous cares and preoccupations. No one inquires nowadays how he did these things. It is enough to know that he did them. The result of his superhuman labour tells its own tale.

Another extraordinary plate is called "Le Christ," at present in the Doré Gallery, Bond Street. It is a head of wondrous beauty. As a piece of work it seems to me even finer than the "Neophyte." The agonized soul of the Divine victim gleaming through the heavy lids of His half-veiled eyes; the blood-flecked forehead and tear-stained cheeks; the expression of resignation revealed by every feature, once seen can never be forgotten.

Many great masters have portrayed our Saviour without having entirely divested His countenance of a certain materialism out of keeping with our preconceived idea of divinity. This may have resulted from two causes: a too common-place model or a too unbelieving painter. This may perhaps not be the place wherein to speak of Doré's religious convictions; but I may be permitted to say that he firmly believed in the divinity of Christ, and this belief has been expressed by his inspired fingers with a humility and reverence which have stamped themselves on the face of the Redeemer in his famous etching with all the majesty of true religious fervour. Doré has given us the man-Christ, but with that sublimely divine look irradiating every feature which, as all the faithful believe, distinguished the face of Jesus from that of any other human being.

One day at Madame Braun's there were several people engaged in conversation, and the remarks of one lady particularly struck me. Mdlle. Bader, as I have since learned, is a remarkable writer, a profound student of human nature, and one of the few women authors who do not write novels. She was an intimate friend of the Dorés, and, as I entered the room, by a singular coincidence, was just pronouncing Gustave's name. The

subject under discussion was his religious works, and I was not sorry to hear an opinion respecting them uttered by one who knew the artist so well. The talk went on for some moments, and I ventured to ask if it was true, as I had once heard, that Gustave Doré selected religious subjects for his great pictures in order to make a show of piety, which, however, he did not really feel?

"On the contrary," she replied; "I was once talking with him on that very subject, and his remarks surprised me. I had expressed my astonishment at the rapt expression of some of his personages, and the air of religious fervour that seemed to prevail throughout his pictures. I remarked that it must be very difficult to reproduce an expression which was spiritual rather than earthly—to try to paint the soul rather than the body.

"'It is not difficult,' he answered. 'I shall tell you the truth. Of all I have ever done, nothing has ever affected me so deeply as have my religious works. I consider that my greatest and truest inspirations were derived from my most sacred subjects, and I never have felt such fervour with respect to any other tasks. It did my soul good to labour at them, and as I believed in the sentiments of the people I pictured, I found it easy enough to portray them.'

"I readily understood what he meant, and in all great religious works you must feel that Doré himself was a believer. Take his Holy Bible illustrations and Michaud's 'Crusades.' Nothing can exceed the truth of their sentiment. They reveal the best of the man's mind as completely as may be. He was truly good; and although I never heard him make any other profession of faith than the above, what he said then was enough for me."

Madame Braun, the kind old lady whom I have already described, then spoke as follows:—

"Yes, indeed; when Gustave painted a religious picture his soul was in his work. It seemed to him a confession of faith, and he always said he did not believe that a heretic could properly portray any sacred subject. You speak of his goodness? Let me tell you that the

world at large never knew much of it; but I, who have known him since he was born, can testify to it unreservedly.

"He used to go to hospitals and visit the sick; he was never appealed to for charity but he gave freely. His mother used often to tell me of little things he did, always to help the poor, and without a thought of mentioning it to any one.

"Do you mean to say that such a man was not innately good? He was not obliged to go to hospitals; he spent thousands upon thousands of francs in relieving distress, and in all Paris no one knew of it at the time except his own family, the hospital attendants, and one or two of his intimate friends. I think, had he been able, that he would never have heard of any one poor or in trouble without going to their aid at once. He was the best-hearted man I ever knew; his hands were always in his pockets when there was any question of helping the needy; and in those visits to the little sick children, so he told me, he passed some of the happiest hours of his life. Poor babies! they missed him last year, and so they will many another for a long time to come.

"You were speaking about his sacred pictures," she continued. "Was it not curious? Every time he drew a head of our Saviour it proved a striking likeness of his brother Ernest. I told him so; and the strange part of it was that Ernest never sat to him. Yet he managed to get his face in every position. No matter how you see Christ represented, you will always recognize Ernest Doré's features.

"He also sketched his mother. I could not tell you how many times he drew her face, especially in his Spanish pictures. I know Madame Alexandrine at a glance in her counterfeit presentments by Gustave. Others might have been deceived; myself, never."

While on the subject I may take occasion to repeat M. Lacroix's words:—

"Gustave had only his family and intimate friends to study from. His mother he always painted as an

accomplished gipsy. It was by no means odd that he reproduced the same faces in almost all his early works; and even in his later ones I have recognized many familiar countenances of times past. He was very clever at that; his memory was so prodigious that no person or thing ever escaped it."

I sat some little time with Madame Braun, and wish I could repeat all she said. Some of it I have given substantially in other places; but on the occasion above referred to there was only one sentiment expressed by everyone present regarding Doré, and that was of the highest praise. Many little family matters were recounted, which I cannot make public; but in every detail his character stood out conspicuous for its honesty, simplicity, and goodness. Any one who thinks that Gustave Doré painted his great religious pictures for money, or from ostentatious motive, may immediately divest his mind of that idea. Doré said himself that he followed a divine inspiration, and that he believed he was destined to paint pictures which would do some good in the world.

It is a pity that my readers cannot hear Madame Braun speak of him, for every minute detail of his life was known to her. From the night he came into the world—"that snowy night," as old Françoise said—to that of his death, he was as dear to her as one of her own. She knew him, in short, under every circumstance of joy or sorrow; and after fifty years of intimacy, pronounced the most heartfelt eulogies upon him as a man. Perhaps they acquire unusual moment from the fact that they are uttered by one who has lived so long and known so much; for Madame Braun is much more than ninety. Her memory, however, is absolutely unimpaired, and she seems as young to-day as many a woman not half her age. She says, "Were I to live to be a thousand, I know and feel that I should never again see the like of Gustave Doré."

Speaking of Doré's drawing from memory and refusal to study from models, I may here interpolate an incident proving that he was not always opinionated, but really

did everything in his power to work in the orthodox way. Doré heard on all sides that he ought to draw from models, and at last determined to try the experiment. It was about the year 1874, so we may assume that he was at work on his "Death of Orpheus," exhibited in Paris in 1878. The above story is told by the model herself, a strikingly beautiful woman, well known to most Paris artists.

M. Doré had sent for her, and she arrived in the studio of the Rue Bayard about ten o'clock a.m. The artist received her most politely, and after some few preliminaries posed her to his satisfaction. He looked at her with a critical eye, stationed himself, a little way off, and began sketching rapidly. He glanced at her once, twice, thrice, and then went on for a long time, without again looking up. As is usual with models, after a prolonged sitting, the young lady moved in order to rest herself, and said so in a few words. These the artist did not seem to hear, being apparently absorbed in his work. In a few moments the model reassumed her former pose, maintaining it for a considerable time. She lifted her eyes now and then to M. Doré's face, which wore a strangely preoccupied and puzzled expression. He worked on vigorously, but marvellous to relate, never even glanced in her direction. After she had watched him attentively for a few minutes, it suddenly struck her that he was paying little attention to her. She changed her position, took one attitude after another, still he made no sign of having noticed what she was doing. She was curious, amazed, and finally offended at such strange treatment, and said to herself, "Is this a farce? What kind of a painter is M. Doré?" The morning wore away, until the poor girl had been "sitting" nearly three hours, utterly ignored all the while. At last, very angry, she jumped up, exclaiming, "M. Doré, excuse me, but what can you mean by such behaviour?"

Doré started as if he had been struck by a bullet, dropped his pencil and paper, and stared wildly at her, as though she had been a phantom who had risen through

the floor. Presently he stammered, in accents of helpless amazement, "Ah—mademoiselle; you are here—what is it? Can I do anything for you? Did you wish to see me? Are—are you ill? I thought I was alone!" He was still apparently quite dazed.

This was rather too much. The model energetically explained; Doré appeared deeply mortified, and was profuse in his apologies. Whilst he was speaking, he picked up the paper which he had dropped when he started to his feet. The model perceived that no trick had been played her, and that she had been simply sitting to an artist whose models were with his inspiration—in his brain. Doré went on apologizing, and at last took her hand, while one of his rare sweet smiles came over his face. "I am sure you will never forgive me," he said humbly; "but—I had really no thought of keeping you so long." Then he added a few hasty, well-intentioned compliments; but she could see that he was speaking in a fearfully distraught manner.

"I have had no breakfast," she said simply. "Pray don't think any more about it;" and she turned to leave the studio. As she did so, curiosity prompted her to look at the sketch.

"He had not even drawn one outline of my figure," said the model afterwards, in relating the story. "There were only men—madmen, I should think—on that paper. But M. Doré also forgot something else. He paid me as if I had been sitting to him for a month instead of a morning. But—I was never asked to repeat my experiment."

M. Kratz said to me, apropos of the same subject: "Once, when Gustave was at work on one of his great sacred pictures, I dropped in; and he said, 'Arthur, please put on that mantle, and pose as a Roman for an instant.' I did so. He was working away; and after keeping my position for a few moments, I saw that he was not paying the slightest attention to me; so I doffed my mantle. He could not work from models; he was not organized to do so; his brain acted too quickly;

one idea crowded another out, and he was always greatest in the first flash that he threw off from his original inspiration. Hastily drawn lines gave all their life and movement to his pictures, and these he dashed off with the first few strokes of his pencil. Only of late years have I known him to repeat any one sketch many times."

I have made but slight mention of Doré as a water-colourist, and must here repair the error. To speak of his "Switzerland," the "Vosges," pine forests and meadows, Scotch scenes and landscapes, to refer to his ideal conceptions, is to set forth the most perfect achievements of any water-colour painter since the Renaissance.

In this branch of art Gustave Doré had few rivals, and may unhesitatingly claim unlimited praise. Critic and connoisseur may pick flaws here and there in Doré the illustrator, Doré the oil-painter, Doré the etcher, Doré the sculptor; but no one in justice can deny the ripe perfection of Doré the aquarellist. The vigour of his Alps, the coldness of his glaciers, the force of his mountain torrents, the texture of his mists, the odour of his pines, and perfume of his heather, are things as true to that multiple nature he so lovingly and steadfastly worshipped, as life is true to life.

Strange to say, Doré attached little importance to this particular talent. He was often heard to say, "As for me, I look upon a water-colour sketch as merely a leaf of a note-book."

In 1878 a celebrated Society of Water-Colour Painters was formed, numbering amongst its members Mesds. Madeleine Lemaire and Maslini, MM. Heilbuth, Worms, Detaille, Eugene Lami (whose lovely "Carnival of Venice" decorates a smoking-room at the Rothschild Château of Ferrières), Leloir, and many others; all great and worthy disciples of this delightful art; they unanimously decided that without Gustave Doré their association would be incomplete.

I need scarcely say that this art-wonder made his début amongst them by a series of master-pieces, the most remarkable, perhaps, being a life-size portrait of

his mother, which I hear figured in the catalogue list as "La Veuve."

This picture represents Madame Alexandrine Doré as exactly as though her counterfeit presentment were a living woman about to open her lips and speak. She is seated in a red plush chair; one shapely hand holds a book, the other slightly uplifting an eyeglass, in an attitude she frequently assumed when a stranger's face was visible amongst her guests. Her lips wear an expression as though ejaculating, "Ah! you know Gustave, charmed to see you;" and her questioning, large black eyes shine with a glow of welcome. The little head is poised with steadfast dignity, and on it is perched the mauresque violet and white turban, which, as M. Lacroix said, gave Madame Alexandrine the look of an accomplished Spanish zingara. And she sits so well, too, in her incarnadine chair. Her position is one of expectancy, yet unconscious ease. Her amethyst misty dress drapes her limbs in graceful folds; a heavy gold chain hangs from a brooch and seems by its sheer weight to indent a rich broidered kerchief folded across her comely bosom. One noticed all these things in the picture because they were part and parcel of Madame Doré herself, and when her portrait was introduced to the society of water-colourists, there was such delicacy, softness, life, colour, and vigour in its every feature that but one opinion was reiterated on all sides, and Doré's confrères exclaimed, "It is Madame Alexandrine in person; but are we in the Rue St. Dominique or in the Rue Laffitte?"

Doré sent many works in rapid succession to the society's art-rooms. The following are amongst his chief productions: "Gargantua dévorant les Vaches," painted in 1877. In 1879, besides the portrait of Madame Doré, he sent in "Les Géants," "Le Rencontre," "Les Propos de Panurge," "Sur le Pont de Londres," "L'Œuf," "La Charité des Poissonières," "École d'Enfants Juifs," four portraits, "Fruits et Fleurs," and three large landscapes.

In 1880, "Le Soir des Alpes," and "Le Torrent." The latter was reproduced in two large paintings, one at present in the beautiful art collection of Madame de C——n, in Paris, the other in that of the Rev. Frederick Harford. Both are Scotch scenes, grandiose in conception and execution. The other works of 1880 were respectively "Le Désert," "La Diseuse de bonne Aventure," "La Nuit sur le Pont de Londres," "La Volfère," "La Crépuscule," "Le Lac," "L'Orage," "Souvenir du Chemin des Avents," and "Le Petit Puck."

In 1881 Doré produced "Le Pays des Fées," "Les Châlets de Naye," "Pâturage des Avents," "Le Breithorn," "L'Ange de Noël," "Le Soir dans la Campagne de Grénade," and several other sketches.

In 1882 he sent in fourteen more pictures on divers subjects, and innumerable small sketches. Near the end of that year he also sent in his last contributions, "Songe d'une Nuit d'été," "Les Elfes," "Docks de Londres," "Mendiants à Burgos," and several landscapes.

Space will not permit me to enter into detail of any of the above works. Suffice it to say that in them Doré rose above criticism; and yet these successes gave him no genuine satisfaction. One hungry longing was still unsatisfied, lurking deep down in his heart. The triumphs that works of the above class brought to him were as sometimes are the pearls which costthe diver his life; and when any one praised his water-colour paintings, a pained look would cross his face, and he would murmur,—

"Always those unimportant things! They say nothing in praise of my painting."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DORÉ ILLUSTRATES SHAKESPEARE.

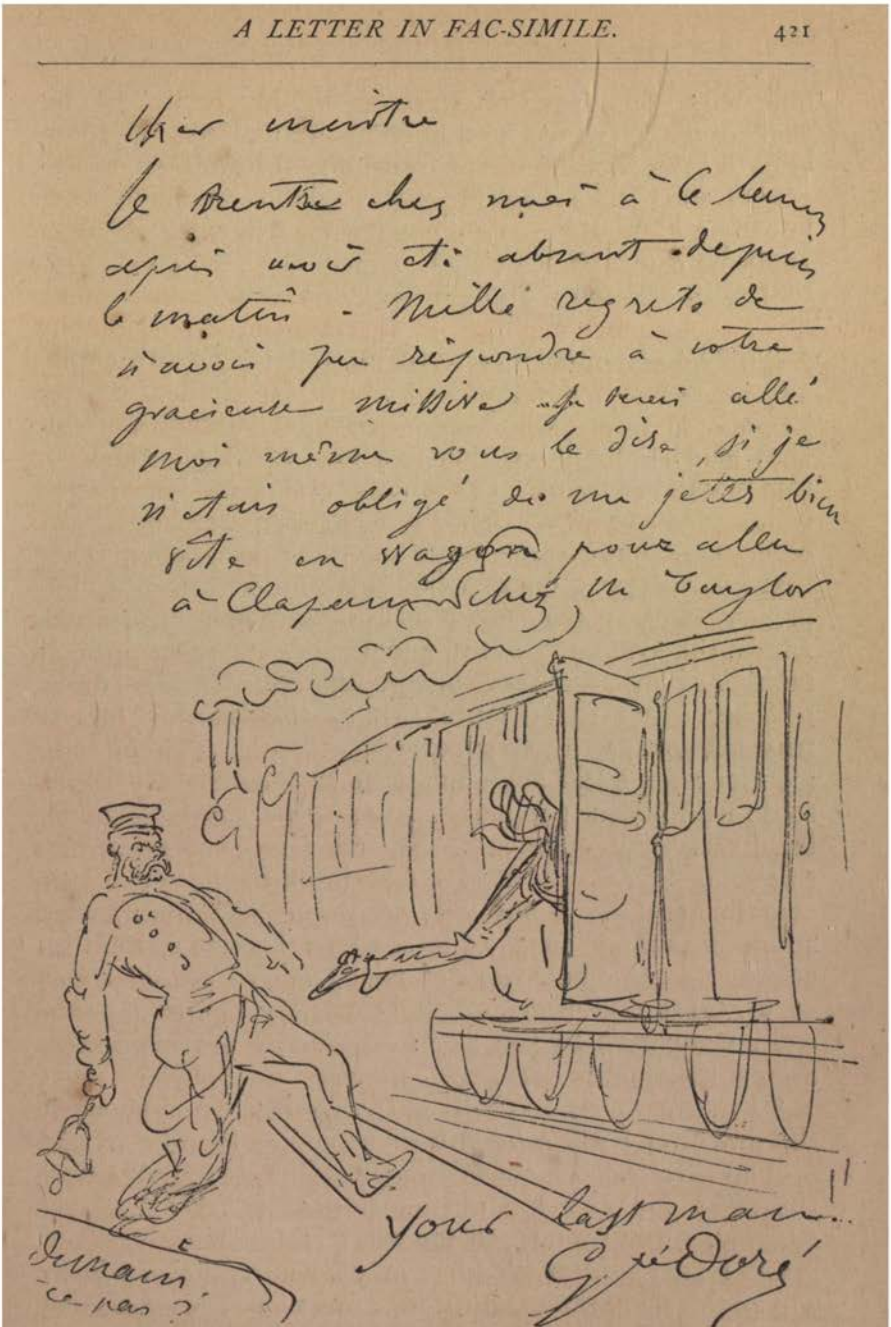
I FEEL at present that it would be considered strictly relevant to speak here of that other strong ambition of his life, viz. to illustrate Shakespeare. There are in existence nearly two hundred sketches in black and white which so nearly resemble the water-colours that I had rather rank them with those works than assign an isolated place to them. Their incompleteness, in one sense, is my excuse for not devoting more than one chapter to these great efforts of Doré's brain; another excuse is their probable publication at some future day. Some few words I may say, however, relative to Gustave Doré's conception and manner of work in connection with this his last ambition.

Doré had determined to bring his Shakespeare out himself. Although he was on the best of terms with his different publishers, the great houses of Hachette in Paris, Mame in Tours, and Cassell's in England, he still thought that he did not realize enough money by his work, and conceived the project of publishing his Shakespeare himself. I need not say that this dream was destined never to be realized. He determined to spare no pains with this last and crowning effort of his life, and prepared himself for it by the most exhaustive research and study.

The single instance, referred to by M. Kratz, of his making a sketch over and over again, had special reference to the Shakespearian drawings. I have seen no less than six sketches of Macbeth at the banquet, when confronted by Banquo's ghost, while the idea in all is radically the same.

The six sketches differ from one another in treatment. Doré was so original that it was almost impossible for him to repeat himself, even designedly. No two copies of any work of his are absolute fac-similes of the original, and yet all his reproductions were so admirable that it would be impossible to choose between them by distinction of merit. This was one proof of Doré's genius. I remember that Ary Schaeffer has painted two pictures of "Francesca da Rimini," at the moment when Dante sees the perjured lovers floating in the atmosphere of eternal damnation. One painting was given to Pauline Viardot by the artist, with an affectionate inscription of friendship in Schaeffer's quaint calligraphy in one corner. The second is said to be in the gallery of the Duke of Devonshire, and also bears a signature. The pictures are identical, and it would be impossible to say which was painted first, for both are originals. Ary Schaeffer knew how to repeat himself, but Gustave Doré never did.

I hope the series of Shakespearian illustrations will soon see the light of day. They are magnificent, grand beyond description, and perhaps their perfection lies in their incompleteness. Doré is here in his element, as thoroughly as he was in his "Dante" and "Wandering Jew." The great English poet's ideas, the life-like forms and faces of all his well-known characters are set down in hasty but inspired outlines. Let them come before the world as they were designed, before the imaginative painter had time to dull his pencil and dispel fancy by research after perfection of style. I must mention as one of the most potent of the Macbeth series the sketch representing Macbeth for the first time questioning the three weird sisters. On contemplating this drawing I was enabled for the first time to realize the dramatic situation in



FAC-SIMILE OF LETTER SENT TO THE REV. FREDERICK HARFORD IN 1869.
(London).

question: and the flower-crowned babe that rises from the enchanted cauldron would have won Doré immortal laurels, even had his artistic past been an absolute blank.

One of Doré's wishes was to illustrate Campbell's poem, "The Last Man." On the 10th of January, 1876, he wrote to his friend, Canon Harford, respecting that work and the "Ancient Mariner:"—

"DEAR FRIEND,—A world of thanks for your kind interest in my future prospects, and especially in that of 'The Last Man,' which is one of my fondest dreams. But, alas! there is no question of 'The Last Man' at this moment, but of 'The Ancient Mariner,' the sale of which preoccupies me greatly. I cannot engage on any other work until I see some of the money reimbursed that I have spent on this book, a sum which, up to the present time, is something really enormous. I feel that I have the sympathy of the public and the press; but the number of my purchasers is still limited. I do not know whether I am to attribute this to the laziness of my trustees, or to another drawback which I dare not mention; for I still hope and wish to believe that I have to do with honest people. I have spent about 3500*l.* to have this work engraved. Should I recover a part of this sum—even a third—I would immediately undertake something else. I am very impatient about it; but I suppose that as soon as it shall be known a little in society that this new work of mine, which I consider one of my best and most original, is ready, some impetus will be imparted to the sale: however, I am clothed in armour of courage and perseverance.

"I recently sent one copy to Dr. Lavies. To-morrow or the day after I will send you some copies to offer to our mutual friends. I learn with lively and profound affliction the news you give me of the illness of Lady Augusta Stanley. You do not tell me what is the nature of her illness: pray inform me of it in your next, which I hope will at the same time bring better news and the possibility of hope. Will you also, I beg, my dear friend, make known

to Dean Stanley my affectionate solicitude, and tell him how deeply I feel for his distress and anxiety? With an affectionate hand-shake,

"G. DORÉ."

Doré also wished to illustrate Schiller's "Diver," as well as "The Last Man." This was another dream destined never to be fulfilled. About this time Doré was possessed by a mania, we can call it nothing else, for drawing the head of our Saviour. He probably drew it fifty times in every conception, shape, and size. I have already mentioned the etching the head on the cross, which is on view at the Doré Gallery, and is certainly the most perfect work of this class he ever executed. I had been very much surprised to hear several of Doré's friends say, "Oh! I have a sketch by Doré; an original head of Christ, which he gave me;" and I suppose each of these persons thinks that he or she possesses the only original drawing of this subject Doré ever made. The knowledge that there were many cannot detract from their value, any more than in the case of Raffaelle's "Madonna," numerous replica of which exist, painted by his own hand. Each of M. Doré's heads is signalized by some rare and beautiful characteristic; one, for instance, in the possession of Canon Harford, a life-size study in black and white, is magnificent in conception and realism, the face being a sweet mask of mingled strength, tenderness, and divinity. Another beautiful head is in possession of one of Doré's old Paris friends, Dr. Pratt, who used to see a great deal of him after the war. One day Doré sent a parcel to Dr. Pratt, accompanied by these words: "My dear friend, you did me the honour to admire this sketch. Pray keep it, in remembrance of yours,

"GUSTAVE DORÉ."

This drawing is also a highly finished and very beautiful work. It differs from the others in several respects, but resembles them in expression, the divine

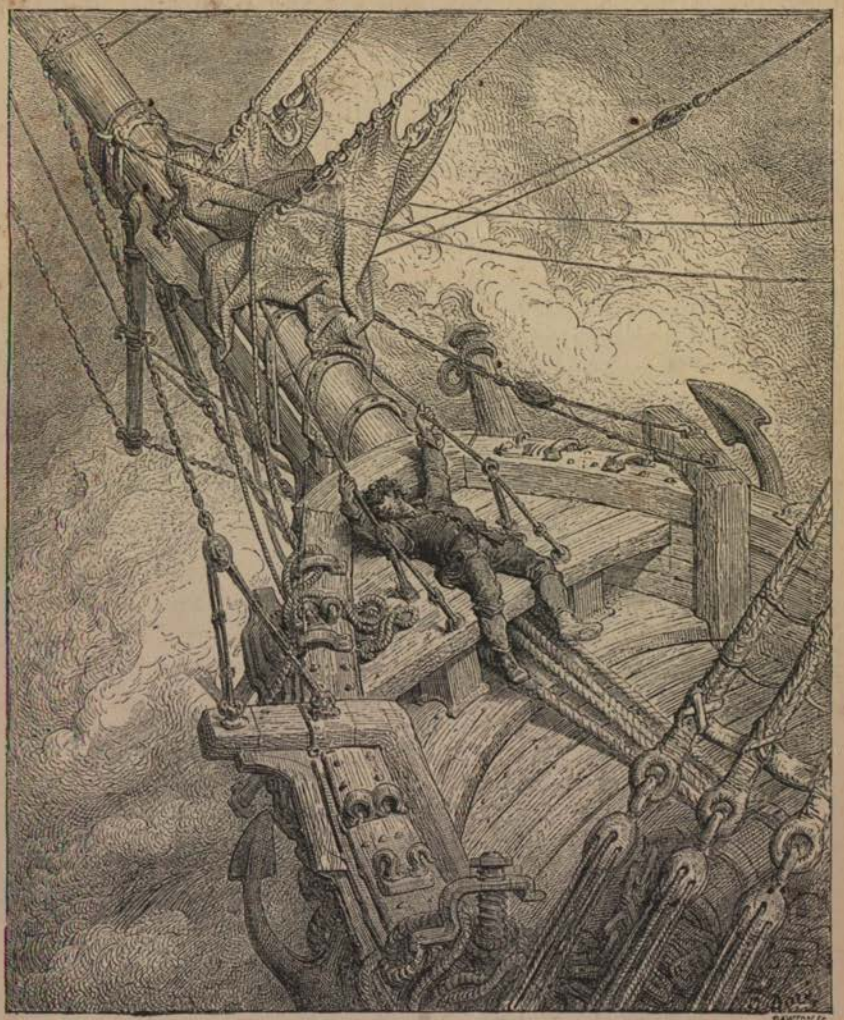
countenance wearing the same look of ineffable sweetness which characterizes them all.

On the 5th of March, Doré wrote a letter to Canon Harford, in London, from which I make the following extract:—

"DEAR FRIEND,—Your little letter made me very happy, as happy as I am unhappy to have seen you depart so soon. You were like a meteor; your visit was really too short. Every moment I wanted to call upon you, to ask some advice about finishing my great picture, and you may flatter yourself, my dear friend, that your visit will have been the ultimate cause that I have been able to decide upon several important matters, amongst others a head of Christ, executed after your idea; and I believe that it will be a magnificent thing. I have also thought a great deal about your suggestion for "Claudia Procula," and have surrounded her with a group of Roman women, which seems to me to have a very good effect.

"I learn with profound affliction the death of Lady Augusta Stanley. How great must be the Dean's grief to find himself alone, after having had for a companion so dear a soul, so noble and elevated a mind! I beg you to convey to him my affectionate and most sincere condolences."

I may here say a few words more about "The Ancient Mariner." We may suppose that Doré was but slenderly reimbursed for his heavy preliminary expenses, as in America only is the book a household companion. Hundreds of thousands of copies have been sold there, and I do not know of any city, from the State of Maine to the Pacific coast, where, in some cultivated household, there would not be found a well-bethumbed copy of this great classic. Granddames and grandsires, fathers and mothers, youths and maidens, boys and girls, will speak to you of Doré's "Ancient Mariner." With their tiny fingers children will gleefully point out to you the albatross flying over Polar seas; the bearded man telling his story to the earnest youth arrayed in classic Venetian



ANCIENT MARINER. 1875.

(Original drawing in possession of Rev. Frederick Harford).

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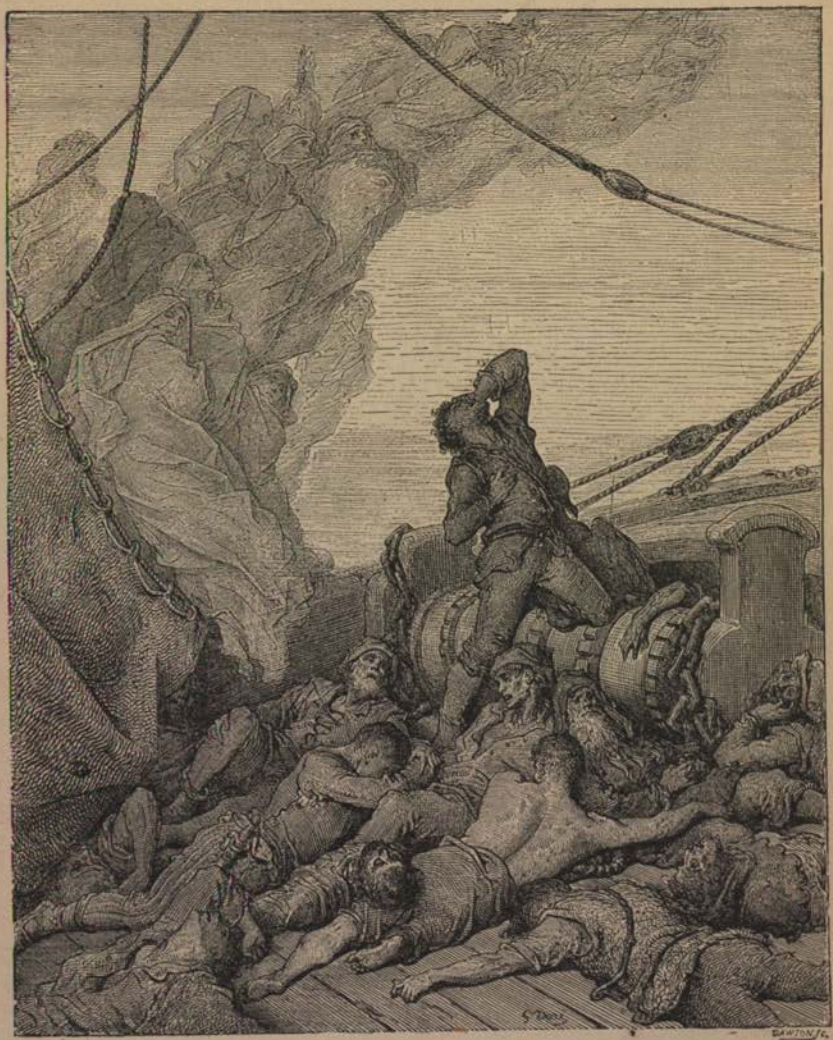

ANCIENT MARINER, 1875.

(Original drawing. In possession of Rev. Frederick Harford.)

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garb; the wedding feast, with its bride and groom, and wedding guests, flowers and wedding favours; the horrible night on which the mariner kills the tutelary bird; the wretched murderer chained to the ship's deck, and each gaunt visage around him fatally sick with deadened hopes; the hulk with its rotting dead, and each spirit, as it rises clothed in celestial light, winging its way to an immortal sphere. They will show you all these masterful creations, and with their soft voices will tenderly lisp Doré's name in a way which, could he but have heard it, would have given him more pleasure than many riper and more judicious tributes of admiration.

With regard to the sums brought in by the sale of steel engravings of M. Doré's famous pictures, it is said that "The Entry into Jerusalem" alone has realized the sum of 100,000 francs; but of course only part of this money found its way to the artist's pocket.

About this time Doré conceived the idea of building a new and magnificent studio and house in one, and for this purpose bought a suitable piece of ground near the Parc Monçeau, in Paris, the only plot of land available for building in that district. It was a corner lot, facing two streets, and overlooking the park, one of the loveliest and most picturesque spots in Paris. The price asked for the land was a long one, £24,000, and Doré estimated upon building himself a mansion which should cost an additional £40,000 Was he tired of the Rue St. Dominique, where the ghosts of the Regent, of St. Simon, and his reckless satellites used to hover about noiselessly in the night-watches, and converse mysteriously with those other ghosts, creatures of Doré's brain and fancy? His mother might have a richer, more empurpled chair of state than her well-known throne; the walls might be higher, the tapestries richer, the plate-glass thicker, and the chandelier of a rarer rock crystal, but the new home could never have been wealthier in memories than the old one, nor could his banqueting-table be illumined by a more auspicious lustre than shone from that first astral which, when so light-heartedly shattered by himself, had

scattered a thousand good omens over the first homely meal prepared in the Rue St. Dominique.

This season Doré came as usual to London, his mind and hands busy with multifarious prospects and work. He was still sketching on his "Orlando Furioso," which appeared the following year, and the drawings of which, with the exception of some large cartoons, Doré submitted, for the first time, to the new process of fac-simile. At last he was happy; for there was no more quarrelling with engravers, no more fretting over spoiled work. This book was brought out by the great house of Hachette and Co., and is a triumphal monument to the already solid reputation of that firm.

In this work Doré shows improvement in his figure-drawing, and has embellished it with some of his finest architectural designs. The decorations of the interior of the Palace at Senape may rank with the best of the Greek friezes. The elaboration of detail is so complete and the drawing so fine that we are reminded of cobwebs or Venetian point. It may readily be seen that Doré was working with a more practised hand. Was this a fault? In one sense it was; for Doré ought never to have elaborated any details to such a pitch of perfection as to interfere with the effect of his original design. The marvel of Doré's art was its powerful incompleteness. His first idea gives us a sense of vigour, rare fancy, and inherent occult force. Doré's name will live in art for these excellences, when the works of more perfect but less imaginative draughtsmen shall pall by the sickliness of their perhaps more correct but certainly more stilted work. A proof of Doré's independence of conception may be found in his earliest work of importance. It is a long stretch back from "Orlando Furioso" to the "Inferno;" but the lad of twenty who illustrated Danté's masterpiece showed even then a strange scorn for all rules of precedent, and disdained to follow beaten paths. Who but Doré would have improved upon Botticelli, and given us a smooth-faced in lieu of a bearded Virgil? And yet we must admit that the young Alsatian's conception comes

nearer than that of the early Italian to our idea of what the great epic poet should have been like. Virgil, laurel-crowned, and clean-shaven, has a poetry and grace which are not found in Botticelli's portrayal of the immortal Mantuan.

As when working on his heads of Christ there were many of these cartoons which Doré had sketched and re-sketched before he was satisfied, he was now bothering himself about perfection in detail, was subjugating his natural gifts to rule and measure, was—shall we say it?—seemingly trying to forget his spontaneity, and to perfect where he should only have executed.

The idea of drawing the Saviour's head must have been constantly running in Doré's mind, to judge by the following incident. Joseph Jefferson, the celebrated American actor, who was at one time playing in London, occupied rooms over Doré's head in the same hotel. Mr. Jefferson, like all Americans an ardent admirer of Doré, wished to possess the signature of so distinguished a personage, and sent his book of autographs down to Doré's rooms, with a gracefully-worded request that he would inscribe his name upon one of its pages. When Doré learned that Mr. Jefferson had asked for his autograph, with the lively sympathy of an artist and the tact of a man of the world, he presently returned the book to its owner, accompanied by a little note. When Mr. Jefferson opened his book he found it enriched by a miniature head of Christ, the outcome of one of those instantaneous flashes of genius which constituted Doré's chief and unrivalled speciality.

During every summer of Doré's successive sojourns in London, he had been invited to the Prince of Wales's Garden Party at Chiswick, where he was often, not only a welcome guest, but one of the lions of the day; and on Monday, July 5, 1875, he had the honour of being presented to her Majesty.[1] The Queen, surrounded by her suite, was

[1] Doré was presented to her Majesty this year, and as there was only one occasion on which the Queen was at Chiswick and Doré was also present, the latter's presentation to her Majesty was presumably on that

standing in a pavilion that had been erected in the garden, when the prince came forward and introduced to her Majesty first Baron Rothschild and then Gustave Doré. Her Majesty received the artist most graciously, and was pleased to mention some of his early works, which she said she remembered with great pleasure. Doré's rejoinder was as usual an apt one, for it had relation to the late Prince Consort and the great influence some of that illustrious Prince's teachings had had upon his early mind. With a child's straightforwardness and simplicity, Doré replied,—

"It is I, your Majesty, who remember with gratitude the encouraging influence some of the Prince Consort's words exercised upon my life."

Doré referred to the admirable speeches on art which his Royal Highness gave to the world, and which remain an indelible and invaluable literary legacy not only to art students and amateurs, but to all people and to all classes who love to combine elements of truth, wisdom, counsel and grace. The Queen held an animated conversation with Doré, until at last the artist, seeing the eyes of the court fixed upon him, feared that he might be exceeding the limits prescribed by court etiquette, and began to bow himself out of the Queen's presence. Her Majesty was even more gracious in her dismissal than in her welcome of the young artist. As Doré was retiring, she said, hastily and cordially,—

"I hope to see you again, M. Doré. When you come to Scotland, I shall be at Balmoral, and you must come and see me."

Rarely had a royal invitation ever given greater pleasure. Gustave Doré had been the recipient of world-wide honours, but no praise had ever seemed sweeter to his

date. I have given her Majesty's words on most authentic hearsay, as many present on that occasion remember the Queen's gracious speech with the artist. Doré himself was so proud of this page in his life that I think he must have learned the Royal Lady's words by heart, as he often spoke of that day at Chiswick and said, repeating the above, "This is exactly what her Majesty did me the honour of saying to me."

soul than the Queen's gracious reception of him. In short, Doré became thereafter so staunch an adherent to England and England's royal family that he might have been a Briton born. His enthusiasm on the subject of Victoria and her dominions was such that, as a friend of his remarked to me only a short time ago, "Doré était devenu de moitié Anglais."

The same year (1875) Doré made the acquaintance of the justly celebrated Italian artist and caricaturist, Pellegrini, known under the pseudonym of "Ape." They dined with mutual friends and spent a curious evening together, holding a sort of artistic tournament with only two competitors—themselves. Dozens of sketches were thrown off, the quickness and rival merits of each were judged upon by the friends present, anon Doré, anon Pellegrini being awarded the laurel for the best, quickest, and likeliest work. Perhaps no two persons present enjoyed this "breaking of lances" so much as did the rival artists themselves. Pellegrini was enthusiastic in praise of Doré, and awarded him unlimited encomiums, at the same time specially noting one of M. Doré's figures which he declared to be, taken as a whole, a masterpiece. Doré was neither to be outdone in appreciation nor politeness by London's adopted child in art. He listened with extreme pleasure to M. Pellegrini, and responded,—

"My talent compared to M. Pellegrini's is slight. Show me his drawing of but a portion of a man's figure, and from that I can see the whole body."

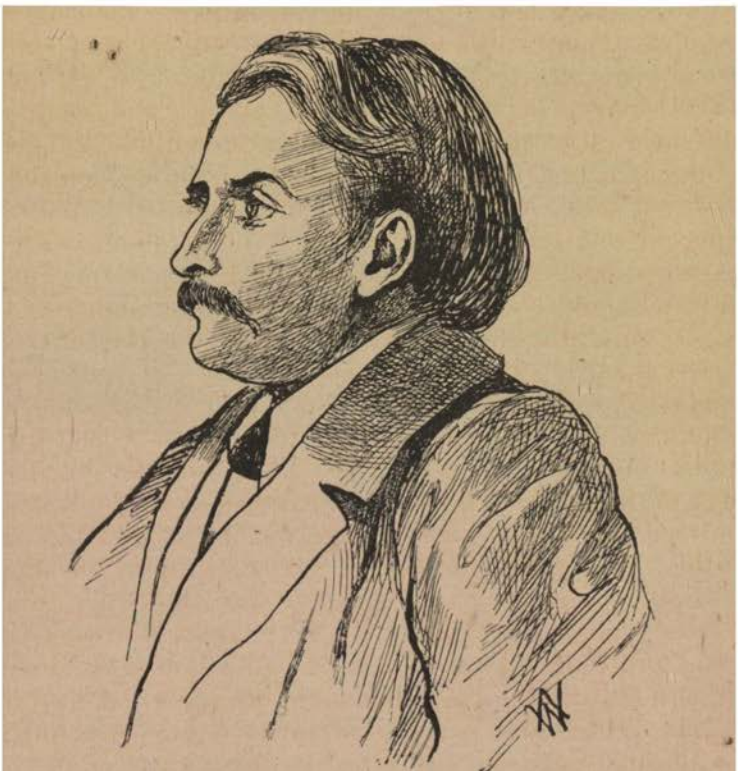
The next year Doré went with his friend, Canon Harford, to visit the Earl and Countess of Warwick, at Warwick Castle. Doré's room was the superb and well-known chamber, made entirely of oak from Kenilworth. When Doré opened his eyes the morning after his arrival, looking around and drawing a deep breath, he said, "Ma foi, c'est impérial." His delight at this marvellous castle was unfeigned. There was not a nook left unexplored, not a room he had not admired, not an angle nor a gable which had not some beauty to his artistic eye. He knew

Cæsar's tower, Guy's tower, and the Bear tower by heart, whilst the magnificent grove of cedars was sketched under many lovely aspects; and, if we are not mistaken, the frontispiece of his "Orlando Furioso" is an etherialized, scarcely idealized, drawing of Warwick Castle and grounds.

If Doré had heretofore conceived a liking for England, English country homes, and country life, that liking became an affection at Warwick. This old-world town, which revives our love for mediæval lore and mediæval folk, held a charm for him which may readily be imagined by one who, like himself, had been a life-long denizen of some of the world's greatest metropolises. Warwick, lying in one of the sweetest of Avon's valleys, with its historical houses, quiet streets, its lovely cruciform church, with pointed arches, mullioned windows, carven cathedral saints and cathedral sinners smiling in the classic stone, with its hardy buttresses, vaulted nave and roof, whose delicate fan-like tracery alike charms the eye of artist and amateur,—this formed a tender and touching picture in Doré's memory. This saintly edifice brought back the days of his youth, and those hours when he built hopes for the future, and haunted the dim aisles of Strasburg Cathedral, hoping, like Sabine von Steinbach, for supernatural inspiration.

Doré was so enchanted with his stay at Warwick that it was protracted longer than he had originally intended. He not only made some portraits, but played a new rôle at the castle—the position of artist being reversed by his charming and accomplished hostess, the Countess of Warwick, who made a portrait of the Alsatian painter. Doré was for the second time in his life a model, not an artist; we may presume that he was an obedient and attentive one, for the result was most felicitous. The highest compliment was paid to Lady Warwick's really splendid talent by Doré himself, who pronounced upon her work in a few words which said volumes of praise. On looking at it, he exclaimed, "It is perfect; me myself!" Thanks to Lady Warwick's interest in Doré, and her

pleasant recollection of him, I am able to give a reproduction of her original drawing, most kindly lent by herself for this occasion. No higher praise of the sketch may be given than was bestowed upon it by Doré; and we are indeed indebted to her ladyship's amiability for so choice a souvenir of the artist and his personal appearance



PORTRAIT OF DORÉ.
(Drawn by Lady Warwick.)

during that memorable year. This picture also has another but sadder interest; it was one of the last likenesses or portraits ever made from life of Gustave Doré.

Doré drove all about the country in the pony-carriage drawn by Lady Warwick's pretty Arabs. From morning till night he was "on the go," and in speaking later of

Warwick, he said that he knew every inch of it and its neighbourhood by heart. On one occasion he visited Kenilworth Castle. In these matchless ruins, where Scott's heroes and heroines, truly or fancifully, had played so thrilling a part, Doré, with his usual sensibility, love, and reverence for historical scenes and people, put himself at once in thorough sympathy with this most romantic of all spots; being also a Scott-worshipper, he undoubtedly believed—for the moment, as who would not?—in Elizabeth's vagaries, Amy Robsart's woes, and Leicester's perverted sincerities? Be that as it may, he looked long and lovingly at the old place; he feasted his eyes on the beauty of the ivy-crested, decayed battlements, and the surrounding woodland, which, with its wealth of varied verdure and misty atmospheric tints, enshrouds all Kenilworth and her country with a sacred veil of mystery and hallowed romance.

Stoneleigh Court was next visited; and here Doré's taste for landscape was gratified to the utmost. Lord Leigh's lovely country seat lies in a park whose very woodland is watered by the silver Avon; and the Abbey itself proved one of the most interesting that Doré had ever looked upon. Many rustic scenes and charming pictorial bits which he afterwards introduced in illustration, painting or landscape, have been recognized as fac-similes of Stoneleigh Abbey. And now I come to the greatest of Doré's wanderings, his pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon. Think you that only the British heart beats a quicker throb in re-treading the ground hallowed by remembrance and the still-echoing footfall of the great bard? Ah! no. With all due deference to Albion and her sons, the man may have belonged to you, but his works and memory belong to the world. There beats no tropical sun too hot, nor gleams any winter moon too cold, to alter the enthusiasm and universal reverence which is borne to the name of Shakespeare. So it was that Doré looked and lingered, revered and pondered, just as if he had been born within sound of Avon's water. He went where we all have been; he saw what we all have seen; during the

hours that he spent in Stratford-on-Avon he ate, drank, lived, and breathed the immortal bard. It would take but slight imagination to recall the Alsatian enthusiast, with glistening eyes, as he was on that day in the home of Shakespeare. One can see him in the house where the poet was born, looking with reverential eyes at the time-stained walls and antique mouldings; for had not Shakespeare himself gazed upon those very walls? and does it not seem as if each inch of plaster reflected a look which, in days long ago, in their scintillation betrayed the hearts of women and the minds of men? Oh, the occult meanings which that house calls up to mind! Then he wanders to the grounds, where every rose that blossoms and every leaf that falls for time immemorial will be not alone national but universal property. He goes to the Museum, and a little desk is shown, where, perhaps, the unwilling school-boy "turned to his books;" he wanders to the Grammar School, and thinks of his own youthful days. Of those struggles with Calypso, Telemachus, and Mentor; those wonderings at Nero's levity; those harrowings at Clitus' death. Then he wends his way to the church, and stands with awe-struck mien and reverential front; in the heavy shadow of the clerestory window he looks upon the portrait of Shakespeare; he bends his entranced footsteps towards the cottage wherein blithe Anne Hatheway first heard such a poet's words of love; he wanders on to Charlecote—the poet a deer-stealer—never! Back Doré comes from the famous park, back to a spot whose very precincts are hallowed, and here he bends the knee in silent homage; and a prayer goes up to heaven that from the breath of this atmosphere, from the dust of these ashes, he may gain inspiration, light, and power, to immortalize anew the name of Shakespeare.

Once away from the sound of the "soft-flowing Avon," Doré thought more than once of this memorable visit; and it is not strange that, in the midst of every kind of mental and manual labour, his thoughts reverted to it and to his kind friends. He was extremely attached to the Warwicks, who on their part bestowed upon him the

most cordial marks of sympathy and friendship. His remembrance of the Countess of Warwick was never effaced; he proved once more his appreciation of character by yielding in her case the palm of superior graciousness and culture to one of the fairest specimens of English womanhood.

Doré made no sketches of Shakespeare's home; he did not need to make them, his pictorial memory was much too accurate for that, inasmuch as he remembered whatever he saw, whether he bestowed a casual or an attentive glance upon it, for Doré never looked uselessly at anything.

Not only had he a marvellous memory, but a thoroughly practised and skilled one, accustomed to retain any sight he had once seen, in the same manner as many trained intellects enable their fortunate possessors to read down a page of a book for the first time and then repeat its contents word for word. Doré never looked at anything without saying to himself, "I may need to make use of this later on. Consequently the word "casual" would be inappropriate to describe any glance directed by Doré at animate or inanimate objects. When he looked at anything, he did so seriously, and with that intensity of purpose which produces an indelible impression on the mind. In the matter of taking notes Doré did as he had been wont to do when a boy visiting the Bibliothèque in Paris. He was a very careful archæologist, and never trusted to his memory for data or historical facts. The precaution was a wise one, considering that he once forgot his own birthday. So it was that at Shakespeare's home he made many and copious notes, but never a drawing.

The faithfulness of his recollections may some day be known, but only when his Shakespearian illustrations shall be given to the world.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DORÉ A SCULPTOR.

As early as 1871 Doré had begun to take up sculpture, a branch of plastic art for which he had not only a strong predilection, but a decided talent. The world had long ceased to marvel at his frequently varied new departures in art; nevertheless the surprise was general when in 1877 he exhibited a superb group in the Paris Salon, called "La Parque et l'Amour." Like most of this artist's creations, it was characterized by imagination and originality. The novice's touch was scarcely to be detected in this sculpture; still it was an inspired rather than an accomplished chisel which cut the features of the smiling child who watches a lifetime glide away into eternity. The ideal figure of Love is executed alike with striking boldness and delicate finish.

This work was followed by a group called "Glory," also exhibited in the Paris Salon of 1878. "La Gloire" is represented by a beautiful female figure, tightly clasping in her embrace the form of a handsome and shapely youth. Whilst her rounded arms strain him closely to her bosom, a hand bearing a laurel wreath hides a poignard which is to deal him his death-blow.

This group is instinct with pathos and poetical feeling. The woman's vengeful beauty, and the youth's slender, yielding form are admirably rendered. One turns again and yet again to look at the marble counterfeit of genius, helpless in the arms of relentless destiny, and at the futile struggle of the victim, who instinctively feels that some occult danger menaces him; whose shrinking flesh anticipates the impending blow; whose once god-like strength, indicated in the lines of the neck, is manifestly paralyzed by a spell to sheer impotence. The laurel trails in unconscious beauty almost to his knees, there drooping over a lute, the strings of which are stilled for ever. Its ornate frame rests carelessly against two coronals, abandoned for that third and fatal wreath beneath which lurks the death-dealing blade.

Gustave Doré's pride must have been flattered by the circumstance that this group occupied the place of honour in the garden, where all the sculpture sent to the Salon is exhibited. Crowds surrounded the work, and people who read the name of G. Doré on its picturesque pedestal thought how strange was the coincidence that there should be two G. Dorés. Few connected the sculptor of "La Gloire" with the creator of the "Neophyte," Rabelais, and the "Wandering Jew." Critics praised the work enthusiastically; and yet the jury of the Salon, after giving the place of honour to a young man who exhibited sculpture for the second time only, probably thought that this distinction was reward enough. One of the most beautiful works of the day was, so to speak, practically ignored by the Parisian tribunal of taste.

It will be noticed that Gustave Doré's mind was always haunted by the spectre of unsuccessful effort. There can be no doubt that he distinctly alluded to himself and his hopes as a painter in this allegorical group of "Glory." In all his sculptured works the grandeur of success is never stamped upon his creations, but always the sublimity of pathos, the mournful realism of unrequited ambition, of ineffectual and hopeless striving. Doré seemed, like

many other poets, to revel in the luxury of melancholy—a dangerous but enchanting indulgence. He could not be content with what he had, because his aspirations were limitless and consumed themselves by their own fire. The platitude, "L'amour ne se commande pas," may be applied to ambition. There was always some void in Doré's life, some great longing unsatisfied, some yearning unfulfilled; and he died, like the youth on the Alpine peak, still crying "Excelsior!" Even his failures must be regarded as successes, for they represent "the earnest upward struggle of a soul" which could not tie itself down to the vassaldom of conventional routine.

Had all Doré's sculpture equalled his "La Gloire," his name as a sculptor would have been handed down to posterity. In this, as in everything he did, the world should have appraised the poet, not the handicraftsman.

The bronze group called "Time cutting the Thread of Life," is another highly poetical and original composition. Again a melancholy sentiment is apparent; youth is sacrificed, the cord of life is cut by unseen fate with sharper shears than even those of Clotho. This work is finer in the original drawing than in the bronze. The sketch embodies artistic skill as well as poetical thought and conception, ever singularly faultless in Doré's brain.

His next ambitious attempt was a group intended for the Opera House at Monaco, built by M. Garnier in 1878. This work is called "La Danse," and represents a beautiful woman, evidently a high priestess of the Terpsichorean art. Her face is wreathed in smiles, her brows are rose-crowned, and her slender, supple limbs seem to float in the air. The idea of motion is so admirably expressed as to remind one of the famous Hermes poised on the summit of the Bastille monument in Paris. Any one who has gazed at this masterpiece of sculpture must surely have been impressed with the fancy that at any moment it might soar into space. The lightness of M. Doré's figure, "La Danse," also suggests potential but suppressed motion. The outstretched arms hold a garland of flowers, the dainty foot keeps time to the invisible

notes from Pan's immortal pipes, the very drapery floats in air to the tune of Arcadian lyres. M. Garnier, well known as the architect of the Parisian Grand Opera House, did a wise thing when he went to Gustave Doré for an allegorical group; for the success of "La Danse" was beyond all dispute, and once more testified to the richness of the artist's fancy.

"Ganymede" was exhibited before the Cercle de l'Union Artistique in 1878, and achieved no less a triumph than its predecessors. Was ever human creature more audaciously or relentlessly clutched by a bird of prey! Again we see the form of a youth presenting a rare combination of grace and strength, yet helpless in the grip of the eagle's talons. Even a Ganymede could not resist the touch of Destiny.

The next work of M. Doré was one which may be ranked in the category of Decorative Art. It was a monumental vase shown at the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1878, where it was placed at the end of an open court or garden, just in front of one of the doors of egress. After looking at many of the marvels the world's fair afforded, I remember coming by accident upon this vase, which struck me spell-bound. Although tired beyond expression I sate me down at a little distance to gaze upon it at my ease, and was soon rapt in contemplation of so curious and extraordinary a composition. The viridescent hue of the bronze gave a peculiar life to every animal and floral form. Especially one serpent, gliding amongst bowers and vineyards, brought to my mind Florida's dismal Everglades, where blossoms perfume only to poison; where soft breezes fan the heated brow only to coat it with the damps of death; where tremulous grasses and smiling ferns only wave with gentle motion to lure the unwary into sloughs of fatal quicksand.

To look at M. Doré's vase is to revel in fancy and recollection. It would be difficult to describe this unique creation, or to say exactly what it means. It tells a different story to every one; the story, mayhap, that each spectator locks up within his own breast. The

MONUMENTAL VASE.

(Art Decoratif. G Doré. Paris, 1878.)

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vase is called "The Poem of the Vine," and is necessarily allegorical. In shape it resembles an Italian flask; in size it is colossal; the story of the vine is told by the countless figures standing out life-like on its curved sides. To the commonplace I would say, imagine a tale of love, intoxication, enjoyment, life, and mystery. Fawns, nymphs, cherubs, and roses mingle in one luxuriant harmonious maze. Babies clasp the foot of the pedestal; cupids crown the neck of the flask; heavy-laden vines cling and droop with a wealth of fruit and a world of imagery; the sculptured creatures live, move, and speak; the flowers waft rich perfumes, the grapes a faint aroma; this world of human and humanized being revels in one dizzy whirl of delight and maddening ecstasy. What could have been the state of Doré's brain whilst this mad carnival was going on within it? Like Endymion when he followed the nymph, a glimpse of whom meant madness, whilst looking at this great work we are overwhelmed with varied feelings of audacity and hesitation, courage and fear, delight and despair.

Gustave Doré put his highest aspirations and fondest hopes into this work. He laboured night and day, day and night, sure of his inspiration and happy in his fancy, alternately excited and soothed by those fast-coming, ever-flowing illusions which characterized his every new ambition. He planned, sketched, modelled, even moulded his work, and his time for some months was absolutely given up to "The Vine," as well as the material results of his other mental and manual labour, which were lavishly devoted to the composition and execution of this masterpiece. It is estimated that the vase cost Doré over sixty thousand francs, or very nearly three thousand pounds sterling. But he never thought of his hard-earned money. He only said to himself, "I am creating a work which should give all men pleasure;" and from the perfection of his labour and the conscientiousness with which every leaf was modelled he felt that he must be doing good work, and positively hoped to see his vase

adorn some great public building, some well-known palace, or some square in his beautiful Paris.

Need I say that he was disappointed? When the exhibition closed, not only did Doré neither receive any medal or recompense from the Government, but amongst the many foreigners upon whom medals were bestowed for sculptures there was not one name, unless we except the Italian sculptor Monti, whose works were not vastly inferior to Doré's. Although decorative art is not necessarily expressed in sculpture, this vase must be ranked in both categories. There was a great deal of comment on this lack of appreciation evinced by the French for their fellow-countryman, especially as "La Nuit," another of Doré's superb creations, occupied a place in one of the interior galleries of the Champ de Mars buildings. This "Torchère," as it is called, reminds us of one of Marlow's poems, describing Helen arrayed in starry robes and bearing a circlet of light above her head. As we have been assured, it was in fact that very poem which inspired M. Doré; and certainly his inspiration was a most happy one.

By an ingenious contrivance flames of bluish light, emanating from concealed gas-jets, shed a glow of mystery and weird beauty over this statue. "La Nuit" stands on a crescent issuing seemingly from a group of cupids. Her attitude is a peculiar one, the outstretched arms firmly sustain the circlet, whilst the drooping countenance is studded with tear-drops. Again, the vision of sadness makes itself manifest! M. Doré embodies past hopes and future fears in all his creations; but the former idea usually predominates the latter.

This work was greatly admired, and some recompense was expected for the artist. It is a curious fact that nowadays most people are of opinion that Doré received a great many medals, and was usually one of the most distinguished contributors to the Paris Salon. As a matter of fact, he never received one; not even an honourable mention. His Cross of the Legion of Honour was conferred upon him after the "Inferno" appeared in 1861.

After nearly twenty years of superhuman labour, during which period his name had been constantly on the lips of the inhabitants of two continents, Gustave Doré was not considered a paragon by his own people. He had not done enough to merit any public reward. Happily one man was found susceptible of righteous indignation at this lack of appreciation for one of the greatest art phenomena France had ever produced. M. Bardoux was then Minister of Fine Arts, and personally obtained the rosette of Officer of the Legion of Honour for Gustave Doré.

After the exhibition Doré was very much cut up. To be sure M. Bardoux had made strenuous efforts in his behalf; but the more trouble these efforts had cost the Minister, the more galling were his honours to Gustave Doré; for they had not been the spontaneous outcome of that public favour which he felt that he had justly earned. A real artist always knows when he has done well; therefore Gustave Doré cannot justly be blamed for taking this circumstance to heart. It was the man's patriotism and noble, unflinching nature that prompted him to incur any amount of toil, self-imposed or otherwise, in the cause of art, and for the honour of France. He would have laboured on just the same, as indeed he always did, without a thought of recompense, till his last breath.

To gain public appreciation of talent is as much a profession as the career which that talent suggests. Any one who wishes to achieve a certain outward recognition of his merit in the present day must keep that sole ambition steadily in view. He must say to himself at every hour of the day, at every wakeful moment of the night, at every step he takes in his walks, and with every conscious breath he breathes, "I have this or that object in view; every other earthly consideration must be subordinate to it." Whatever be the career, the outward forms of grace are the ones to immortalize. Cherish the public, adopt popular tastes, run after ministers, dine and wine cabinets, resurrect Ovid to write sonnets to society belles; shame Lucullus with marvellous midnight repasts; be at the beck and call of princes and parvenus; wind yourself

around and about with the graces of the tangled skein of fast-growing popularity; be always conspicuous before the world, a time-server, a sycophant, and a Pharisee, and you will find that the world will take you along with its current and land you—where it lands itself.

Gustave Doré still had old-fashioned ideas about merit, and merit alone, making its way unaided in the world. Genius has often been born in a garret, but let it taste the world, taste early success, and let the distracting element of social life come into its existence, and its pristine strength is slowly but surely undermined. Like the dormant lion who accidently tastes blood, or the tamed boa-constrictor whose body comes carelessly in contact with the earth, these creatures become unmanageable even to the hardiest tamer ever afterwards. Doré knew too much of society, and paid too little attention to it, to succeed in obtaining its homage, or in deriving any sustained gratification from its attentions.

About this time his own health was much impaired. He suffered terribly from a morbid condition of the heart, and from continual indigestion. As soon as he was possessed by any new inspiration, he neither ate, drank, nor slept until he had put it to a practical test, but spent hour upon hour at a stretch in his studio, and never took any exercise.

A great trial was in store for him. His beloved mother's health began to fail; she suffered from chronic bronchitis, and in a short time became seriously ill. She did not keep her bed much in the daytime, but sat up in a great armchair and insisted that she was well. She was above all fearful of worrying Gustave. Her family and friends lavished the most constant attention upon her, and Gustave was unwearying in his devotion.

He had his work-table brought into her bedroom, and sat up with her night after night, drawing away at his blocks by lamplight, every now and anon stepping softly to her bedside to see if she wanted anything. It was by this invalid's couch, whilst obeying the dictates of filial love and duty, that Doré sounded his own death-knell. Every social tie was severed, every recreation connected

with the outer world was ignored by him; in short, he thought of nothing but his mother's illness. The best of invalids are sometimes fretful, irritable, capricious, and unreasoning; Madame Alexandrine taxed her son's indulgence but lightly in these respects; still her every caprice was humoured. He petted, caressed, and amused her, and ministered to her slightest wish with all-infinite tenderness. He divined her thoughts as it were by intuition. Only near break of day, when she was wont to fall into a troubled sleep, did the artist snatch a moment of repose. In the morning, as soon as she stirred, he was again at her bedside, and when compelled to leave her by imperative business, he went off wearied and fatigued to work at his huge canvases in the Rue Bayard. This went on for nearly two years, and at last the end came. Madame Alexandrine's eyes were closed in that profound sleep which knows no mortal waking. She left behind her a weeping and disconsolate family, besides many sorrowing relatives and friends.

Of Doré's feelings, he may best speak himself. He wrote the following letter to his friend, Canon Harford, whom Madame Doré had always regarded with such special favour:—

"Paris, March 16, 1881; 6 o'clock a.m.

"DEAR FRIEND,—She is no more. I am alone. She is dead; my mother, so tender, so deeply venerated; dead, after a long and cruel agony; and this morning, a few hours hence, I shall carry her to her last resting-place. I am without force, my friend, and do not know how to submit myself to that hard law which spares none of us. It seems that a black, unbridgeable gulf yawns before me. You are a priest, my dear friend; I conjure you, then, send up all your prayers to heaven for the repose of her dear and sainted soul, and for the sustainment of my own reason; for I am singularly overpowered by despair, discouragement, and fear of the future.

"I embrace you tenderly.

"Yours,
"G. DORÉ."

In this letter Doré writes to his friend, Canon Harford, giving some slight details of his life and general feelings. Doré wrote:—

"April 26, 1881.

"MY DEAR HARFORD,—I have still been, during three weeks, cruelly absorbed by the sad but imperious occupations, and carrying out the last wishes of my poor mother, and the division of property with my brothers; in short, a thousand other forced obligations; so that your last letter, and the questions you put to me, unfortunately slipped from my memory.

* * * * *

"I am always, dear friend, in the shadow of an awful solitude, which I live in since so long a time. It was a terrible trial, and I ought to have prepared myself each day for it; but how could I ever imagine the horror of such a void? In spite of all one hears about the salubriousness and all-powerful influence of work, I find none of it very true. Work does not console me; nothing consoles me; for I am alone, alone, alone, without family, and almost without friends. Existence has no longer any charm for me, for I have had the improvidence not to know how to build up a home for myself, and some one to lean upon. Without that, life is but a cursed and absurd thing.

"I embrace you tenderly.

"G. DORÉ."

As Doré announced in a letter which we give later, he had been chosen to immortalize in marble the memory of the great Dumas. An incident connected with this fact may not be unworthy of notice. A committee of gentlemen came to Doré and spoke of their intention to erect a statue to the celebrated writer. Knowing how busy Doré was, they scarcely ventured to suggest to him the desirability of his sending in a design for the proposed statue. To their surprise, however, the sketch they secretly desired reached them the next day, and was unanimously adopted. The original intention of the Committee

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

(G. Doré fecit, 1882. Erected November 4th, 1884, in Avenue de Villiers.)

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had been to give the work to Dubois, but he was engaged at Chantilly; and Doré, after listening to many *pros* and *cons*, said, "Gentlemen, you have honoured me by consulting me and by adopting my idea for the Dumas statue; but one thing remains. Let me also be the sculptor, and present to you gratuitously this memorial of a dear friend who lightened some of the sadder hours of my youth by his rare and treasured works. It is little enough towards repaying some of the enjoyment I owe to him."

Doré's offer was accepted with real thankfulness; such a gift was, morally and materially speaking, no small matter. So Doré buried his sadness in his new work, and a few weeks later a fine cast of the monument stood in his studio; the central figure being Dumas, laurel-crowned, sitting in his toga or Roman-like working-dress, pen in hand. The pedestal was to be embellished by figures of personages who play leading parts in the author's works. The idea was a grand one, and Doré worked with his usual superhuman energy to carry it out. All his old illusions were renewed in this enterprise, and the one dream of his life was now to see his new work set up in a public square of Paris, where thousands must daily pass by it, where rich and poor alike might gaze upon the face of their venerated Dumas, wrought by the chisel of Gustave Doré. He was proud and happy to consecrate his time and labour to this mission, and although handsome remuneration was constantly pressed upon him, he as persistently refused all payment for his work.

"Let me do it for love," he would always answer. "Do not speak of money; my payment is in the work itself. This is my contribution to the memory of Alexandre Dumas, my dead friend."

The monument itself in many respects deserves the highest praise. The ease of Dumas' attitude is truly artistic, and the small statue of D'Artagnan, the adventurer, is a masterpiece of beauty, grace, and power. Doré has delineated every detail with rare skill and vivacity. There is plenty of scope for criticism in the execution of the face of Dumas as well as in its expression, which betrays

weakness rather than strength of intellect, but the groups and figure of D'Artagnan might shame a Canova. Doré bestowed a world of time and labour upon this monument, although the execution is not in every respect felicitous. The dream of his life, as I said before, was to see it placed in some public square of Paris, but his hopes were never realized; for a greater Power than his country's public opinion set the death seal upon his brow ere his last sculptural achievement was set up in the position it occupies at the present day.

D'ARTAGNAN.

(Principal figure, statue of Alexandre Dumas. G. Doré, 1882.)

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LAST DAYS OF '81 AND '82.

DORÉ was failing in spirits and in health. The thousand and one cares, the constant work and constant disillusion he met with began to tell on his iron frame. His one hope now was to see his statue placed in some public square in Paris, and to this end he had spared no mental nor physical labour. The following letters written to the Rev. Frederick Harford in '81 show how much his life had been a blank since his mother's death. I extract this much:—

"Sunday, June 26, 1881.

"VERY DEAR FRIEND,—The reasons which have retarded my writing you were in reality those which you might have supposed. I thank you for your affectionate solicitude. I am not ill altogether, but I suffer from such a curvature of my mind, and mental prostration on account of all the vicissitudes which I have to suffer, without counting the rude and material difficulties forced upon me in my new condition of solitude and my other difficult tasks, that I daily lack the energy that is necessary even to write a letter; I am alone, without assistance, without company, and with heavy cares of which you cannot even have the slightest imagination!

"Like all those in whom the splenetic sentiment is uppermost, I have a sensation of languor in the very pit of my stomach which breaks down my will, and which disgusts me of all effort. Even the day before yesterday, at the very moment of starting, and for the very excellent reason of assisting at the Lord Mayor's dinner of yesterday, the 25th, I felt myself overcome by such an unsurmountable apathy that I was obliged to write an excuse for myself at the last moment. It is absolutely necessary, however, that I should be in London a little time this summer, it is positively obligatory that I should throw a little look around upon my affairs; which at the same time are becoming quite mediocre, and I attribute the cause to the unconscious *negligence* of which I have so often spoken to you. Alas! I confess to you that after twelve years of this career across the Channel which presented itself under such beautiful auspices, I must say I am greatly disappointed, and I have half an idea to turn my efforts in another direction.

"I shall write to you at the end of the week tospeak to you of my arrival.

"Yours with all my heart,

"G. DORÉ."

From the second letter I extract the following:—

Letter to Canon Harford.

"July 12, 1881.

"DEAR FRIEND,—Your letters and affectionate pleadings, for which I am very grateful, render me really unhappy, for I continue to be *quite unable* to quit Paris. I am not positively ill, but I am so indisposed that I am sure any moving about would certainly fasten some malady upon me. I have had so many vicissitudes and disappointments in these last months that my head is dazed. Ah, how much I wish I might be near you, to pour out some of my troubles into your friendly heart! However, I have a little hope.

* * * * * *

"Thanks, dear friend, for your good and brotherly

solicitude, but be assured that I am a man indeed most unhappy and heart-stricken.

"Always yours,
"G. DORÉ."

The same year Doré wrote again to his reverend friend, and this letter seems to depict, more than any other, the real state of Doré's feelings; it also gives some details of the way in which he had passed his summer; and is another proof of his fidelity to and unfailing remembrance of his comrades. He wrote:—

"Paris, Dec. 30, 1881.

"DEAR FRIEND,—I know that you cannot receive letters on Sunday in London, so I take the night before to address to you all my affectionate good wishes for the New Year. It is, indeed, a century since I last saw you. I felt I could not bring myself to parade my recent mourning in the midst of receptions, galas, and dinner parties without number, and amongst the turbulence of great cities. I preferred the calm of the Alps, where I have passed more than three months, successively in the Cantons of the Engadine, St. Moritz, and Pontresina. I stayed there until the first flakes of snow chased me away; and I had wished that winter would never come, so that I might be able to rest in that disposition of calm and peacefulness which this majestic nature always inspires in me.

"I have now and then had news of you from your friends visiting Paris; but I would have liked better to have seen you in person. Have you, then, sworn never again to cross the Channel?

"I have set myself once more to work—that is still the sovereign remedy for heart-aches and the dangers of melancholy which surround me; for I am indeed alone. Alas! I pass entire days without any exchange of friendly words, and look forward to Sunday, the first of the year, when I shall perhaps be the only soul in Paris who shall dine alone. Every one I know has his family; and I leave each one to the tendernesses of these festivities.

"I have been wrong to let myself glide on to my present age without having established a home and hearth for myself; and now, more than ever, do I repent this shortcoming. Tell me, dear friend, what has become of you, what you do with yourself, and how your health is. I know that you are lazy in the matter of correspondence but as to that you are not more so than myself.

"I embrace you with all my heart,

"G. DORÉ."

The following P.S. needs little explanation as the Rev. Mr. Harford's love for sculpture is well known:—

"How goes on your sculpturing? Are your angels in their places? Apropos of sculpture, I have had one recent success. I carried off the jury's verdict for the order to make a grand monument of stone and bronze, which is to be placed in the heart of Paris, and which has for its object honour to the memory of Alexandre Dumas."

An extract of letter written to the same in London. Speaking of his work, Doré said:—

"February 6, 1882.

"I am working at some important things, and I cherish the hope to see you come in to have a look at them before spring is over. I think you will find I am improving in my art. Without a doubt you already know that I am going to make a grand monument which shall be publicly placed in Paris. 'Tis the statue of Alexandre Dumas, with figures, accessories, groups, and so forth. A grand affair for my reputation. My plan took precedence of all others by the complete unanimity of the Jury of Commission.

"Yours with all my heart,

"G. DORÉ.

Some idea may be had of Doré's real and profound dejectment, both spiritual and moral, on perusing the following extracts from a letter, the last he ever wrote

to his friend Canon Harford. After many affectionate good wishes for the coming new year, 1883, he spoke thus regarding himself :—

"Paris, December 27, 1882.

"As for me, I say farewell without pain to a fatal year where I have known but grief and chagrin. Since the death of my mother there is always the same heavy cloud which lowers over my existence, and in spite of much courage I often faint by the way-side. I am finishing at this very moment my picture, 'The Vale of Tears' ('Come unto Me'), which cannot fail to arrive soon in London. I have been interrupted by my work on the monument of Alexandre Dumas, which little by little has become something considerable. Without a doubt it will be erected in its proper place in the spring of next year. It is absolutely the greatest effort which I shall have accomplished in my lifetime."

I may state here, although it is generally unknown, that Doré, being deeply enamoured of a young lady in Paris, had, through the negotiations of friends, recently entered with her into a matrimonial contract. The match would have been in every way a suitable one, and Doré's complaints that he had neither real home nor hearth were made when the prospect of a happier domestic future seemed futile and unrealizable. However, the settled gloom which of late was rooted in his nature, could not immediately be eradicated, and although betrothed, at his time of life material discomforts and serious physical ailment would have intruded their shadows across the sunniest pathway of any man. Yet this time the projected marriage was broken off through no mortal agent. How true is the old saw, "There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip"!

After the death of Madame Doré there had been no more receptions to speak of; and the Sunday dinners, which once reunited the greatest celebrities of Europe, had dwindled to small family parties, at which only

Doré's oldest friends still found their accustomed places awaiting them at his table.

The dinner of the 31st of December, 1882, was no exception to this rule; only, as it was given on the last day of the year, the party was likewise a "watch-meeting," and stayed to welcome in the 1st of January, 1883.

The dinner was mortally dull, and, long before dessert, seemed as though it would never come to an end. Gustave sat silent and absorbed, so different from his usual gay rollicking self that, struggle against it as they could, a most painful impression was experienced by all present. He drank his champagne mutely; every time any of his guests spoke a word to him, he started as though aroused from a profound reverie, and in his absence of mind answered with a lack of aptness which was as unusual as incomprehensible. When they all rose from table and went into the studio for coffee and cigars, Gustave as usual went up to his little table in the corner, and carelessly took up a pencil; but he did not sketch anything. On second thought he laid it down and left the room. He was so constantly in the habit of doing this that the majority of his friends present paid no attention to him; but M. Kratz, after an instant's reflection, arose and followed him.

He found him in his late mother's room, standing near her picture. M. Kratz went up to him, and laid his hand tenderly on his shoulder.

"Gustave, old boy," he said, "what is the matter? Are not you well?"

"Yes—no. Do not trouble yourself, Arthur," he answered not unkindly. "I do not know what is the matter; only I was thinking how different it all is now. This is the last day of the year, and—and I think one is always more or less preoccupied on such anniversaries. Shall we go back to the studio?"

M. Kratz saw that he was still not quite himself and little inclined to keep his guests company.

"No—no, my friend. Don't hurry yourself. I will go back now, and you return when you please."

With these words, M. Kratz left him and returned to the studio. As soon as he entered the room he was interrogated on all sides,—

"What is the matter with Gustave? Is he ill? Has anything happened? Mon Dieu! c'est donc un enterrement ce soir?"

M. Kratz replied that Gustave was all right; a little sad, perhaps, but would be with them shortly, and so on.

Doré came back almost whilst his friend was speaking about him, and some one laughingly questioned him as to what had come over him.

"It is like a funeral party," he said. "What a way to pass the last night of the year! Cannot we have some music?"

Doré assented readily to this proposal, and M. Kratz went to the piano. Gustave took up his violin; but, after playing a few bars, put it down again.

"I am not in the humour," he said. And no one urged him further. But M. Kratz still kept his place, running his fingers idly over the keys, as a man would do who was not exactly playing a set piece, and yet wished to fill up a gap in a dull conversation.

How the evening passed may readily be imagined. Gustave's low spirits seemed to weigh doubly on his friends. The contrast between that soirée and others previously passed under his roof was too great not to be painfully felt. Every one thought of Madame Doré, the goodnatured lady who had been so recently amongst them. Her vacant chair seemed cause enough for her son's sadness. The hours dragged tediously along until the midnight bells rang out on the stillness of the night air.

The guests arose one after another, embraced Gustave, and wished him a happy new year, last of all M. Kratz. As soon as these greetings were over, the guests hurried away, all excepting M. Kratz.

"What?" said Gustave half bitterly. "You are not anxious to leave me? This has been a dull evening; I felt very sad; and yet you still stay on?"

"You know that I will not leave you," said M. Kratz tenderly. "I am glad, on the contrary, to be alone with you. But what on earth is the matter? Are you ill?"

Then Doré began to unburden his heart. "This has been a miserable year," he said. "My affairs do not please me." He continued pouring out a string of confidences, all more or less lugubrious. M. Kratz was perhaps the only man in the world to whom the disappointed artist could freely disclose his innermost thoughts. He talked and talked away, always in the same strain of sadness, until one would have thought him the most unfortunate wretch in the world.

M. Kratz finally said, "For the love of God, Gustave, do not look upon life as such a failure; you, of all men, who have great honours yet in store for you! Things will look brighter soon. For my sake, for your own, for that of all your friends, do not give way to these fits of despondency. They are already telling upon you to such an extent that you are greatly changed; believe me, you are. Shall we go out and walk? It is a fine night. Let us go to the Boulevards and see a little life and movement; it will do you good. Or let us drop into some café, if you prefer that."

"Well, I will."

With that he lit a cigar and started to get an overcoat. He took it up and then put it down directly.

"It is all of no use," he said. "I hate the world. I do not want to see any one. Let us stay here and talk."

M. Kratz yielded, and Doré recommenced the tale of his grievances. He spoke of his pictures, so many of them unsold, and of the great vase upon which he had built such a hopeful future. As he talked, he grew more and more unhappy, until tears finally started from his eyes, and he turned half apologetically to his friend.

"What can you expect?" he said, half covering his eyes with his hands; "c'est plus fort que moi. Another year gone, and the same old disappointments over again, besides other new ones." He then began speaking on several subjects of too private a nature to find any place

in this recital, but which to one of his sensitive nature were enough, each one in itself, to cause profound unhappiness. M. Kratz let him talk on uninterruptedly, knowing that attentive silence was the best consolation he could offer.

After a few moments had passed thus, Gustave suddenly stopped.

"Come," said M. Kratz; "it will do you good to take a walk. You must not brood over these matters. I feel that everything will come round to your satisfaction. Let us go out and get a breath of fresh air. Accompany me to my house, if you will not go to the Boulevards. Allons!"

Gustave arose. "My friend," said he, "I will tell you the truth. I am half dead with fatigue; I cannot keep my eyes open; je tombe de sommeil. I did not sleep well last night. I think I will retire at once."

M. Kratz was so stupefied by this excuse that he had nothing more to say; in truth, Gustave did look tired, and his eyes were glazed with weariness. He yawned once or twice, and passed his hand over his face with a movement, however, which was more indicative of preoccupation than of fatigue. He looked bored, but perfectly wide awake. His friend was puzzled; but knowing that of all living human beings Gustave Doré was the most erratic and incomprehensible, he decided upon leaving him. Their parting was an affectionate one. They embraced each other in foreign fashion, and M. Kratz went away with these words,—

"Good night, old boy. Sleep well, and may God bless you in a happier new year!"

The following Sunday was as gay as this one had been sad. Gustave gave a dinner, the guest of the evening being M. Vallerand de la Fossé; indeed, the feast was organized in honour of his having been recently decorated. It was like one of those old jollifications when wit flowed as freely as champagne, when the old studio echoed and re-echoed to the sounds of music, laughter, and happy voices; one of those pleasant soirées that

Doré's friends remembered with such delight and pride. Gustave, who was in his wildest spirits and richest vein of humour, absolutely outdid himself in gaiety and grace. His guests said again and again, "There is only one Doré in the world. Who else ever embodied such talents and was gifted with so irresistible a personal charm?" And when the early hours of morning came, they were still loth to depart. M. Vallerand, on his way home, decided upon returning Doré's dinner within a fortnight, and, out of compliment to him, to invite only those who had been present on this occasion. He remarked that he should remember it as one of the pleasantest days of his life. "I knew that Doré was a charming man," he said, "but never realized before what a veritable enchanter he could be. It is really too much that one person should unite all the agreeable qualities of mind, manner, and person. Gustave Doré is the most brilliant and most sympathetic great man I have ever known."

Now I must speak of another occasion when Doré's friends gathered once more round his hospitable board. It was Sunday night, January the 14th, and the circle was unusually small. Doré was neither so brilliant as he had been the Sunday before, nor so sad as on the occasion of December the 31st, when he saw the new year in with such strange feelings of apathy and despair. This time Doré seemed almost his old self. There were present, amongst others, M. Jundt, the celebrated painter, M. A. Kratz, M. Paul Joanne, and Dr. Robin. Doré had been prompted by some strange caprice to décorate the dinner-table with white lilacs and white roses. These he had placed under an enormous globe, with a "Guide to the Pyrenees;" and the effect was both unnatural and depressing.

"It is not gay," said M. Jundt. "It looks exactly like a tomb."

Doré brightened up during dinner. Each time he raised his glass to drink he began to parody the discourses pronounced on the occasion of Léon Gambetta's funeral. He would begin, "Upon this tomb, still open,

an expectant world hangs desolate," and so on. Then he would break off into some jest, having the grave for its subject, and end by alluding to the flowers already covering the tombs of distinguished dead men.

"Strange to say," observed M. Joanne, "none of these pleasantries could dissipate the depressing effect of those pure white flowers. It was impossible not to say, with Jundt, 'Gela a tout-à-fait l'air d'un tombeau.'"

The Saturday evening following was fixed for M. Vallerand's dinner and reception. All the other guests assembled, but there was no Doré. M. Kratz came in last, and looked about him. "What!" he exclaimed, "Gustave not here yet?"

"We will give him a quarter of an hour's grace," said the host, smiling; and the conversation continued in that disjointed fashion which is common to all dinner-parties when the host is ready, the guests are waiting, and *the* one who should have been there first of all is the only one who has not yet put in an appearance.

The quarter of an hour passed—twenty minutes, half an hour—still no Doré.

"I cannot think what keeps him," observed M. Vallerand. "Can anything have happened? It is so strange that he of all others should not be here. Has any one seen him to-day?"

No one had seen him.

"I dined with him last night," said M. Kratz; "he was then perfectly well, and said 'à demain' when I left him; so of course I expected to find him here. The dinner was got up expressly for him, as he knew; and of course he will be here directly."

Another quarter of an hour passed, and still he did not come. M. Vallerand began to look annoyed and uneasy.

"It is too bad of him!" said some one. Speculation was rife as to what could have occurred.

The feelings of the master of the house may better be imagined than described. To make matters worse, many of the gentlemen present were strangers to him, specially invited out of compliment to Gustave Doré. He was

deeply mortified, and when an hour had passed in fruitless expectation, he grew really alarmed. M. Kratz proposed that they should dine. He was secretly worried, but out of deference to M. Vallerand, endeavoured to help him out of his difficulty.

"The dinner is ready," he said, and we have all waited long enough. I say let us wait no longer. Doré has been detained, perhaps by a street accident; but he will surely turn up presently."

M. Vallerand then insisted that his guests should seat themselves without further delay. They had barely finished their soup when a sharp pull at the bell was heard.

"At last!" ejaculated the host, and a smile of relief spread over his features. "We will scold him well, and then forgive him for keeping us waiting so long, now that he is here at last."

But it was not Doré. A messenger had brought a note for M. Vallerand, on opening which he seemed scarcely to understand what it meant. He then read it aloud without comment. It ran as follows:—

"M. Doré presents his compliments to M. Vallerand, and begs he will excuse his not being able to dine with him. He is very much indisposed, and not able to go out.

"(Signed) MARTIN, valet to M. Doré."

The suspense was over. He would not come. But what was to be made of such an excuse, and why had it been sent at such an hour? Every one was fairly puzzled, and for a moment it was thought that perhaps Doré had been playing one of his practical jokes. No one could apprehend anything serious from such a lukewarm letter; and M. Vallerand began to feel extremely ill at ease. Presently, he could stand it no longer, and burst out,—

"Have I offended him in any way? I cannot imagine that I have; but his is such a sensitive nature, that perhaps without my knowing it something has occurred to change his feelings towards me."

A strenuous denial was his answer. M. Kratz repeated that he had seen Doré the night before, when he was full of the notion of the dinner and of the pleasure it promised to afford him.

Nothing more was said about Doré, and the dinner dragged on to its end as best it could.

Most of the company retired early; and as to M. Kratz, he was extremely anxious about Gustave; but, having brooded over his strange conduct throughout the evening, began to lose his temper as well, and, instead of going to see Doré, as he always did late or early in the day, he went straight home.

As soon as he reached his door, his housekeeper, Madame Pillaud, stopped him on the threshold, saying,—

"M. Kratz, here is a despatch for you; and a messenger came beside just after you had gone out to dine."

He tore open the envelope of the telegram, and his heart stopped beating as he read,—

"Come at once. Gustave is ill. Apoplectic fit. Very serious.

"(Signed) DR. ROBIN."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DEATH OF DORÉ.

ON Saturday morning, January 20th, Doré arose as usual, at seven o'clock. It was cold, bleak, and scarcely daylight. He went into the dining-room, and sat down near the window. Françoise utilized the privilege of long friendship to scold him, exclaiming,—

"Here you are, M. Gustave, as usual, prowling about before daybreak! You take no rest. It is inconceivable how you can work until two or three o'clock every morning with those blessed blocks, and never compensate yourself by sleeping a little later the next day. Yesterday you looked tired to death, and mortally pale. Now, to please me, go back to bed. Do. I will bring you your breakfast there."

"Nonsense, Françoise," he replied. "I am all right, only my head feels a little heavy. I must have taken cold last night. Back to bed, indeed! I should think not. I shall be all right after I have had my coffee."

Françoise did not quite like his looks. He was fearfully pale; his eyes were bright and restless, with deep black dents under them sinking into his cheeks, and contrasting strangely with their deathlike pallor. But she might as well have talked to the wind; he laughed at her, and went on jesting about her proposal that he should go back to bed.

"Voyons, Françoise!" he said. "Do I look like a man who needs to cosset himself? Am I in my dotage? Did you ever know me to go back to my bed when once I had got up for the day? Françoise, you are old and

ONE OF TWO SKETCHES MADE BY DORÉ ON FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JAN. 19TH, 1883, THE LAST HE EVER EXECUTED. SUBJECT AT PRESENT UNKNOWN.
(Unpublished.)

crotchety; but I am young, and cannot permit myself the indulgence you so eagerly recommend. No; I have a great deal to do to-day, and must begin at once."

He drew his chair nearer to the window, and sat for some little time without saying a word, seemingly thinking deeply, and about something important, for he passed his hand several times over his forehead, and finally leant his cheek on his hand with a grave and preoccupied expression.

Old Françoise bustled about and soon brought him his café-au-lait. Seeing that he made no effort to move, she drew a little table forward and placed his breakfast beside him. He took his coffee without a word, ate part of a roll, and, when he had finished, rested his elbows on the table and supported his head with his hands for several moments. It kept drooping lower, until his arms were crossed on the table and his hair fell over his coat sleeve. Françoise was about to rouse him, when he suddenly threw back his head with the old impetuous movement, yawned, and stared blankly out before him.

"Ah! enough of this," he said. "Let us be off to work;" and he arose briskly. Françoise seized his hand; a feeling of inexplicable dread came over her.

"My poor Gustave!" she exclaimed, "what has happened? Are you ill? Your hand is like ice, and your face looks like that of a corpse. Do go back to bed."

"Nothing is the matter," he said feebly. "I only feel very cold; that is all. I shall be myself again as soon as I get to work." With those words he arose and shook himself with evident effort, as if to dispel a certain lethargy. Then he went to his studio, muttering,—

"It is strange. I never was so cold before in all my life. Allons! a little movement will wake me up. I shall soon be all right again."

Françoise knew him too well to insist upon anything further. He always had his own way, and she set about putting the house to rights, well aware that he would be offended if she paid any more attention to him. Besides, he hated being thought ill, and above all being told that he looked out of sorts.

He had been in his studio about an hour or more, when he came carelessly through the passage and went straight

to his bedroom. Françoise was at work in the salon and saw him as he passed. He had no sooner closed his door and got out of sight—certainly not two minutes had elapsed—when she heard a heavy fall and a crash. She ran to the bedroom, flung open the door and saw Gustave, who had fallen on his face, stretched out insensible on the floor. The wash-basin and pitcher were broken in pieces, and he was lying in a pool of water. Françoise screamed with all her might, and tried to raise him; she dragged him, still unconscious, a little way, and then had to leave him in order to call for help. She threw up the sash of the window which looked over the front court, and brought Martin from his room with her cries.

"Come quick," she screamed, "my child is dead! Gustave is dead!" Martin was in the bedroom before she had time even to close the window. Although Doré was so strongly built, Martin took him in his arms and put him on the bed. He remained unconscious for some time, but they finally brought him to. He opened his eyes and looked at them with a mute, agonized gaze; but his lips were dumb. He shivered constantly, and they began rubbing him to try and promote circulation; they put hot flannels on his body and hot water to his feet. Brandy and camphor, everything in the way of spirits they could lay their hands on, was poured upon his body, and both Françoise and Martin rubbed him till his skin became blistered. Still he did not speak; so Martin started for the doctor. While he was away, and old Françoise was still trying to restore circulation, Doré seemed to grow colder instead of warmer. She was in despair, but kept on at her painful task. Finally she saw he was coming to, for his features worked with agony. Her heart leapt into her mouth when he muttered his first word. Before Martin got back he could speak coherently, and told Françoise how it all happened.

"I stayed for some time in the studio, but could not work; my head felt too bad; so I thought I would go and dip it into some cold water, and had just plunged my face into the basin when I lost consciousness and

knew no more. En effet," and he glanced at the floor, "I should think I did lose consciousness! and the wash-basin is broken, too, that is a pity!" He ceased speaking, leant back on his pillow, and for a moment seemed very much better. Françoise got over her fright as soon as she heard him speak, and thought she would scold him for his imprudence.

"Did I not tell you to go back to bed? You see that you have to finish by obeying me. You are still a great baby. You looked ill, and I knew you felt so. Why did you wish to frighten me? I always knew what was best for you. I said, go to bed; you would not, and now you see what has happened. Je te l'avais dit!"

Françoise was a faithful friend, but only a woman after all. How could she resist the temptation of saying, "I told you so"? She went on alternately petting and scolding him; but after the first few words he spoke but little, and seemed to be getting worse.

His eyes never left her face, and at last he laid his head on her old withered bosom, just where he had placed it so many times when a child. He put his hand on his chest and kept murmuring, "I feel so ill here, Françoise; it hurts me here; try to do something for me."

Like a sick baby he turned to her for comfort, just as he always had done since that Twelfth Night when snow hung heavy on the Schwarzwald. He seemed to think that telling her about his ills was a guarantee that she could cure them. All his life long he had gone to her with his little ailments, and after his mother's death Françoise was the strongest link that bound him to the happy past. For once in a way he did not complain because she and Martin had treated his illness seriously. He kept on saying,—

"I have only taken a severe cold; but it is just as well to have sent for the doctor. Robin is a friend, and will really tell me what ails me. Of course it is not serious; but I am glad he is coming."

The morning was not far gone when a doctor came

back with Martin; but it was not Robin. Doré's condition had grown worse instead of better, and he could not speak. Dr. Blavet was horror-stricken, for he at once saw that Doré had had an apoplectic stroke, brought on by a cold and severe indigestion. He worked over him nearly the whole day until Dr. Robin arrived, and at one time they thought that he would not last till sundown. However, he rallied and brightened up considerably. He did not want any one to know that he was ill, and absolutely refused to send for any member of his family.

"I want Kratz," he said. "Him you may tell; but no one else." He remembered his engagement to dinner with M. Vallerand de la Fosse when it was already late; but with all the cunning of a sick man, and the extreme delicacy of a well-bred one, he determined to say nothing which could lead his friends to suppose that he was seriously ill, fearing to break up the party. Rather than spoil the evening for M. Vallerand and his friends, he preferred to pass for a capricious fellow once more. It was the only thing under the circumstances to be done. To the last he was a strange but thorough gentleman.

During that long Saturday afternoon Gustave Doré believed that his time had come. Who can tell all the bitterness and sadness of his thoughts? Thus suddenly to quit a world that had grown so hateful to him; and yet to leave undone his great work of Shakespeare—to think that another would take up the task which for years had been the dream of his life—to die without having seen his statue to Alexandre Dumas placed in one of the city squares! This, his last ambition, again to be rendered uncertain of fulfilment! What would become of it when he should be no more? To be sure, it had gained the competition prize, and had been accepted; it was completed, if not perfected. He had given his heart's blood to this tribute to an old friend, but he had often seen the sun rise and set on so many hopes!

Good-bye would have to be said to his brothers and to his friends. Ah! that would be hard; and as he thought of it bitter tears coursed down his pallid cheeks.

His friends—those other companions, children of his heart and fancy, silently awaiting his coming, even now, in the studio; and those new ones, D'Artagnan, Dantés, and the fair Mercedes sitting in sunlit bowers, midst acacias and waving palms. Ah, yes, the palms; the palms for the base of his statue! The men had not yet brought the cast from the first moulding; one of the many things left undone. Oh, only to be able to arise from this hideous bed which was keeping him there helpless, in the very moment of all others when he had so much to do. "I have not time to be ill," he murmured to himself, "I have not time!" Then the million fears, fancies, and ambitions which teemed in his over-wrought brain struggled like so many demons to overcome the last remnant of his fading strength. He tried in vain to rise, to make the least movement, to utter even a loud cry; but, alas! the once mighty will was subjugated to the sterner and more unbending one of Fate.

Indeed, he had much to think of in those hours which dragged so slowly on, with no one but old Françoise softly moving about, or Martin coming backwards and forwards to see if M. Doré wanted anything.

It had just gone midnight when M. Kratz arrived, and to his joy found Doré much easier than he had expected. He passed part of the night there, and a young medical student from one of the hospitals kept watch until Dr. Robin came on Sunday morning. The doctor found his friend better, and told him that he had nothing more to fear. However, he said to M. Kratz, "I am going to telegraph to his brother, Colonel Emile, in order to bring him here on some pretext. I shall feel easier when he knows that Gustave is ill; but I shall not tell him that the illness has been so serious."

So Colonel Emile Doré was telegraphed to, and answered that "by chance" he would be in Paris to dine on Sunday evening.

This was famous good news. The doctor went away, leaving Doré so much better that even M. Kratz had overcome his feelings of alarm.

Doré passed a fair night and fell into a deep sleep at daybreak. By the time he awoke, at 10 a.m. on Sunday, M. Kratz was already at his bedside. The first thing he spoke about on opening his eyes was not his health, but his work. He inquired if the casters had brought the

palms for the base of the Dumas statue, and an answer in the negative annoyed him sorely.

That was so like him, to think of his work before his own well-being!

Sunday being the day on which Doré was usually to

be found at home, several friends dropped in after breakfast; amongst others MM. Leleux and Pisan; they were painfully shocked to find him confined to his bed. He would not allow them to tell any one that he had been ill, and seemed delighted that no one, so far, had heard of his apoplectic attack.

When his visitors had gone he talked a great deal and very freely with his dear friend Kratz—"ce cher Arthur," as he called him—and even confided to him how he had felt on the Saturday, when he had thought he was going to die. M. Kratz cheered him up, and begged him to banish from his mind such lugubrious ideas. M. Kratz then told him about the dinner-party, how it had passed off. Afterwards they conversed upon family affairs, for at that time, it will be remembered, Doré had a great many griefs, which weighed heavily on his mind.

M. Kratz, again, was a comforter and consoler, and begged him not to fret over these troubles.

"Things will come round all right, Gustave," he said. "Your only object now is to get well. Your health is the first question; we shall have plenty of time to discuss other matters when you are better."

He said au revoir affectionately, and went home.

A little before 5 p.m., Colonel Emile Doré arrived, and could scarcely realize how ill Gustave had been, for he found him bright and unusually cheerful. The colonel dined alone, and during the evening Doré was so well that the precaution of employing a nurse or extra night attendant seemed almost unnecessary. He felt well enough to get up, and quite counted upon being his old self again on the morrow. After a good night's rest he awoke early and took some slight nourishment. Monday passed in much the same manner as Sunday, except that there were fewer visitors. M. Kratz, who had been there in the early morning, came back after dinner and found the patient very little like a sick man.

"I am all right now," said Doré gaily; "and the proof is that I want some champagne." So Martin went and fetched a bottle, and gave him a glass. He found it

good, but it had not the old relish for him, because he was obliged to drink it with water. He grumbled a little at that, but gave in rather than not have it at all.

He sipped it several times, and each time he put down his goblet, remarked how natural it seemed to be drinking champagne. Poor Doré!

He was so fond of it. Then, too, it brought back agreeable recollections. How many times he had drunk health and happiness to his friends, and how many more his own successes had been toasted in deep draughts of the sparkling wine!

While Doré now and then refreshed himself with his favourite beverage the evening wore on apace. He was in the blue saloon; the candles were lit in his bedroom, and cast flickering shadows on the pictures, the furniture, and the long low table nearly covered with white blocks—those square pieces of wood which slept until the master's hand should awake them and give life to a thousand creatures, each one perfect of its kind. Portraits of his ancestors were hanging round his couch, and in a side panel of the wall reposed "Venice," with her bowed head and silent, slumberous beauty. Good Françoise flitted hither and thither, whilst M. Kratz sat constantly by the sick man's bedside. Colonel Emile went out for a walk. The family physician, who had been called in at first, also left his patient, telling every one present that all danger was positively past. He said to Doré, as he went away,—

"Now, monsieur, I am happy to leave you so well. Good-night; sleep well, and do not get up early. To-morrow morning I shall come in to see you, but late. Bonne nuit! Do not get up early."

Doré promised obedience with a smile. When the doctor was gone he said,—

"It is just as well. I like to have doctors come to see me, but in a friendly way. His next visit will be one of pure amity."

He seemed pleased with this idea, and began talking to M. Kratz, who kept faithful watch at his bedside. He

looked anything but a sick man, sitting up supported by his pillows, his eyes glowing and his face animated, as it always was when he was speaking. Except for a slight pallor and for two shadows lying on the upper part of his cheeks, M. Kratz saw the Gustave Doré of old, as cheery and bright as could be. He talked a great deal during the evening; so much, indeed, that his friends begged him not to overdo it. Then he closed his eyes with a sort of happy obedience, and, sighing like a tired child, lay back on his pillow.

A few moments passed. No sound broke the stillness save the measured ticking of a clock and the almost inaudible hum of life in the street. Now and then a solitary vehicle would pass by, carrying some gay and happy, or perhaps some careworn denizen of Paris to a midnight ball or supper. Then the noise would cease and quiet would again prevail. The candles were burning low and the shadows were deepening in the room, deepening and lengthening, while the night wore on. The invalid's breathing was soft and regular; his head was slightly resting on one hand, his eyes were open, gazing with the far-away look of one who contemplates unreal things. M. Kratz looked at him and said to himself, "Gustave is dreaming."

Yes; he was dreaming. He heard not the wind which moaned in the chimney, nor the soft footfall of old Françoise as she came ever and anon to his couch, nor the hushed night-cries of ever-wakeful Paris; he saw not the friend at his bedside, for why should any one be at his bedside? He was not ill; he—Doré—oh, no! far from it; on the contrary, he was rich in the strength of happy manhood, and his dreams were those which are born of vigour in the noonday of life. Perchance, he thought again, "Oh! those palms; not yet come;" and of his statue. If Dumas could only see that it was not his fault!—Dumas—a great man—and Shakespeare—ah! his Shakespeare!—Cæsar—Calphurnia—the musketeers—a jolly man, that D'Artagnan, and a brave one. Then Macbeth—thatbanquet—horror-stricken? Of course that

must be the right expression; besides, what the witches had told him was enough—the witches—the three hovering together—not the three Graces! The tree, the cauldron, and the rose-crowned infant. Ah, that child! He had seen one with a face just like it, in Petticoat Lane. Petticoat Lane, where he had watched a hawker making soda-water. What a curious apparatus! What a morning! He had seen brighter ones at Chiswick. There is the Pavilion, there sits her Majesty; he hears her gracious words murmuring in his ears. She speaks of one of his works; such praise was worth having! In his own country, his "Dante"—bah! It was after all a weary life; work, work, work; but there had been some happiness! Now perchance he is walking again beneath the acacias of the Bois de Boulogne, a fair woman leaning on his arm. The night is still, the leafy trees murmur their orisons, and the violets' scent is sweet and strong. The moon casts a broad belt of silver in their pathway, the sand gleams, and their footfalls make music upon the fine gravel. "Ah! when one is shod with happiness! but that was long ago. Who could have been like Dante, like Tasso? Beatrice—Leonora—these women may also have been in the world, but more likely Messalinas and Lucrezias; and as to men, why Rabelais was a man; he knew what men were like. Why, any man understands that book." Doré moved slightly, and his eyes gleamed with a still more rapt expression. "He is still dreaming," thought his friend; "still dreaming. I shall not disturb him." Yes, he was dreaming still, thinking of his Rabelais success, perhaps whispering to himself,—

"Understand it—well, that was my first success. Why should I not think of it now? How many years ago that was! It cannot be possible, for it seems but yesterday. I can just see myself now as I was then. Mamma was so happy; so were Emile and Ernest and Arthur and M. Lacroix—M. Lacroix, who scolded me and loved me too. I shall never forget his surprise about those Vilanies de Paris—dear Gautier understood me always, and so did

Dalloz; dear Paul, how we enjoyed those trips through Spain and the Tyrol! I can hear Gautier laughing now. Ah me! no wonder I sigh; his laugh has been stilled for ever, as mine will be some day; and now I think of it, I came very near the end on Saturday last. But, nonsense; I am so well now. I shall go back to Alsatia again for my holiday, or to see the Alps. What good they did me last year! Or to Scotland—perhaps that would be better still—to Scotland with Teesdale. I wonder how my pet owls are coming on; shall I ever forget how Paul laughed when he saw them? No, not Scotland. I will go to Alsatia, dear Alsatia—to St. Odile and Barr. Oh, my God; only the sound of those names takes me back to the days of my youth. There are all the old faces before me; papa, grandma, Madame Pluchart; how beautiful she was! and Madame Braun and M. Daubrée, and Graffenstaden. What fun we boys used to have there on Sundays! Yes, I will go back there this summer, and that soon. I shall see the old place, the Minster Square, our Fête de Gutenberg. I wonder if Professor Vergnette's schoolhouse is still there! Ah me! how long ago is it since papa gave me five francs for my first prize at school—how small I was. I can't think of it all without crying. Oh! the days of my boyhood, those happy days when I ran and walked and played; when Arthur and I bathed our eyes in Hohenwald fountain. Oh for a sight of St. Odile, of my Vosges, of my dear Strasburg, and the cathedral"—he sighed and closed his eyes, for he saw himself at his mother's knee—he, a child angel, and she robed in light. It is dark in the fortressed town, the gates have long been shut. Erwin von Steinbach has gone to a troubled rest—and pretty Sabine's filial tears have changed her coarse pillow to an immortal fabric for seraphs to touch. There is no sound in the city, the good Strasburgers sleep the sleep of the just; the night is clothed with majesty, its thousand eyes gleam from the frame of no earthly tenement. The blue ether opens and a swift messenger comes sailing earthward through space. She

reaches the city; the gates are closed. What matter! Mortal bolt or bar cannot shut out God's envoy. She spurns the crest on the outer wall, and flies swiftly, swiftly, straight to Sabine von Steinbach, upon whom she breathes the breath of her celestial presence; she converses in accents that mortal ears have never before heard, she smiles with a sweetness that has never hitherto honied earthly clay, a perfume of sanctity emanates from her radiant garments, and the halo of pure inspiration crowns her head with a supernal diadem. Gustave's hand clutches his mother's gown; he draws nearer and nearer, at last! May he not also enter the sphere and bask in the light of this Divine glory? Madame Alexandrine stirs and shivers softly;—does she, too, feel an invisible, angelic presence! Together the mother and son draw nearer, till at last they reach the hallowed pillow. Gustave's baby breath comes hard, and his baby fingers tremble as he sees the angel draw forth a scroll from her seraphic garments. She speaks, she raises her hand, she holds in her fingers a pencil which she has fashioned from heavenly lightning. Yes, she speaks and Sabine stirs, wakes; half blinded by immortal light, she lifts her charmed lids, and sees the angel. Gustave strains eye and ear. Now the seraph and Sabine work at the plans; the cloud-like being dazzles the mortal with her art and smile. She talks with Sabine; Gustave sees all, hears all, and his child-nature yields to its first unearthly intoxication. Fascinated, awe-stricken, dazed, his eyes are riveted upon this supernatural spectacle; he, too, feels inspired, and with a loud cry stretches out his arms to the angel, begging to be admitted to the sublime and holy council, to the genesis of genius. As he entreats, the angel turns and looks upon him, she smiles with ineffable ecstasy, and a calm, never seen upon earthly visages, settles on her celestial features. She looks once at Sabine, then at Gustave, and before he can lift his hand, she floats away, spreading her wings in one last cycle of benediction and grace. What, gone—gone—*gone!*

Doré uttered a stifled groan; his body moved con-

vulsively, and his head sank deeper into his pillow. M. Kratz started forward and laid a hand upon his shoulder. "Gustave, Gustave!" he exclaimed; "what is the matter? what are you thinking about?"

Was Doré still dreaming? He suddenly lifted his head and replied,—

"Arthur, you are still there? that is right," and he looked straight before him into his friend's eyes.

"Yes, I am here—do you want anything? What were you thinking of? You are trembling."

Doré looked tenderly at him, stretched out his right hand, and answered in a voice half-choked with emotion,—

"Arthur, dear, I—I have been thinking of my past, of how we played together as children; and—and I thought of our youth—my youth, and my childhood at Strasburg." His head dropped again on the pillow as he ceased speaking, and a faint sigh parted his lips.

M. Kratz drew nearer to the bedside and looked at him with a world of affection in his eyes.

"Yes, Gustave," he answered gently, "we had been talking of home, and that brought it into your mind. Now do not think or talk any more. It is so late that I am going away myself. I shall see you the first thing to-morrow; good-night. God keep you. It is late; try to sleep."

He pressed Doré's hand and turned away, but came back to bid the friend of his youth a last good-night.

Was Doré dreaming again? He half roused himself, and at that moment his brother, Colonel Emile, came into the room and approached his couch.

"Good-night," murmured the artist drowsily; "good-night, Arthur, old boy. Come early to-morrow morning. We will breakfast together and go out to—to the studio. God bless you! good-night. I am perfectly well, but so sleepy."

Even his brother did not disturb him; a soft good-night, and M. Kratz is really gone, and Françoise shuts the outer door upon him.

Colonel Emile sleeps as soldiers only know how to

sleep. The moments pass; the lights burn lower; the hush of midnight falls on the house. Françoise starts as she goes on her accustomed night-round. Now she has looked at him once more; how quiet he seems, how still, how pale! Martin goes to his bedside; ah! Doré stirs, moans feebly, and mutters, "Some drink; I am choking. I—Françoise must go to bed; she is tired, and you, too, Martin."

He drinks and seems better. "Leave me now; good-night," and Martin follows old Françoise out of the room.

Why howls the wind so pitifully? Why so mournfully prates the uncanny rook on the roof? Why hovers the bat o'er the silent gables of the house in the Rue St. Dominique? Why seems the air heavily freighted with impending woe? Ah! Martin, do not leave your master, turn back once more; cannot you feel that your post will soon be filled by another?

An irresistible power stays his footstep, and prompts him to turn once again to gaze upon his master.

He looked and saw a man's eyes glazed with the awful film that obscures the vision when we look our last on earthly sights; he heard an ominous rattle, to which the rooks' dismal prating was a celestial music; he saw a face covered with the grey veil that approaching dissolution so warily spreads on mortal features. Martin saw this, and rushed headlong to throw himself into his master's arms; then he called out in a despairing voice for Colonel Doré to come at once.

Martin lifted his dear master's head; as he did so Colonel Doré hurried towards them; but, alas! a swifter messenger outran even a loved brother's fleet footsteps! Paris was sleeping; her gates, too, were shut; yet the angel of death had scaled the mortal walls and was come with her pencil to inscribe one more name on the eternal scroll. Gustave Doré's head rests on his brother's breast, his eyes look fondly into the face of his dear Emile; those eyes gaze and gaze while the angel writes and writes. Ah! she reaches the final letter, Doré's head

drops, his eyes close, and Colonel Emile clasps a dead weight in his arms. Only one voice breaks the fatal stillness of that sad chamber; one voice, his own, exclaiming passionately,—

"Gustave! Gustave! can't you hear me? Ah, God! he is dead, dead, dead!"

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Paris could scarcely believe its senses when it heard that Gustave Doré was no more. I pass over the grief of his family and friends, and the general excitement aroused in the city. The one theme in private houses, clubs, theatres, artists' homes and artists' studios was Gustave Doré's sudden, unexpected death.

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The funeral reception took place at noon on the 25th of January, 1883, at No. 7, Rue St. Dominique, the house in which he had passed so many years of his life. Thousands of persons gathered in the rooms, corridors, and court fronting the house. The coffin was barely visible through the mass of flowers, wreaths, and inscriptive coronals which covered it. Amongst many floral tributes we may mention those sent by the water-colour society, the wood-engravers and etchers, the committee of Alexandre Dumas's statue, the *Monde Illustré*, *Figaro*, the *Moniteur Universel*, and the publishing houses of Hachette, and Cassell.

Doré had too many intimate friends to have his pall-bearers chosen amongst them. This sacred office was entrusted to the members of his family: his brothers, Lieut.-Col. Emile and M. Ernest Doré, his nephew by marriage, Dr. Joseph Michel, and to the family physician, Dr. Robin. Some of the most distinguished persons in France followed the cortège; amongst others, MM. Daubrée, Kratz, Madame Braun, MM. Jules Ferry, ancien ministre des Beaux-Arts, Camescasse, Préfet de Police, Kœchlin-Schwartz, Maire du VIII. arrondissement, Alexandre Dumas fils, Léo Delibes, Munkacsy, De Blowitz, le Baron Larrey, Calmann Lévy, Bonnat, Dalloz, Jundt, Quatrelles, Hébert, Albert Wolff, Charles Comte,

Faure, Guillemet, Jules Huyot, Feyen-Perrin, Louis Ratisbonne, Louis Leroy, Hébrard, Edouard Pailleron, Gustave Droz, Vaucorbeil, Nadar, le Docteur Fauvel, Pierre Véron, Charles Risler, Maire du VII. arrondissement, Saint-Germain, Gille, Bourdelin, Pisan, Leleux, Edmond About, Campbell Clarke, Giacomelli, Grévin, Pagans, Paul Lacroix, Joanne, Widor, Bourdin, Edgar Courtois, Richard Whiting, Henri Meilhac, Abbé Roussel, Baron Davilliers, Paine, De Rothschild, and many others. Doré was buried with full military honours, as one bearing the grade of Officer of the Legion of Honour.

The religious service was held in the Church of the Sainte-Clotilde, and a requiem was being sung as the funeral train approached, preceded by the grand master of ceremonies of Sainte-Clotilde, bearing a crape-veiled cushion, on which were the various decorations and orders received by the lamented artist during his lifetime. The mass was said by Abbé Gardey, and the touching "Libera" of Plantade was chanted; after which the body was borne to the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise.

It was a beautiful day, but bitterly cold, as the procession made its way along the principal streets of Paris, most of the artist's friends following it on foot with bared heads.

Amongst the passers-by how many were there who knew that they were looking their last on the mortal remains of Gustave Doré? And yet he received from every person who gazed upon his bier the last silent homage that Paris invariably pays to her dead; for the women, rich and poor alike, signed their breasts with a holy cross, and the men of high and low estate bared their heads as the corpse passed by. It is a long way from the Rue St. Dominique to Père-la-Chaise, and every footfall of that weeping band awoke a dread echo in the hearts of some one of the populace, and stayed alike the steps of the curious and the pleasure-seekers who thronged the streets and famed boulevards. At last the funereal train reached the Rue de la Roquette, and passed the doors of the famous prison, the very air about which is heavy with

the unspoken orisons of those who are destined to spend their morrow in another world; La Roquette, whither Gustave Doré had so often gone to contemplate the glazed eye, the despairing look, the trembling form, in order that he might be enabled to show the world how the living looked who were already as dead. Even now Doré passes this place for the last time, and, as he arrives at the great doors of his last earthly home, the sun casts a bright gleam upon the words encrusted on the stone archway, and reflect on the pall covering his coffin: "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Here, in this famous necropolis, where lie the bones of some of the world's greatest and most renowned, where Madonna and Magdalen, saint and sinner, prince and peasant, men of deeds and men of letters, now all sleep the great sleep, Gustave Doré took up his abode, to wake with his companions at the sound of the last trumpet. He was laid side by side with his mother in a new but consecrated grave. Amongst all whose hearts that day were filled with grief and voiceless speech, to two persons alone was vouchsafed the honour of bestrewing his coffin with immortelles and ever-verdant laurel, and of uttering their last words of love, praise, and reverence for the dead. Those two men were M. Alexandre Dumas and M. Paul Dalloz. After a few preliminary words, Alexandre Dumas said:—

"However celebrated, loved, necessary to the world one may be, none dare believe in the morrow. All that lives is unquiet, and in the present moment he who conceives a project or lays a plan seems to be a madman, seeking to call down upon him the wrath of that impassible and mysterious Master who disposes of human hopes and fears after a fashion of his own choosing. If ever in this world a man had a right to count upon the present and believe in the future, that man was the prodigious artist whom we have just lost. Never have volition, energy, grace, and talent, never has life itself—that life which seems to come direct from God in human guise—been crowned with more radiant and convincing

symbols. Who amongst us shall ever forget the face of this young man, with his noble forehead, his hair thrown back, his large limpid eyes, soft yet proud; his voice, warm and tender, yet breaking out into contagious laughter; this man with lineal traits as those of a Roman; features which, after half a century, and even in death, gave him the aspect of a beautiful adolescent?

* * * * *

"To those who knew him at twenty, when he had already been a celebrity for nearly ten years; to those, Gustave Doré will be ever present with his slender figure, agile limbs, boyish, youthful, beardless cheeks, shapely hand, always armed with a pencil, a pen, a brush, a chisel, or a graver. When he walked—I should say rather when he flew—towards a large table, where he has composed thousands of drawings on wood; to his ladders on which he has executed thousands of pictures; to his scaffoldings where he carved his statues and groups; at such moments Doré seemed the veritable angel of work.

"What rapidity! What originality of conception! What an inexhaustible, far-seeing imagination! What a miraculous knowledge of cause and effect! What a grandiose, dramatic, troubled appeal from earth to heaven of lights and shadows, of chaos, of the fantastic, the invisible, the visionary! What a world of gods, goddesses, saints, martyrs, apostles, virgins, archangels, heroes, giants, fairies, spectres of celestial and monstrous types, divine or droll, taking all at once birth, form, colour, movement, and life in this luminous brain for ever blotted out and obscured!

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"Let us console ourselves by thinking of the enchantments which such an imagination must have felt when it found itself in direct contact with Rabelais, La Fontaine, Milton, Chateaubriand, Balzac, Cervantes, Dante, Shakespeare, and the Bible. Why should we be astonished by his versatility, by his audaciousness, by his faith, when we see him every hour and every day drinking at the eternal founts of the beautiful, the great, and the true?

"Remark, also, how the horizon of the draughtsman is continually enlarging; how his ideal expands, how he aspires unceasingly, how he feels the need of the immense and the infinite in its physical as well as in its intellectual order! Doré needed constantly to multiply and enlarge his fields of labour, which never sufficed to his fever of productiveness. In his works he has made horizons which lose themselves to the view, infinite forests and inaccessible mountains. When he left his studios in Paris or in London, he travelled from Switzerland to the Pyrenees, from Scotland to the Alps; he descended precipices, and abode in vast solitudes; he communed with himself on mountain summits; and from these magnificent haunts and superb visions he brought us back life-like landscapes that are known to all of us, now inundated with light, now lost in shadow; with sinister pines and transparent lakes; with vertiginous heights and unfathomable abysses; with heavens of sapphire, opal, and gold; with snowy peaks reddening under the sun's last kiss; now one of those great eagles 'creating space with one flap of their wings,' as the poet has said, traversing the canvas and bearing us away with him!

"What creations this mortal creature leaves after him! Think you that the calm and silence which lie beneath our feet will be too much to recompense him after so much unceasing labour?

"In France, in France alone, people often passed ironically, or, what is worse still, indifferently before those grand canvases of which the composition and the idea were always majestic. Doré suffered horribly through not having been understood. Who was wrong? He who suffered or he who did not understand? The painter who aspired to the applause of the world, or the passer-by who refused it to him?

"Who, then, amongst the contemporaries of a great artist may be able to decide upon his merits and pronounce a definite sentence upon him? How many have quitted this world, deceived by a success which the masses have voted to them, with the certitude that they

leave behind them imperishable work, the remembrance of which has only survived by a few years the acclamations of which they were so proud? Who could not define the difference between works which were too easy of comprehension and a crowd which was but too easily deceived? On the other hand, how many of the misunderstood, how many who have been scorned and ridiculed, long since dead of despair, we must come to seek here, in order to entice them to achieve the glory which their own epoch refused to them! Our French Pantheon is paved with our repentances. Do not let us pronounce upon Doré too hastily; let us be patient; let us leave something to posterity to do; above all let us be respectful towards those who, like Doré, having lived but fifty years, have been able during forty to give the greatest example that can be given to mankind, namely, that of incessant work, the passion of the ideal and the eagerness of its eternal pursuit. It is not only admiration, not friendship alone which prompted me to discourse by the tomb of this great artist. When others hesitated, Doré, with the enthusiasm and generosity which were the basis of his nature, in testimony to his admiration for the father and his friendship for the son, spontaneously and modestly offered to execute the statue of the author of 'Henry III.,' 'Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle,' 'Impressions of Travel,' and the 'Three Musketeers.' Doré would accept nothing for this work except the pleasure of doing it, the tardy glory, or, perhaps, after having finished it, the accustomed insult offered to anything he did. He gave all his time and all his talent to this great composition. He gave, perhaps, even his life. Who can tell whether or not this monument, which absorbed him from morning until night, and sometimes from night until the next morning, and which he has executed in six months, brought on the malady from which he died, a malady which is the prerogative of the ardent and passionate only?

"And so for the last six months he lived face to face with that other grand producer, whom he resembled in so many ways; in invention, fecundity, variety,

power, disinterestedness and goodness. His heart, which fate so ruthlessly ordained should break after the fulfilment of his work, this filial heart beat in unison with mine to the consecration of a glory which to me is most sacred. The writer and the artist were well made to understand each other; and indeed all the soul of the artist has passed into and illuminates not only the face of the writer, but the poetic figures with whom the artist has surrounded him.

"There they are, publicly and for ever united in the remembrance of man, for happily the statues of poets are not those which are razed to the ground. At last the unacknowledged sculptor defies indifference and injustice, forces every passer-by to look at his work, and is carried violently by death into the terrestrial immortality which he has just bestowed upon another. At last here we are together, Doré and myself; become of the same family by the same love; and thus it is that I bring here to his dear memory the homage of my sincere admiration; of a pious and almost useless gratitude, which alas! I cannot like him fashion and mould in bronze.

"ALEXANDRE DUMAS FILS."

M. Dalloz, one of Doré's dearest friends, whose name has so frequently occurred in these pages, pronounced the closing address at the tomb of the great artist. All that M. Dalloz has hitherto spoken or intimated in these pages was combined in the eloquent discourse which he pronounced over his dead friend. Were I to repeat all his words verbatim, I should be going over old ground. Suffice it to say his speech was a worthy companion to that of Alexandre Dumas. A few passages, however, may not unfitly be reproduced in this place, *ut seq.*:—

"My heart is too sore and my head is too much troubled to enable me to render the homage he merits to the incomparable, exceptional, and unique artist who has been taken from us. Since the beginning of this year, Death, with sudden and vertiginous fury, has stricken down men who, in various ways, have illustrated

and celebrated their names. Death is relentless; he scales the highest summits, and seems to choose by preference those of supreme intellectuality and intensity; those to whom were promised many long days. Thus it is that no matter how highly tempered the steel, every sword must break; no matter how enduring the brain, it must burst; flashes of steel, flashes of thought, are a waste of force which death economizes to her own profit. To rear up a monument to Gustave Doré, durable and worthy of his genius—he had more than talent—my fugitive words will be unable.

"What eloquent phrases would not be requisite to celebrate the inexhaustible faculties of this prescient imagination? What richness of words could ever equal the variety of the subjects which he treated of in the universal language of art, to which the birthright of talent had given him the golden key? What precise nouns of common sense, what adjectives of lively and supple colour could ever designate the creative and interpretative faculty which was the predominating characteristic of his nature? What terms can we find complimentary enough in the dictionary of enthusiasm to characterize this visionary and faithful worshipper, this man of the most overwhelming instantaneousness, completed by a perseverance carried to the last extreme?

"What suitable expressions can we find to praise this day-dreamer, whom dawn of day found already at work, and whom the shades of night overtook still labouring by lamplight? What literary form can we find wherewith to personify and formulate the invisible and half-seen, which this trusty hand, working without intermission, forced from the ideal and converted into reality for all of us? No! I find myself very much below my task; but I call upon the masters of all time and of all countries who have re-lived in our thoughts, who have peopled our dreams, who have put action to our words, and crystallized our visions; I evoke them all around this tomb—all, Dante, Cervantes, Rabelais, Ariosto, Chateaubriand, Balzac, La Fontaine, Perrault, Tennyson, Coleridge—

without excepting Shakespeare, whom for long years he cherished in his potent brain, and for whom he reserved the coronation of his labours;—without excepting our great Dumas, whose statue in his studio awaits the honours of its public exhibition in Paris. All these masters are here; each one bears a palm-branch and lays it upon the coffin of this man who, although dissatisfied with himself, yet had the honour to please them all. They all thank this posthumous fellow-worker; and genii, priestesses of dreams, accompany this radiant host, while I seem to hear midst cypress groves the irresistible foot of the Wandering Jew, who comes in person from the end of the world to honour this human assemblage and the illustrator of this symbolical legend. I see a luminous hand trace the sign of a white cross on the portentous blackness of this beatific tomb: it is the Saviour, just as Doré has shown Him to us in his Bible, the holy book which was more the inspiration of his soul than the work of his talent.

"This is the apotheosis that I see for Gustave Doré; this the immortal choir which I hear sing his glory; the sound of my mundane voice would but trouble this concert, for in the midst of supernal praise I can only murmur in plaintive wailings the echo of my undying friendship. To the man whom I have loved and whom I shall love beyond this life I address, not a farewell, my faith promises me a more lasting hope, but an au revoir too deeply treasured in my heart to find fitting expression by my lips.

"PAUL DALLOZ."

M. Dumas's speech had inspired and electrified the vast throng of Doré's mourners; the words of M. Dalloz penetrated and touched the hearts of all present. The last rite was then said, the last word was spoken, the last handful of dust, and the last flowers were strewn upon the mortal remains of Gustave Doré. As the band of faithful friends prepared to quit his tomb, the wintry sky broke and the sun gleamed forth in golden glory upon the

marble sepulchre, so that those who came in sorrow and a sunless sky to bid their last farewell to the dead artist, left the irradiated precincts of Père la Chaise with words of hope and of divine benediction echoing in their hearts.

There are many and precious relics stored away in Père la Chaise. In that consecrated ground lie the bones of philosopher, wit, and fool, of queen and courtesan, of monk and nun, astronomer and astrologer, poet and politician, tragedian and comedian, of betrayed men and heart-broken women. When you visit this ossuary realm with curiosity in your mind and a guide-book in your hand; when you shall have looked at Grecian cross and marble sarcophagus; when you shall have wandered through interminable alleys and umbrageous avenues in this city of the dead; when you shall have re-lived the past in memory, and to the throbbing of your own heart shall have echoed the name of hero and heroine, you will think of one more denizen in this world-famous necropolis, whose ashes are scarcely cold beneath their mortuary tablet; whose immortelles take root in this hallowed soil of immortality, whose golden blossoms shall flower with each new spring-time, of the man whose name yet is on everybody's lips. You will turn to your guide and pronounce this name, and he will say with respectful accents, as he lately said to one of Doré's friends,—

"Gustave Doré? Oh, yes, sir! Go up the Allée des Pins, traverse the rond-point of Casimir-Perier, go to the end of the Allée du Bassin, and stop before the Mausoleum of Pradier. There you will find him, lying beneath the granite monument that he raised to his mother. His vault is part of the Désaugier's sepulchre in the twenty-second division to the right, near the chapel. There is no name on the tombstone yet, sir, only a plain white marble slab; but everybody seems to know it. There is a head there, carved in the stone, and those who see it weep, and say, 'That is poor Gustave Doré!'"

CHAPTER XL.

GUSTAVE DORÉ'S WILL.

GUSTAVE DORÉ in his death as in his life had been generous. He left by will remembrances to all his friends; to Colonel Teesdale the choice of two of his best works, and the same to Canon Harford. To the several public institutions in which he had taken so deep an interest he bequeathed large sums of money. Of these institutions I may particularly mention the Orphelinat des Arts, which received the sum of forty-five thousand francs from Doré's executors. This asylum, of recent foundation, was devoted to the interests of his native province, Alsatia. Doré could never speak of his birthplace without emotion, and after the disasters of 1870-71 he was foremost in his aid to all who were in need, and to those Alsatians who remained faithful to France.

The textual elementary conditions of his will need only be made known in part to the public. I copy verbatim from a letter recently received by me from Colonel Emile Doré:—

"Gustave Doré instituted his brother, Emile Doré, officer of artillery, his universal legatee and testamentary executor. He particularly favoured the institutions of L'Orphelinat des Arts and L'Orphelinat des Alsaciens et Lorrains, the Association of Painters, the Association of Sculptors and Engravers, and other charities. He largely assured the future of all the old servants."

Doré left behind him a modest fortune, having freely spent the large sums he had received. He helped his brother artists right and left, and few men have given more solid proofs of real goodness and unselfishness. This was never generally known during his life, but after his death innumerable letters were found amongst his private papers, letters of gratitude for services rendered, the knowledge of which was confined to donor and recipient. M. Albert Wolff, the clever and justly celebrated Parisian critic and essayist, has dedicated some touching words to the memory of Gustave Doré, bearing public witness to the almost unexampled kind-heartedness of the artist.

Doré's will was signed about eighteen months previous to his demise, just before his trip to Switzerland in 1881. He had had some unhappy differences with one member of his family, which were never healed; hence the non-mention of the latter's name in his will, and yet, on that Saturday, when Doré thought that he was really going to die, his heart cried out in longing towards the brother whom he feared to wrong in deed as he had wronged him in thought. He begged his physician to write down at his dictation another will, and in trembling accents spoke the words that should have made his brother Ernest co-heir with Colonel Doré, his youngest brother. The doctor wrote as requested, but for lack of sufficient witnesses, the paper was invalid. Of this circumstance the dying artist could not well be aware. So he slept soundly, thinking himself at peace with all the world. Before Doré could commune with one from whom he had been estranged, the hand of death made the reconciliation impossible, save in thought. Surely this was reparation of the kind that goes to the heart more directly than bequests of gold or land.

It will already have been inferred that the artist's unhappinesses were not alone confined to his artistic disillusions. And yet, when Paris awoke to the fact that he was dead—that his cheery face would no longer be seen at home or abroad, that the magical pencil of the

"Gamin de Génie" was dropped for ever, it said, "Surely he should have been content, if not happy. He had much to live for; we only denied him *one* thing."

Doré had been dead but a little over a year when one of his posthumous works, so to speak, was brought out by Sampson Low and Co., in London, and Harper and Co., in New York. This was "The Raven," the immortal lyric of America's greatest poet, Edgar Allan Poe. As might have been expected, Doré's imagination here again found great range, and yet not such limitless opportunity as in other works of more varied sentiment. The luxury of melancholy affords scope to the poet where word-painting can multiply effect. It restricts the draughtsman, who with all his art can have but certain lines to express certain sentiments. It is evident that Doré, with all his genius, was hampered by the monotone of sadness which permeates this great poem. Always the greatest artist in black and white of his time, the trained fancy and fingers could not well betray this accomplished illustrator into palpable error. There are certain sketches which might have been drawn by any ordinary talent. There are others that only Doré could have done; masterpieces of thought and fancy, splendid efforts in line, form, and detailed execution. Notably the first, of which we give a faithful reproduction. The next illustrates the lines, "Doubting. Dreaming dreams no mortal," &c., "Surely, said I, surely that is," &c., "Open here I flung the shutter," "A stately raven of the saintly days of yore," and the truly magnificent "Wandering from the nightly shore," "She shall press, ah! never more," "On this house by horror haunted," "Tell this soul with sorrow laden," and the last a grand design in foreshortening and figure-drawing to illustrate the lines, "And my soul from out that shadow," &c.

The fault I find with Doré's work is slight, perhaps unreasonable, but why did he not trace in the features of the love-lorn singer a suspicion of the features of the ill-fated Poe? The man and his life are so identified with this poem that on seeing it illustrated one almost

THE RAVEN.

(Sampson Low and Co., 1884.)

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expects to recognize the bard himself, beautiful, unhappy, despairing; and yet we should scarcely make Doré responsible for a fault which is at best a national one. An American or an Englishman might have done justice to this sentiment. Even Chas. Baudelaire's cleverness has only shown the world how utterly original and how widely different from all men was this man, his genius and works, and with all that Doré has drawn—a Frenchman.

The work has met with a great reception, and not the least interesting thing is Stedman's brief but telling introductory biography. It is not an infelicitous circumstance that the last work by Doré's hands should only render his name one degree more memorable to England and America. He has linked it in a last bond with that of one whose genius was, alas! but too meteor-like an apparition in the world of literature. Like the fairest star falling from the farthest heaven, it has been caught up again, and sheds its reflection in rays whose brilliancy is fed from the flame of the eternally nourished lamp of immortality in the name of Edgar Allan Poe.

A long time after his death, casually noticing the name of Gustave Doré on a page of print, I came across these lines published by his faithful London editors, the Cassells, in their Household Magazine of February, 1883:—

"GUSTAVE DORÉ.

"OBIIT JANUARY 23, 1883.

"Doré is dead. Still is the wondrous hand
That seemed to run with Time, and win the race;
And now no more will his keen fancy trace
The glorious visions of each age and land.
And lo! the mourners meet in concourse grand:
Dante and Milton, one in lasting fame;
Cervantes, too, and many a one whose name
Upon a later muster-roll will stand.
Doré is dead! alas, that it is so!
But though the giant powers rest with night,
The giant works remain with us to show
That Genius dies not with Life's fading light,
But lingers ever, while the world shall last,
Linking the Present to the mighty Past.

"G. WEATHERLY."

As I read I remembered old Françoise, and wondered how she fared, not having seen her for many a day. No sooner had I thought of her than I determined to try and find her at her home, that is to say, in the Rue St. Dominique, for according to Gustave Doré's last wishes, she is never to leave the old place until God or she so wills it. Doré's tender heart foresaw many things, but never that his faithful old nurse when lying down to sleep at night, or awaking in the morning, should fix her dim eyes on new scenes, or have to weep at the sight of an unfamiliar, unhallowed habitation. Ah! no. Françoise is in her old home, in the midst of her household gods, For her only one idol is shattered, only one voice silenced, only one hand stilled; the rest make up all her past, present, and future. So in the old place I determined to seek her.

When I reached the Rue St. Dominique, Françoise came to the door of the house in answer to my summons, and offered to take me over the rooms I had visited in happier days. She drew a bunch of keys from her girdle, while she preceded me up the long flight of cold stone steps leading to the house proper. It seemed to me that she was more bent than when I had last seen her. Her face was the picture of despair, her eyelids were red, and the poor old eyes beneath them much faded from constant weeping. Her cheeks were pinched and withered, and her mouth drooped pitifully at the corners. She was no longer the cheery Françoise that Gustave had painted only a short time before in a beautiful portrait which gave her such pleasure and earned him so many compliments from the most famous masters and critics in Paris. I could not but notice the change, and it struck a painful chill to my heart. The next one thrilled me when she turned the key in the lock, which grated with that harsh sound given out by locks when the master of a house has quitted it for ever, and doors open on a deserted dwelling. She ventured a few words as she went before me.

"Françoise, I don't want to bother or disturb you," I said, "but I have come to see the old home once more.

FRANÇOISE.

(From the portrait made by Doré in 1880.)

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Don't let me hinder you in any way. I want to roam about and look at everything, just as if I were seeing it for the first time. I have been thinking a deal about you lately. Are—are you well?"

I did not dare to ask if she were happy; her face spoke for her as to that.

"I am well, yes and no," she replied faintly. "Colonel Emile has been here again, trying to put things a little to rights, but it is not easy; besides, his heart is too sore—it is like mine."

As she spoke I remembered that one day I had seen the colonel moving restlessly hither and thither, endeavouring to restore order to the apartment, and his brief words recurred to me as, half in explanation, half in apology, he gave me a portrait of his dead brother. Wishing to write a dedication upon the photograph, he looked about him for a pen. Every time his hand touched an object it seemed to displace some other; and he started almost guiltily at each mishap. Then, pointing towards the table, he said,—

"All this is not in my line. I understand very little about it, you see—I am a soldier."

He was a soldier; but—he found the pen.

Before Françoise had ceased speaking we were in the house, and I was astonished to find it still the same as of yore. Have you ever been to the home of a great man after his death—not immediately, but long after; where everything remains just as the master left it; where every inanimate object pays silent tribute to his genius; where everything speaks of him with a thousand tongues; where even the neglected dust but hallows and enhances his memory? If so, you will know what must have been the aspect of Gustave Doré's home as I looked upon it so many months after he had said his last farewell to this world. So strongly did his memory and personality pervade the place that I could not think of him as dead. No, he was not gone from us, but was there, in his own dwelling; and as I entered the dining-room I almost fancied I could see him waving his luckless heels high in the air,

could hear Madame Alexandrine's exclamations, and the tinkle of the glass falling from the broken chandelier. Two of his old friends seemed to see and hear it all with me; his pet owls, who stared at me with solemn eyes. Then we went into the next room, and there what lively imaginings came over me! the room in which the Regent had danced with the gay Duchesse de Berri, and St. Simon had plotted his court scandals and jotted down his reminiscences. In this very room, strange to say, I could think of only one court, one king, one nobleman. The remembrance of this latter swept away all thoughts of another past; for the memory of princes, dukes, and even kingdoms pales before the remembrance of a prouder and more sovereign lineage, the birthright of genius, the heritage of a heaven-born talent. Thus it is that when you see this house, rich in a historical past though it be, you will never more think of Regents nor revellers, but will only remember one man, who has set the seal of a lasting nobility upon it, the stamp of his creative ability and of a life devoted to noble thoughts and grand aspirations.

I recollected every circumstance in Gustave Doré's life, from the moment at which Dr. Goupil dropped him into old Françoise's apron until that other when he bade her a long farewell. When a man is dead, no matter how gifted he may have been, in his own house one thinks, first of the man himself, and afterwards of his works. Thus, in imagination, I saw Gustave Doré, the man, not the artist. I recalled to mind his sunny nature, warm generous heart, hours of gladness and of sorrow, gnawing ambition and insatiable thirst for fame, moments of contentment and days of despair, ceaseless labour and indefatigable perseverance.

The large chamber was littered with a heterogeneous mass of objects. There were tables bestrewn with letters and papers, and on one a broken packet of visiting cards with "Gustave Doré" printed on them in script. The cards were scattered here and there, as if he had just filled his case, and hurried off to pay a visit. He had

been much given to leaving those bits of pasteboard, as they are termed. They were freely sown in the grand faubourg, to be reaped in the Rue St. Dominique later on in the shape of all sorts of flattering invitations.

Of all the things my eyes rested on I turned oftenest to the pictures, of which there were a hundred I should think. Pictures on the bed, on the floor, on the tables, leaning against chairs and sofas, piled up in corners, and propped up in angles. On the walls hung some of those lovely woodland scenes in the Vosges where he had spent many of the happiest hours of his life; scenes which none knew so well how to paint as he.

Can you not also see him, a cheery lad running by his father's side in the forest amidst the slender pines? They are watching a silver rivulet which has forced its way from some hidden source, and is leaping merrily in the bed it has made for itself in the soft sward. The sun is gleaming through the trees and its glorious rays play amongst the branches, striking downwards, dipping their gold into the very earth, and flecking the trunks with patches of gleaming yellow.

Françoise followed my eyes and said,—

"The Vosges and the pine forest he loved so well. That was quite near our home. It is so natural that while looking at it, I can smell the very perfume of those trees." Her voice faltered with suppressed emotion.

"Françoise," I said, "don't talk about him."

"Yes, I must," she rejoined. "It will do me good."

Then she sat down; I drew a chair close to hers, and she began talking, twirling her keys and weeping, alternately wiping her eyes with her apron or the palm of her withered hand; talking of him, "her boy," "her poor Gustave." As she dilated on his many virtues I glanced away from her now and then; and once I saw a face and heard a voice which seemed to say, "Yes, a charming tenorino too, if it so please you!" I started:—Was Françoise a sorceress? Had she really called back dead people from the past? Were their voices still lingering in the air, or only in my imagination?

Presently she reached a point in her narrative to which I listened with eager interest. It concerned Doré's last illness. She talked on with faltering voice, and finally told me all that I have already told you in words foregone.

"Yes," she continued, sobbing, "he walked past this very spot for the last time."

At that moment the house-bell rang. She stopped suddenly, looked at me half questioningly, and arose.

"Go, Françoise," I said. "Don't mind me. I will look about me. I will go into the work-room and the studio. You know I want to see everything. Take your own time; don't think of me; I can find my way about perfectly well."

Indeed I was not sorry for the interruption, for the poor creature was well-nigh broken down by the painful weight of her sad remembrances. She nodded a respectful but friendly affirmative, and left me to my own device.

I wandered about the room; I strayed into another apartment; I went into the Blue Chamber, of late his work-room, and there took a peep into the tiny bedroom where Gustave's little cot was standing, just as it stood when he was a happy lad, drawing for Philipon, and his mother used to come to him night and morning with tender words of love and encouragement. There was the little table on which Françoise used to deposit her cups of tisane, those drinks concocted from sweet herbs and the hearts of flowers, which the jealous, vigilant eye of the old peasant woman had watched brewing into a soothing beverage for her boy. Perhaps he was not ill, perhaps he was neither tired nor thirsty; all that made no difference. He never dared nor cared to say so. She had made the beverage, and he would not hurt her feelings by refusing to drink it; so the cups were nightly drained and nightly replenished, for Françoise never forgot her self-imposed task.

I left this sanctum and returned to the Blue Chamber, where the greatest confusion reigned; and here I seemed to feel his presence most, for it was his work-room. Perhaps after having wandered through those other

apartments I was so filled with thoughts of Doré that my imagination fairly broke bounds, and it seemed to me that I saw him living and working amongst his household gods. The room was warm with the breath of his genius, and peopled with that host of the elect who had thronged its precincts at the bidding of his pencil. You have but to think an instant and you can see them as I did. There they were, on a long table, sitting, standing, or lying on their white couches, some with draped limbs and others unclothed, save by virginal chastity; some with outstretched arms and others tranquil in the calm of a perfect repose; some laughing, some weeping; and, as I approached one maiden, whose face was veiled, she pointed to the heavily laden work-table. I followed the direction indicated by her finger, and, lo! before me lay all the master's implements, just as he had left them, helpless and waiting for the hand that should restore their cunning. The steel was tarnished, the crayons were scattered and broken, lying purposeless here and there, in piteous and mute appeal. It was very sad.

While I gazed upon them the chamber began to fill with darkling shadows, and a soft voice, his own, seemed to sound in my ears. It ought to have comforted them, poor, forsaken creatures, as it did me; for it said,—

> "Dry your eyes, O dry your eyes,
> For I was taught in Paradise
> To ease my breast of melodies;
> Shed no tear."

As the voice sang the shadows grew denser, and I hurried into the studio, for my mind was already teeming with strange fancies. It looked more desolate than any place I had yet seen. I sat down and gave myself up to thought. Many moments passed, and I was still thinking —thinking and dreaming about Gustave Doré. What better place wherein to think of him than here in this crucible-studio, where he had melted the gold of his rare inspirations into pages, each one of which helped to make up his book of life.

It was different from his work-room, though quite as

sad and much more pitiful. People were standing about, and seemed to turn to me altogether to beg for news of him. As if I could give any! I wished they would not look at me with those tearless eyes and bloodless lips. They made me shudder! I felt a chill creep over me which penetrated the very marrow of my bones. Perhaps I should freeze into one of them, and should be left to mourn for ever as they were now doing!

It was not strange that they were unhappy; their faces were covered with a grey pall of dust, their shoulders and limbs had lost their fairness, and their draperies revealed neglect in every fold. It must be hard, when one has been cared for so long and so tenderly, all of a sudden to miss such watchfulness.

The dust gave me great distress, for I felt that it would have hurt his feelings; it seemed so heartless. There it was, resting on the musketeer's plumes, dimming the stars in Night's crescent, poor Night, who had been holding aloft her gemmed circlet so long; her eyes searching in the past for what she hoped to read in the future. Then "La Gloire," ah! that was an even sadder sight. You remember the statue, that of a young man whose life had been given to fame; and the laurels he had won were never plentiful enough to cover his nakedness; they could not even hide the dart which struck him his death-blow; and now they had a scornful look, as though they would say: "We are no longer fresh; we are utterly worthless." It is a pity they had not spoken sooner, and saved him so much trouble. It was such a mockery that a little child—a beggar-girl, I think—looked on and seemed to cry "Shame!" She was in rags, and her lips were unsmiling; but said plainly, "I do not envy you."

On the opposite wall shone a gleam of livid light, and I had to draw quite near in order to make out what it really was. In a moment I saw Dante and Virgil standing near the open tomb of Farinata, with the flames of the "Inferno" reflecting rubescent light on everything near. The spectral form, emerging from its tomb,

was speaking; and these words seemed to float around me:—

"Guardòmmi un poco; e poi, quasi sdegnoso
Mi dimandò: Chi fù gli maggior tui?"

How can I tell the names of all these people, each one of whom appealed to me for one look, one word, to assure them that they were not forgotten?

I felt for them deeply; had I only been an inspired messenger! It was presumption even to think of such a thing; and yet I did venture to murmur, quite under my breath, "Be patient! he summoned you from the spirit land, and will surely call you back again to join him."

That was all the comfort I could give, and I believe it helped them. "It grows late," I said, "and I must soon leave you; but before I breathe a farewell which may be eternal, I must assure you again that he has not forgotten you." As I spoke I started quickly, for I saw that I had not noticed the monumental vase which should be a lasting honour to his name and country—the work which had cost so many hours of happiness and misery, perhaps life itself, to its maker.

Thinking of this I half turned away; and then a feeling of pity came over me, although I longed to say, "But for you, he would be here to-day. You have desolated many hearts and homes; what can you say for yourself? Speak!"

As I uttered these words darkness seemed to fall upon the earth; and a moment later I was suddenly dazzled by the blinding brilliancy of an unearthly light. The room was transformed. Where I had looked at four humble walls a palace now reared its stately columns of marble and porphyry; vines of gold and jasper clung to their base, and the vast edifice itself rested on a cloud, the texture of which had been fashioned from immortal resplendence. A garden teeming with blossoms surrounded it on all sides; and before the door of this palace stood the vase. And I had thought it a dead creation! As I looked it stirred, it became alive, a golden nectar streamed

from its throat, diffusing itself in words which burned into my very soul. And thus it spoke :—

"I am the allegory of the vine of human life. From my flower-wreathed pedestal to my slender neck and cupid-crowned head there is not an atom of my clay that does not typify some phase in the existence of the poor enthusiast who fashioned me.

"The children of genius cluster round my feet, born in the vine-seed of prosperity. Then begins the upward course of youth and maiden, plucking the roses of illusion which grow so thick in the morning of life; children drinking their fill of happiness. Then come the brambles of discontent; the serpents of envy and jealousy glide sinuously amongst the flowers to poison the yet unborn blossom with their venom. Then upward—always going upward—midway to the goal begin the labyrinths of the vine, grow the thorns of disappointment, where monsters of desire crawl stealthily around to gloat on their victims. One wretch by the wayside is already inebriated and helpless, caught in the toils of fair women, who represent every form of hope and illusion. They float around him, and at every turn temptation presents itself, now with the innocent face of childhood, again with the fuller charm of womanhood; each temptress dragging him a different way, but ever upwards. He has climbed high, but even this momentary success is a torment instead of a joy. Then do you not see countless lovely shapes clutching and clinging to every bough which bears a bud of promise? This train of maddened and reckless nymphs is but lightly poised on the hope of the immediate present. They stretch their itching palms high above their heads, trying to coax to a premature fall the coy golden fruits of autumn, which ripen, alas! only when summer has fled! There is still the same train climbing upward, not in the sterility of single aim, but luxuriating in the abundance of lofty aspirations and fair ambitions. The thorns grow thicker and the way becomes narrower; yet up they clamber, and the one who reaches the highest point is she, who, to get there, has left the roses behind. She

clings to the neck—my neck—of this cup of life, and sees triumphant at its summit, just above her head, not gods and goddesses diademed with the laurel of immortality, but the babes which represent our childhood; our childhood, his, mine, and yours. Those poor little waifs of desire and exaltation, with their tinselled crowns, their loins be-garlanded with the same flowers which bloomed in our youth, and which shall bloom everlastingly for those who stop to pluck them, who stop to inhale that cruel perfume which emanates from the ever-swinging censers of ambition and hope."

"In this allegory of 'La Vigne' read all the life of Gustave Doré, line by line and page by page. It was a sad one, for all its successes; for he was always hoping for something he could not have. He had known all the intoxication of early fame; all the bitterness of hopeless endeavour; the sleepless nights and weary days of waiting; the fleeting moments of triumph, and the more fleeting ones of popularity. He had fixed his heart on a load-star that was for ever beyond his reach; and he, whom all the world thought a man to be envied, was poorer than the veriest beggar who walks the streets, if only that beggar be void of ambition. Gustave Doré died of a broken heart; of crushed ambition and ruined hopes; of the ever-corroding, ever-present thought that he was not appreciated by his country. Let those who have been tortured as he was, who have suffered disappointment in all their fondest desires; who have loved their country with a passionate fervour, and in turn have seen that country coldly critical and persistently indifferent—let them look at my form and think, not of the genius who created, but of the man whose life-blood oozed out from his finger-tips while he wrote this human history thereupon. It cost him his life; but it repays him with immortality."

The vase ceased speaking, and I was about to answer, when its voice was heard again,—

"But do not wish him back on earth; for here, here amongst gods, he is a god; here, amidst immortals,

he is immortal; here, where life is one long dream of happiness, he is happy; here, where ambitions are realized while yet unborn—here shall Doré finish his inspirations where they first began. Do not wish him back on earth. Here he walks in endless peace and happiness. But see!—he comes!"

The voice ceased, and I felt my blood stop in my veins; for suddenly a mass of white shapeliness upreared itself in front of the vase. A crowd of people surged up, clothed in glorified and gorgeous attire. There were all the creatures of Doré's genius and creation. There was a sound of heavenly voices singing; the air re-echoed one long strain of celestial melody; the children of genius uplifted their voices in a hymn of joy, whose accent awakened echoes from Pan's pipe and Apollo's lute. They flung exotics in front of the white mass, and the air grew heavy, surcharged with the essence of flowers whose seed was sown in paradise. As the velvet leaves fell in a shower of roses and lilies, a man stepped forth from the front ranks of the crowd and, as he strode proudly forward, was hailed with acclamations bursting from a million unseen throats. He turned and saluted with a sweet smile; and I beheld—Gustave Doré himself! bearing in one hand a wreath of palm leaves, and in the other a chisel. He made a few mute gestures, ran lightly towards the white mass, and began to strike sure and quick blows upon it. It grew and grew, and, under his inspired fingers, took upon it the shape and form of—Alexandre Dumas.

What! am I awake or am I dreaming? Is this Doré's studio in the Rue St. Dominique or have I been transported to another world? I shall call—call Françoise! But the statue—yes! there it is He is still working at it; he himself! I hear fresh acclamations; he has finished his work, and an angel places a crown of immortelles upon his forehead. The children sing again; fainter perfumes pervade the air; the vase assumes an eternal stillness, and, as I look, I hear the sound of something falling, and a chisel rolls on the ground at my feet.

The palace fades away, the cloud disperses, the lights die out; I am in the Rue St. Dominique alone, in the studio, and night has nearly fallen!

I look at the vase and at the statue before which I have just seen him standing. "What! is he gone?" I call out, but my voice is stifled in my throat; again I try to utter a sound, but none comes. I see the sculptures still and silent; D'Artagnan gazes at me with speaking eyes; but I am alone. And yet I saw him—I saw Doré as we see people in the flesh—and again my blood runs cold and my heart stops beating.

"Françoise! Françoise!" I cry.

In a moment the good old woman is at my side. I thought my voice had uttered a shriek; and yet it must have been no louder than usual, for she does not seem in the least disturbed.

"Françoise!" I gasped, "have you seen—seen nothing? Did you not just now—Françoise—"

I looked hopelessly around me.

"You have been asleep, perhaps dreaming," said old Françoise tenderly. "I did not know that I had left you so long. I did not like to awaken you."

"Awaken me?" I gasped. "But I have not been asleep. I just saw—him! Have *you* seen nothing—no one?"

"I see so little," interrupted the aged creature; "my eyes are no longer what they were. I am growing old. Had I been younger I should have gone out on this day, of all days."

"This day, of all days," I interrupted; "and why this day more than another?"

Françoise smiled, and the light of a beautiful pride overspread her countenance:—

"Ah! did you not know?" How proudly she spoke! "It is to-day—now, at this very hour, that the statue to Alexandre Dumas is being unveiled in the great square of Paris. All the world is there except myself. I—I wasn't well enough. I could not go; I, who would have rejoiced so much." Her poor voice faltered and her apron went to her eyes.

The statue—surely I had forgotten—and this was the 4th day of November, the very date fixed for the public ceremonies. I had forgotten, but—he had not.

For as sure as I live and have my being, I saw him. To think that after all he should not assist at his greatest triumph, and yet—

Françoise's voice breaks in on my reverie,—

"I am getting old, but I should have been so proud to have seen the great square, his statue, and all the people. He was my child—but there is one thing I can do. I shall go to bed early to-night, so as to be up early to-morrow morning. There is to be a mass sung to his soul in the church at seven." Françoise raised her head proudly, but her voice faltered. "That is all that is left for me now. I have asked M. le curé to say it. This is *my* mass, said for him; besides, I am rich—he left me rich; to what better use can I put his money? Ah! you are going now! perhaps you too will come to-morrow morning. Martin is coming, but it—it is my mass," she reiterated half vacantly, twisting her bunch of keys in her fingers. "I have it said, and I know he sees that I have not forgotten him. Nothing is left me now but to—to weep and—and to pray for him. You are really going? Au revoir! perhaps it is adieu, not au revoir. Don't forget him; I never shall."

And I said au revoir to Françoise; but perhaps she was right. My farewell has indeed been a long good-bye. Who knows if we may ever meet again?

THE END.

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